THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

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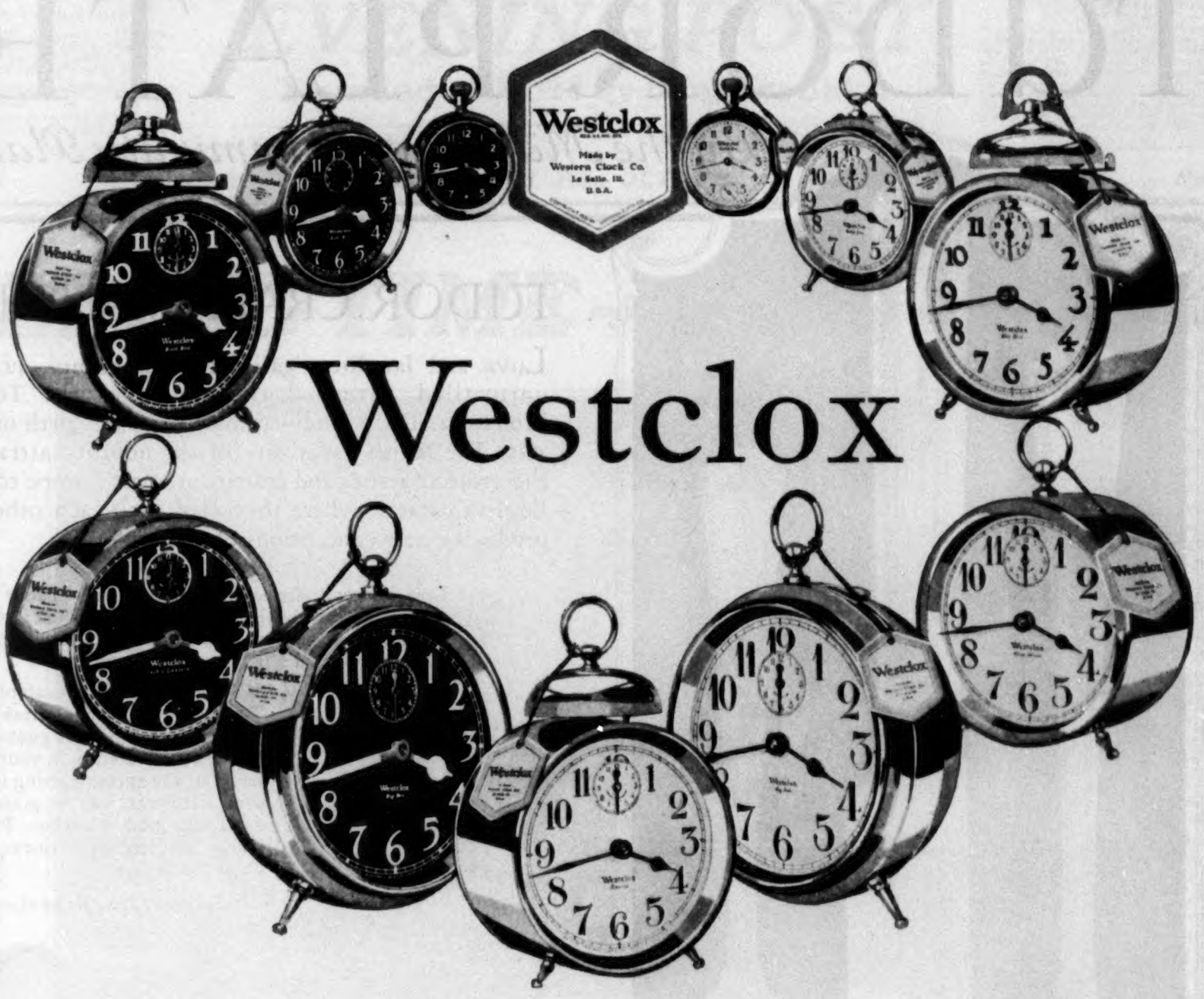

Westclox

A ring of Westclox

IT is six o'clock. In the dim morning light a man leaves a house on the outskirts of town. He walks down the road. Five minutes past six he is joined by another man. As they near the town they join others.

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KEEPING TIME—By John Philip Sousa

John Philip Sousa and His Mother (About 1910). At Right—Mr. Sousa at the Age of 17

WITHOUT pretending to be an unfailing authority, I lean to the opinion that wives generally desire a boy for their first-born. Those wives who have a preponderance of daughters I am certain receive with delight the coming of a boy.

I was the third child and the first boy. The joy in our household was without bounds, upon my advent, and I became a despot absolute and merciless.

When I had reached my fifth year, for disobedience on the part of my mother in not supplying me with as many crullers as I had ordered of her, I told her she "would be sorry later on," and with imperious audacity, an unspanked infant planned a cruel revenge.

It was raining hard, and I moved out a plank in our front yard, placed it on two trestles, and then proceeded to make it my bed. In fifteen minutes I was soaked to the skin, and in half an hour my mother discovered me shivering and chattering with cold. I was carried into the house and put to bed. In a few days I had pneumonia, and I was not able to leave my home for two years. My warning to my mother was correct—she was sorry later on.

During the two years of my illness, my sister Tinnie and my father taught me to read and write, and I became quite a student. It was a very common thing for me to hear from some whispering neighbor, "I don't think they'll raise that boy," but as I was punishing my mother I didn't seem to care.

Flitting Through the Primary School

LOOKING back from this day there would have been several things omitted if I had passed in my checks in my wicked endeavor to punish my mother for not giving me an extra cruller: An enthusiastic and kindly musical public would never have had the opportunity to call me the March King; King Edward VII would have kept his Victorian Order for someone else besides me; the French Government would have had to bestow the Palm of the Academy on someone else; five Presidents of the United States of America would have had another band master than myself, and a lot of other things wouldn't have happened that have, although I still maintain I made my mother sorry. At this stage of the proceedings perhaps the information is in order that I was born in Washington, D. C., on the 6th day of November, 1854.

When I was able to be out again, I was sent to a little private school opposite my father's house; from there to a larger one halfway down the block, and soon after I applied for admission to the primary department of the public school in our district. I was there only a few hours when I was transferred to a secondary school. It seemed the teacher realized I knew too much for a primary pupil. I spent the rest of the term at the secondary and then was transferred to the intermediate, where I remained the following year. I had probably then reached my seventh year. At eight I was in grammar school.

Bands

EVERY evening there came to our house an old Spanish gentleman and his wife.

I can remember that as early as I can remember I was passionately fond of music and wanted to be a musician, and I have no recollection of ever wanting to be anything else. Washington was an armed camp at that time, and there were bands galore—and God help the boy who doesn't love a band! I, being a boy, loved all of them, and I imagine some of them were pretty terrible. So far as I know, I don't think there was any heredity in my love for music; I simply loved it because it was music.

The first to induct me into the mysteries of the art was this old Spanish friend of my father's. One night when I was particularly active in rolling a baseball around the room, to the evident discomfort of our visitors, my father's friend suggested that it would be a good plan to give me lessons in solfeggio. My father thought I was too young to begin the study of music, but finally consented.

My start was not very encouraging. The old Spaniard was a retired orchestra player and had a voice that would not have excited the envy of Caruso or Bonci. I believe he had the worst voice I have ever heard. All musical intervals were sounded alike by him. When he was calm he squawked; when excited, he squeaked. At the first lesson he bade me repeat the syllables of the scale after him. "Do," he squawked.

"Do," I squawked in faithful imitation.

"No, no," he cried, "sing do," and he squeaked the note.

"Do," I squeaked, in a vain effort to correspond with his crowlike vocalization.

He grew very angry, stormed and abused me. His mental ear was alert and true, but the articulated sounds of his voice conveyed nothing but a grating noise to my child

mind. For an hour he squeaked and squawked, and I hopelessly floundered after him. At last the lesson was over, and I was almost a nervous wreck. Though I remained a pupil of the old gentleman's, the sound of his toneless voice hung over me like a pall and filled my soul with horror and despair.

One night when my highly irascible teacher came to the house to give me my usual music lesson, he discovered the loss of his spectacles. He searched in his pockets and in his cloak which hung on the balustrade, but all in vain. His wife assured him that he had the glasses when he left his home, which was but a few minutes' walk from our house; so it was proposed that the entire household should search the street for the lost spectacles.

The March King at the Age of 21

The younger members of the Sousa family took lighted candles and, with myself well in the lead, began the hunt. The street was deserted, and as I came near the old gentleman's house I saw the glasses on the lawn. I quickly picked them up and put them in my pocket and then began searching more assiduously than ever. I am sure no boy could have shown more interest or proposed more places to hunt than I. When someone would suggest the fruitlessness of our efforts, I, with some wedgelike word of encouragement, would renew interest in the hearts of the party. The horror of the lesson was ever before me, and I felt that if I could prolong the search I might escape at least for one night. We finally gave up and my teacher, with many imprecations on his ill luck, dismissed my lesson for the evening.

We had returned to my father's house, and I sat on the stair near the place where the old gentleman's cloak hung, and when the family and guests were engrossed in conversation, I slipped the spectacles into the inside pocket of the cloak and then, with a cheery "*buenas noches*," I stole to my room, not to sleep but to listen. On the stroke of nine, my teacher arose, and when he wrapped his cloak about him his hand struck the pocket which contained the spectacles.

Quickly pulling them out he cried, "*Caramba maldita!* To think we have been hunting all evening for that which I have just found! I searched my pockets," he added pointedly, "so this must be the work of the devil or one of his imps," and with many angry mutterings he made his departure. I crept into bed with the consciousness of a duty well done and closed my eyes for the first peaceful slumber of many days.

The Borrowed Shirt

A SHORT time afterward, the son of the old Spanish gentleman started a conservatory of music in our neighborhood which he was pleased to call an academy of music. He came to my father and suggested that I be sent to him as a pupil, for, he said, "even if he doesn't learn anything it will keep him off the streets."

I was enrolled as a student in his class of some sixty pupils. I am sure that during the first three years I was there I was the silent boy of the class. I was noisy enough out of the classroom, but Iago himself couldn't have outdone me for silence when a class met—and it probably came from the professor's remark to my father that if I didn't learn anything it would keep me off the street.

I resented the imputation, but drank in knowledge without talking about it at the time.

At the end of the third year I was at the academy, the first examinations were held, and, to the surprise of the professor and the judges he had selected, I won every medal offered. The professor went to my father next morning and, with that emphatic way peculiar to himself, said, "That damn boy of yours has won all my medals, but I can't give all of them to him—it would excite comment."

My father, who was always chivalric, said, "Why, it isn't necessary to give him any. I'm happy that he has won all of them. The possession of the medals won't make him any smarter, and if you can make better use of them you'd better do so."

"Oh, no," said the professor, "I'm going to give him three of them and I'll give the other two to other pupils," which he did. I have those three medals today—little gold lyres—a constant reminder, when I see them, that I fooled everyone by silence, always golden.

When I had reached my eleventh year, I had made sufficient progress on the violin to be selected by him as one of the soloists for his annual concert at St. Elizabeth's Asylum for the Insane, just outside of Washington. I was already playing as a professional. Unfortunately, on the day of the concert, the baseball club of which I was pitcher had had a match and I took part. After the game I returned home hungry, tired and dirty. I found the house in a state of confusion; the usually faithful maid-of-all-work absent, my eldest sister away on a visit, and my mother so ill I was not allowed to see her. As it was near the hour for me to dress for the concert, I had but a few moments to eat a quickly made sandwich, then, going to my room, I got out my Sunday clothes, my clean shoes and stockings, but for the world of me I could not find a shirt, the laundress having failed to return our linen. I hurried to the conservatory to tell my teacher of the predicament.

"That's all right," he said, "run over to my wife and tell her to give you one of my shirts."

I went over, and the good-natured lady put one of the professor's shirts on me. The bosom seemed to rest on my knees, and as the collar was many sizes too large, she pinned it together and I started with the party to the asylum.

When it came my turn to play I tuned my violin and began the first movement. As the physical effort of playing became greater the pins that held the shirt in place suddenly gave way and it fell from my neck. I forgot my notes, looked wildly at the dropping shirt and the laughing audience, and rushed from the stage in confusion, where I sought an obscure corner and wished that I were dead.

Mr. Sousa's Father and Mother in the Seventies

At the end of the concert, the superintendent invited the professor and the pupils into the dining room to have some ice cream and cake. I thought only of escape, but the professor intercepted me, and said:

"You made a sweet mess of it. You should be ashamed of yourself, and you do not deserve any refreshments for your miserable breakdown."

And in a spirit of contrition, notwithstanding an aching void within, I refused every invitation to partake of the ice cream and cake.

The professor told me I should not have spent the afternoon playing ball, but should have prepared myself for the more important work of the evening. His lecture and punishment had a salutary effect upon me, and from that day to this I have made it a rule never to swap horses in crossing a stream. I either play or work, but I never try to do both at one time.

Early Lessons in Sportsmanship

WHEN I was a boy in Washington, everybody who lived east of Sixth Street S. E. and south of Pennsylvania Avenue lived "on the Navy Yard." In fact it was not a difficult matter to find out just what section of town a boy lived in by asking him what he was. The city was divided in our boyish minds between the Navy Yard, Capitol Hill, Swamp Poodle—which is now in the vicinity of the Terminal Railway Station and the Post Office—and "the Island," which was south of Pennsylvania Avenue between Tiber Creek and the Potomac River. The nabobs who lived in the Northwest hadn't reached the dignity of a neighborhood nickname and the nearest approach to their vicinity was the "Northern Liberties," which was out Seventh Street, N. W. Though the Navy Yard section was probably ten squares from the United States Navy Yard, near where I lived, I always said "I live on the Navy Yard."

The boys who lived "on the Navy Yard" with scarcely an exception toted a gun as soon as they were old enough to shoot, and went out on the river—the Potomac or "Anacastia," as we called the eastern branch—and into Prince George County whenever game was in season. A boy who couldn't shoot a gun or sit out all day in the sun fishing had no standing "on the Navy Yard."

So, very early in my life I was inoculated with the love of duck and quail shooting, my father being an inveterate hunter, and whenever in season he had the time he was out hunting quail or decoying ducks.

When I was still too young to carry a gun, but not too young to carry the provender, my father took me on hunting trips. We would usually be up at four o'clock in the morning, for a hearty breakfast, if it was to be a quail shoot over Bennings Bridge and into Prince George County. I remember one occasion when I everlastingly disgraced myself.

My mother always prepared a lunch for us of four boiled eggs, two rolls and a couple of apples, which, heaven knows, was enough for anybody for a luncheon. On this particular morning we started out and when we got over in the cultivated fields where there were quail, the dogs made a point, the birds were flushed and my father brought down one of them. He then started in a relentless pursuit of the squandered birds. About ten o'clock he was so far ahead of me I could just hear the occasional sound of his gun, and suddenly I became very hungry. It was two hours before luncheon and in my boyish mind I felt I would probably starve to death if I hadn't something to eat before lunch hour. So my hand stole into the haversack and I felt a hard-boiled egg in the corner. I took it out, looked at it admiringly, almost reverently, took off the shell and ate it. I next took one of the rolls and ate that. Instead of appeasing my appetite it seemed to give me more, and, to hasten matters, before twelve o'clock had come I had eaten four eggs, two rolls and one apple.

About twelve o'clock I caught up to my father and he, putting his gun against a tree, said cheerily, "Now we'll sit down and have luncheon."

Suddenly, at the word luncheon, it dawned on me that I was probably the most abject scoundrel in the world, but I said nothing. My father lifted the haversack off my shoulders, put his hand in it, and then a puzzled look came over his face and he said, "Strange, strange; your

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Riffing With the Chasseurs d'Afrique—By Wythe Williams

MIDNIGHT. Two mortal hours more before reveille, when the column of four French battalions starts its march across the River Ouergha to relieve the beleaguered post that has been surrounded by Riffians for thirty days. Sleepers in the pup tents, lying an inch above ground on ordinary hospital stretchers, stir wearily, groan, mutter curses at the appalling heat. A fat little man, wearing a red fez and long cloak over a French cavalry uniform, comes into the tent and lights a candle. It sputters and goes out, and he knocks over a wineglass while fumbling for it in the dark. The noise of his movements awakes somebody.

"Hello, father," he says.

A Native Orderly in the Riff, With Arabian Horses, "Beautiful as Kittens, and Amiable as Tigers"

"Good night, my son," replies the chaplain of the regiment. His red fez is pushed back and his face shines with sweat as he relights the wick.

"Sleep while you can. What heat! It is indeed hot."

He spies the half-filled bottle and pours out a drink. Then, extinguishing the light, he stumbles out. Other sleepers stir in the dark. One of them gets up to look at a thermometer hanging from a tent support.

"A hundred degrees—at midnight—a heat, truly!"

A breeze comes in through the tent opening, a momentary relief that is gone in a few seconds. Two of us get up and fumble our way outside. Clouds roll across the heavens. Another fitful breeze, and stars appear, then again the clouds, heavy, impenetrable and altogether unusual for North Africa before the rains begin. Perhaps they mean the sirocco—fiery blast from the Sahara—is on its way.

Zero Hour on a Summer Night

WE THROW ourselves on the ground—hard, sun-baked clay; might as well sleep, if that is possible, even for an hour. The camp in the dusty plain between the rocky hills gives no sound. Not a light shows. We lie flat on our backs; the sultry African night seems an actual weight. Clouds again blot out the stars and come down, down, almost suffocating us. Even the stars seem wicked points of heat, and the breeze that flickers for a second over us is like the blast from a furnace door. We strike a match. More than another hour until we start. Vague sounds are about us, indefinite, ghostly. There is the sensation of other human bodies strewn about. The heavy breathing of horses, a stifled whinny, the bark of a dog—the inevitable dog always on hand to add his life's protest and to start long echoes from the surrounding hills.

We must have slept finally, for a few moments, even in the sweat that bathed us. There is a muttered curse as the colonel's orderly stumbles across us. No bugles sound. Throughout the camp a hand taps on the sleeping shoulders, and the battalions, already fully dressed, arise, ready.

No fires, no sounds. The Riff probably knows already; still, the zero hour is jealously guarded. Riff spies are probably in the camp mingling with the horde of Arab followers and roustabouts. Nevertheless, we have cold coffee; not cold, really—nothing is cold, unfortunately—but tepid, sickening. Its virtue is that it is liquid and it eases the throat.

A captain of Chasseurs d'Afrique opens his wine flask. Ah, that's better, a degree cooler and without the aftertaste of coffee burned the night before. We follow the captain. Black shadows of a thousand tents, for the stars are again blinking to signal the advance. Pits yawn underneath us—trenches in case of a night attack. We leap across them and scrape through barbed wire. More shadows block our way.

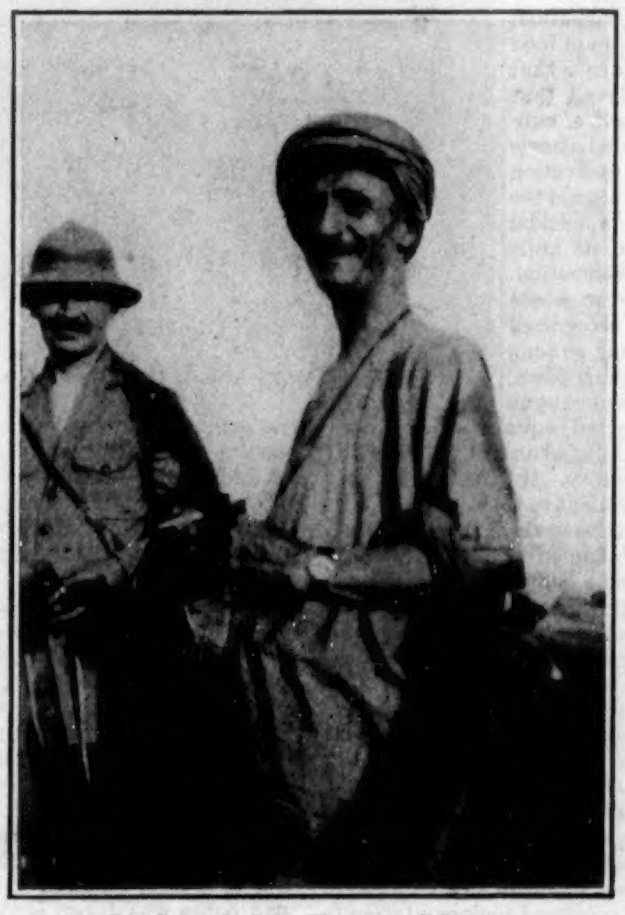
"Your horses," the captain says. "Very good horses."

We feel for bridles and stirrups. The horses rear and dance. Mystic somethings seize their bits—Arab orderlies, gliding like serpents. We are in the saddle.

"Beware the barbed wire," someone shouts as the steeds do a side dance.

But we are surrounded by shadows—other horsemen—so they cannot bolt. A pull on the bit as their sleek heads dart down to take a nip at the stirrups. A lighted candle for a moment, while the staff with its attending cavalrymen awaits the colonel in command. The horses are motionless, transfixed by the sudden light, and glaring wickedly. Pure Arabians, mostly white, or splashed heavily with that color, beautiful as kittens and amiable as tigers.

The colonel comes afoot, gliding in among us, a tall, lithe ghost. A long khaki shirt hanging over his trousers, unbelted, falls loosely to his knees, and with sleeves rolled above elbows, gives him an odd Chinese air. Below appear cavalry boots and spurs. Around his cap is wound a long scarf, also khaki colored—a preparation against the coming sun. There is nothing in his dress to show his rank, or in his manner to indicate that he is the famous warrior of the Sahara who throughout twelve blistering years maintained the French rule of the desert.



The Colonel of the Chasseurs d'Afrique

Dare-Devils

THE mountains of the Riff to him only mean a slight change of scenery. His hand grabs a horse's mane and with one movement he is in the saddle. The light goes out and the horses stamp and move uneasily.

"Chasseurs d'Afrique, remain with the staff. Spahis, deploy right and left"—and we move forward into the dark.

Again the clouds—curses upon them, for we see nothing, only feel our way along. There are no roads, but there is dust—thick, heavy dust, inches deep—that rises and chokes. We are in fields prickly with cactus rising above the stumps. The horses' hoofs are as though padded, but all about we sense movement. We still see nothing. We rely solely on the sense of feeling. Parallel with us on each side, we feel something—not terrifying, only vague and mysterious—that we cannot understand.

The ground is very uneven, although we are still in the plain, and the horses stumble. A trickle of light comes suddenly—the moon—through shifting cloud banks. The something on either hand is infantry columns—Moroccan and Tunisian tirailleurs; a company of the Foreign Legion swing along, dare-devils all. Beyond them are platoons of native spahis, cavalry muffled in cloaks, with turbaned heads, and carbines across saddles.

We pitch downward, suddenly, abruptly, lying straight back on the horses. We have come to the Ouergha—the river that has already taken its place in the history of battles, the river that Sidi Mohammed Abd el Krim el Khattab declared was

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THEY WHO LAUGHED

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

FROM the plinth of the Nelson Column a score of red-badged men looked down upon that sinister phenomenon which haunts the wish dreams of the revolutionary—that formidable ugly emergence of the mass mind in an immense crowd, contagiously intoxicated with excitement; coalescence of its impulses at their lowest common denominator of latent atavism inherited from neon-back gorilla-handed, snarling-fanged primeval ancestors; its individual superficialities of civilization obliterated; its seething vital forces fused into a homogeneous torrent of blindly fierce, subhuman energy for those few clever ones cynically to direct. That crowd—in a majority, the recklessly spawned submerged population of a great city; in a minority, artisans, starvation-pinched and desperate with idleness—was no longer an assemblage of human units; it was a vast primitive-souled amorphous monster whose roar of multitudinous vociferation swept round Trafalgar Square in waves of spasmodically renewed frenzy. The group upon the plinth stimulated it mimetically in a wild extravagance of voice and gesture. Mass suggestion was their specialty, brooded over and argued over in the police-shy seclusion of all manner of obscure garrets and cellars; practiced at innumerable street corners, on soap boxes in the midst of bleak-faced exasperated strikers wherever, up and down the country, they had succeeded in fomenting industrial strife. They shouted now with full lungs in a lead to enthusiasm that was not a cheer but a wild inarticulate yell of exultation, waved large red flags high above their heads. A deafening clamor answered them in a maddened waving of smaller red flags dispersed all over the mob.

The frenzy leaped to its climax as one of those leaders held up to view a newspaper placard—already several times triumphantly exhibited:

GENERAL STRIKE DECLARED
REVOLUTIONARY OUTBREAKS IN THE NORTH

The square was a pandemonium. That vast amorphous monster screamed in paroxysms of wild-beast delight. The long-promised blow at civilization had at last been struck. It found itself hating that civilization malignantly, in a blind resentment hereditarily accumulated from an epoch remote beyond history, when tooth-and-claw solitary forest-dwelling egoisms had first been forced to submit, if they were to survive at all, to the mutual discipline of the tribe, to the obnoxiously new processes of patient toil for food. Civilization, to it, was a harshly incomprehensible system which capriciously reserved its luxuries for a fortuitously favored few, an immense and complex mechanism beyond its understanding, arbitrarily created for it by a minority in whose Olympian intellectual supremacy it was forced to acquiesce. Civilization, indeed, had brought that plethora of food which had made the very existence of that mob possible, enabled it to breed thus multitudinously to the very limit of subsistence. Destruction of that hated scheme of things connoted ultimately starvation for itself. It was ignorant or reckless of the fact. Down with everything—a suicidal delirium possessed it, divorced its units from the primal law of self-preservation. Propaganda-poisoned, in a fever where those units would not have recognized themselves, it cared for nothing so long as that hated system came crashing down.

General Minsky Turned Bad Temperedly to His Two Colleagues. "Vat eez eet You Say?"

And those excitement-white leaders upon the plinth were, if more instructed, equal in their hatred also of a civilization which had inflicted on them the worst of injuries—an injury to their vanity. It had denied them, one and all, a prominence equivalent to their diseased egomania. Degenerates, failed intellectuals, ignorant manual workers with pathologically inflamed brains, whose wild volubility of speech had proved a sufficient substitute for toil, ghetto-bred aliens with an age-old score of scorn to wipe out, they took their revenge now. Civilization had ignored and despised them, treated them as of no account. The world should be forced to take notice of them. Impotent to create—not one of them had done an honest day's work in his life—they knew themselves diabolically potent to destroy, once they got their chance. And they had got their chance now. They exulted in it. For years they had been undermining that civilization so absurdly overconfident of itself. And now—in a cataclysm to which that of Russia was a mere rehearsal—it was going to collapse hideously. They saw themselves sitting in an apotheosis of triumph upon its ruins. They screamed their exultation to the screaming crowd as they waved every newspaper placard procurable: GENERAL STRIKE—COUNTRY PARALYZED—REVOLUTIONARY OUTBREAKS—BLOODSHED IN CONFLICT WITH POLICE—WHAT IS THE GOVERNMENT DOING? And that poster of the Socialist newspaper with its significant single word: STRIKE!

The undersized, middle-aged man, his thin sallow high cheek-boned face contracting to an ugly mouth under his big nose, who was inconspicuously in command among that group of white-faced, insane-eyed, hoarse-throated men upon the plinth, had refrained from personal participation in their shouts and gesticulations. He had merely smiled with a sneering cynical satisfaction in that frenzy of the crowd. He turned now to those about him.

"Give zem zeir orders," he said, curtly and gutturally. "Now is ze time. Send zem at zose policemen and soldiers—an' see zat zose soldiers shoot." He gestured to where, several hundred yards distant, a cordon of blue-clad police was drawn across Whitehall. Behind them, a company of khaki-uniformed infantry, complete with steel helmets, was ranked in support. He retracted his upper lip over his yellow teeth. "Zose crowds zey are like vild animals—zey must be 'urt—zey must see blood. Zen zey are mad—like vounded tigers. I know zis business. Get some of zem killed—zen ze game vill start. Qvick, now!"

A big, heavy low-browed fellow, who might have been a butcher had not his podgy hands been white and flabby, grinned appreciatively at him.

"That's the ticket, Minsky! You know every trick o' the game, I'll say that for you. Set 'em at it, boys!"

Four men armed with megaphones stepped forward, each on one side of the plinth, shouted to the mob massed north, east, south and west of the monument.

There was a sudden comparative silence as a voice bellowed, "Comrades! We're going to march down Whitehall—straight to the Houses of Parliament. The proletariat has made its revolution all over the country. Don't forget that. The job's all but done. Your comrades up north look to you to finish it. We're going to seize the government. We're going to settle once for all with the bloodsucking bourgeoisie that's bossed this show too long already. They've had the laugh on you long enough—now it's we who are going to laugh. There's nothing can stop us. Smash up anyone or anything that tries to. This country's yours, comrades—yours for the taking. You've got 'em paralyzed. Get busy now. Show that hireling police you're not afraid of 'em. If there are soldiers there—fraternize with 'em—and if they won't fraternize, wipe 'em out! You are hundreds to one, don't forget—don't let 'em scare you! Now then, comrades—at it! Put the red flag up over the House of Parliament—and the trick is done! Hooray for the British Soviet!"

There was again a howl of ecstatic exultation from the mob, a wild waving of scattered red flags. The bearers of those flags shouted with a special vehemence, created little whirlpools of activity around them, forced the confused turmoil of the crowd into definite streams of movement that quickly gathered strength and continuity. The group upon the plinth anxiously watched those agents, carefully disseminated in advance, fulfilling their allotted function of getting a move on the crowd. They were successful. A torrent of men, in wild excitement, began to pour down into Whitehall.

"You 'af pick men for ze occupation of ze government offices, as I tell you?" demanded Minsky sharply. "Zere must be no delay about zat. Each office must be seized as ze troops are push back. Zat is ze main sing—ze machinery of government. Vonce ve 'af zat, ve 'af eferysing."

"That's all right, general," a disheveled young man, his face aflame with excitement, shouted at him through the clamor. "We're obeying orders to the last word of 'em—don't worry. And we've got the arms up. Look, there are the lorries with the rifles!" He pointed to where, at the orifice of the Strand, and higher up the square by St. Martin's Church, a number of motortrucks had halted on the edge of the crowd. The men who had conducted them were wildly waving red flags, their faces contorted in enthusiastic cheers totally swallowed up in the roar of the surging mob. "And we've placed our sections so as to get 'em easy. We'll let the crowd get its dose first—and get mad with it—and then we'll go in and show 'em how to do the job!"

"Don't talk so much!" the sallow-faced little general interrupted him, harshly. "Go an' put sharpshooters into ze vindows of zose 'ouses on ze corner—and shoot down ze gunners if zey bring up artillery. Qvick, now!"

"Very good, general!" The young man whipped out an automatic pistol, leaped down into the crowd, forced his way through it toward the nearest motortruck.

The group upon the plinth turned their attention back to Whitehall. Its upper end was black with a seething mob rushing toward that line of police. Red flags fluttered over it here and there, and its yells were like those of a disgorgement of demons. A civilian stepped out in front of the line of police, one hand holding a document, the other raised warningly above his head. He declaimed something that was quite inaudible in the din.

"Magistrate reading the Riot Act!" shouted one of the men on the plinth. "Now they're for it. We'd better take cover. We shall get the overs here when they shoot."

The group scattered to crouch down behind the great lions, to dodge back to the safe side of the column. They

peered cautiously from their cover, watched that scene in Whitehall. The magistrate was no longer visible. The cordon of policemen had disrupted, was running back as isolated fugitives under a shower of stones and bottles. The mob was dashing on—straight at the double rank of khaki-clad, steel-helmeted soldiers. The front rank dropped to the knee.

The watchers on the plinth saw a double tier of rifles come to the horizontal. There was a sharp shattering simultaneous detonation. It had no visible effect upon the mob, berserk in a delirious infatuation of immunity.

"First round blank!" shouted one of the men crouching behind a bronze lion. "Look out! They'll shoot to kill next time."

The mob still rushed on, in a pandemonium of yells and cries. Again there was a shattering detonation—a brief instant of curiously ominous silence—and then a blood-chilling tumult of piercing shrieks and screams—a sudden check to the on-rushing flood; a maddened confusion of struggling men in its forefront as those behind still strove to press on. A third volley crashed violently from the unbroken double rank of soldiers. Its effect was devastating. A moment later, in a renewed and awful clamor of wild shrieks, the mob was rushing back in panic, an overwhelming reversed torrent of fear-maddened men. Behind it, it left an empty street littered with prone forms.

The foreign-voiced general uttered a sharp order from his point of vantage behind a couchant lion.

"Sections of sharpshooters across ze street. Barricade be'ind zem. Serve out rifles, pistols, bombs—eferysing you 'af—to ze crowd."

The order was passed to a signalman with a red flag, in safety behind the column. He jerked it rapidly, scientifically, transmitting the general's commands to a signalman answering him from the corner of the Strand. Men armed with rifles and bandoleers dashed out singly from cover at that corner, flung themselves prone on the street—behind a corpse wherever possible—formed a firing line across it. Their rifles spat viciously at the double rank of soldiers. They also opened out, with a brisk, disciplined precision of movement, flung themselves down, opened fire in reply. A murderous duel commenced, reënforced on the side of the Reds by the sharpshooters who had entered the buildings at the upper end of the street and were now sniping from the concealment of the windows and chimney stacks. They tumbled the crew of a machine gun around their weapon before it could fire a shot.

Behind the Red firing line, the space was clear to the base of the Nelson Column. It was so for a minute or two only. From the houses on either side a wall of higgledy-piggledy furniture, office counters, steel safes, everything that could build a barricade, was creeping out toward a complete junction, was added to at every instant by running throngs of feverishly busy men laden with spoil from the sacked buildings adjacent. And behind that first flimsy cover other men, armed with crowbars, were tearing up the roadway, piling up the blocks in formidable reënforcement. Already at one end of it, a light Thompson submachine gun was in position, was hammering in answer to machine guns rattling furiously from down the street. Someone, acting under well-conceived orders, had thrown incendiary bombs into the buildings between the troops and the Red firing line. They were already vomiting masses of thick rolling smoke across the roadway.

Away back at the safe sides of the square, red-badged men on motor-trucks were serving out rifles, bandoleers and badges to the clamorous crowd surging round them. Other red-badged men were forming those new recruits into lines as fast as they were armed. The Red army was in process of expansion from its original nucleus. At the debouchment of the Strand, a signalman standing on the roof of a motor van began to flag-wag vigorously. The sinister-visaged little general noticed him.

"Vat is zat?" he demanded. "Vat does 'e say?"

A man dashed crouchingly to him from the safe side of the column.

"Motorcyclist from Force 2, general," he said, breathless with excitement. "Reports operation completely successful. Bank of England area completely in our hands. Barricades now in course of erection. Practically no organized opposition. Says that Force 3 has also reported success. We're holding the Central Markets. No reports yet from detachments sent to seize railway stations."

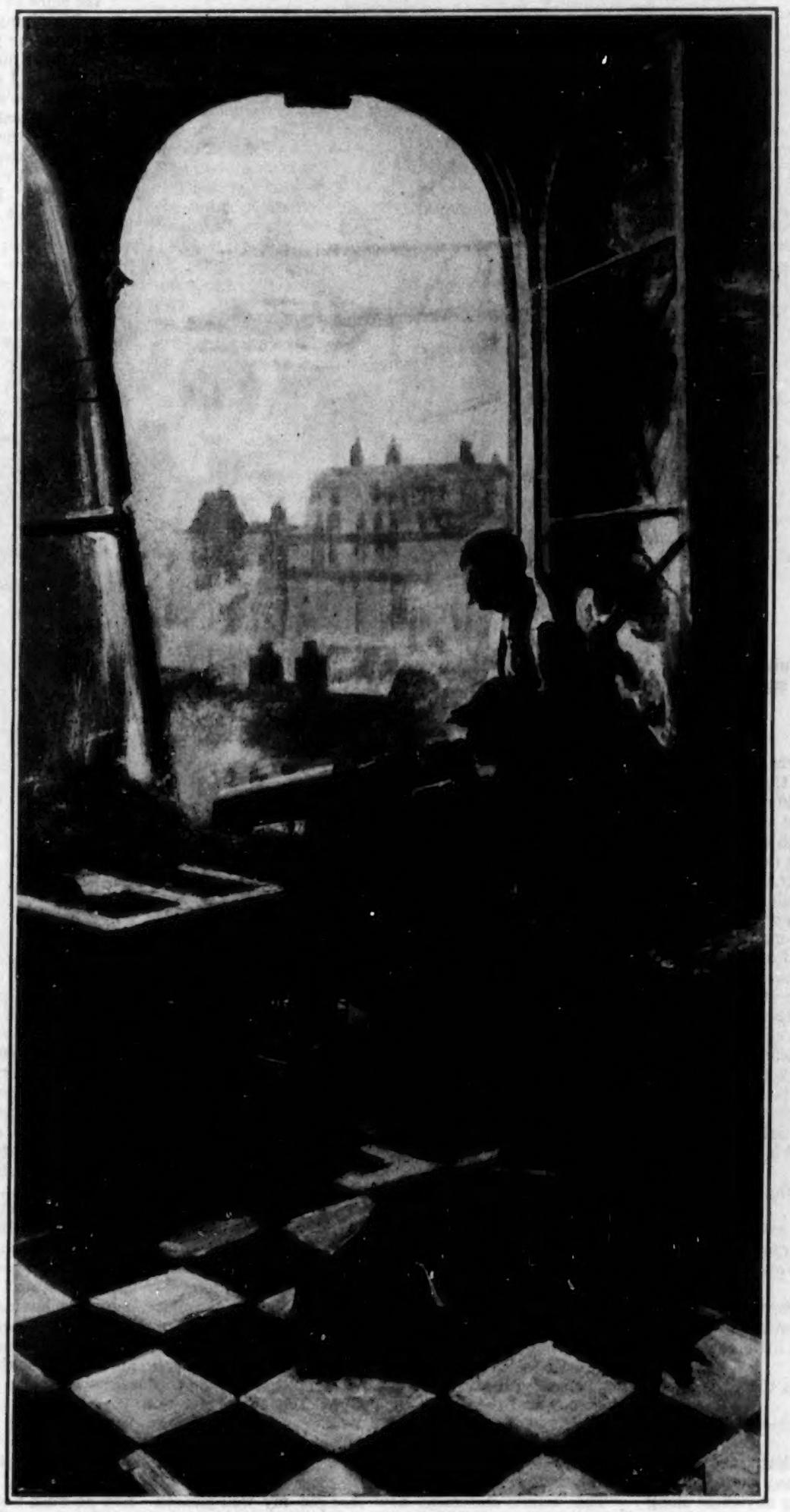
The general grinned evilly.

"Goot, goot!" He rubbed his clawlike hands, showed his yellow teeth in a rictus under his large nose. "In less zan twelf 'ours ve 'af zem. Zey 'af only von brigade. In twelf 'ours ve vill 'af tventy, sirty sousand armed men—an' crowds of von, two 'undred sousand men choking ze streets! Zey can do nossing to stop us." He turned to a red-sashed staff officer beside him. "Zey still 'af artillery to bring to ze center. See zat ze instructions to ambush it on ze march are carry out. Ve must 'af guns—an qvick!"

He was clapped violently on the back by the big butcher-like man, laughing as though he were drunk.

"D'ye 'ear that, Minsky?—they've 'ung the Lord Mayor on 'is own Mansion 'Ouse! Laugh—laugh, yer miserable little rat! We've got 'em caught. We're winning, man—winning! Everyw'ere! The game's ours!" He was out of himself with exultation. "We'll wipe the 'ole crowd of 'em out! Laugh, damn yer—laugh! Can't yer?"

The little general contorted his sallow features into a semblance of hilarity. "Yes—I laff, Comrade Baxter—ve vin—zhust as I said—I laff like 'ell!"



Lurking High Up on Roofs, Behind Sandbagged Windows, Sharpshooters on Both Sides Sniped Pitilessly

The cabinet sat in already long-protracted full meeting. The normal hushed quiet of that large somberly furnished room was harshly desecrated by the incessant sharp detonations of rifles, the rapid hammering of machine guns, the thud and crash of artillery, the dull concussions of bombs, which had become almost the accepted background to its deliberations. For two hours now, within a quarter of a mile of them, the street battle had been in progress. Every now and then, at a louder outburst, those middle-aged and elderly men grouped at that long table shifted uncomfortably in their chairs, glanced apprehensively at the windows. The Premier, himself strained and tired, looked along between those faces, diverse in their characterization but all alike haggard with anxiety. The eyes of all were turned to him, as with a hand that shook slightly he put down on the table a report that had just come to him. He took a deep breath, enforced upon himself a quiet precision of voice.

"Well, gentlemen, that at least clarifies the situation. We know where we are. We have to meet not a strike, not a revolt, but a revolution. They have come out into the open. A Soviet government has been proclaimed, as you have heard from this report, not only in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Bristol, but here in London, by a boasting manifesto issued from the Mansion House itself. There is unfortunately now no doubt whatever that the Bank of England-Mansion House area is definitely in the hands of the Reds. An entrance to the Bank of England was effected by dynamite, and the guard there has been wiped out. The center of the city is being converted into a barricaded fortress."

"They've got the gold reserves then!" ejaculated a member in a tone of sharp dismay.

The Premier nodded his head.

"They've got the gold reserves. But they can't do much with them—yet. Gentlemen, this is no time for panic. The country looks to us to save it. We are not going to abdicate. The whole machinery of government is concentrated here in Westminster, and we're going to defend this area until we can mobilize our loyal forces and crush this revolution. Under the proclamation of martial law which the cabinet has unanimously authorized, the executive handling of this crisis devolves upon the commander in chief of the army. Let us hear what he has to say."

The commander in chief rose from his seat.

"I quite agree with what you have said, sir. This Westminster area must be and shall be defended at all costs. Unfortunately, the event has come so suddenly that only the normal one brigade of foot guards and the two regiments of horse

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REGARDS TO SHANTY HARRIS

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

WELL, I will recall myself to your attention by the statement that you had ought to remember my personality, because twelve years ago you ran an item about me under Street Fair and Carnival Notes, reading as follows: "William J. Kerniffin (Billykay) has left the Gypsy's Revenge and has a new fire-eating act which is the sensation of the Mastodon Street Carnival Company"; and eight years ago you printed a little note about me as follows: "William J. Kerniffin (Billykay), after finishing a successful season in the Southwest with the Old Chief Chahooka Medicine Show, is now breaking in a bounding-rope and acrobat act and gunning for open-air dates"; and four years ago, under Vaudeville Jottings, you published a three-line squib on the same subject, namely as follows: "William J. Kerniffin (Billykay) has a neat rope-spinning and singing act which he is using to advantage with Hennesy's Original Hawaiians"; and six months ago, under a head entitleated General Notes, I was given by you much advantageous publicity in the paragraph as follows: "William J. Kerniffin (Billykay) has gone into business at Pearl City, Wisconsin, as Inspector with the Tangley Awning Company and will be glad to meet all members of the profession who come to that city."

Well, I am writing you the present piece so in case you need a little something to pad out your periodical paper you can use same, and I can further state it is all facts and only needs to be fixed up a little to be used as a true fiction story out of my own life; and I am offering you this true fiction story for nothing, so please use your best judgment, remembering I do not ask any payment for same.

"Oh, a Picture of a Rainy Night Like This, and a Lot of Torches—Big Lights Hitched on Poles, and the Drivers Cursing and Swearing——"

The First Chapter

IT WAS last Saturday morning while I was going through a stack of khaki duck tops that a voice behind me said, "Is this Mr. Kerniffin?"

I looked around and right off recognized Miss Tangley, a heavy but handsome girl, through having seen her photo on Old Man Tangley's desk.

"I hope I am not interrupting you, Mr. Kerniffin, but papa has given me permission to go through the works and say a word to all about the charity bazaar which will have its closing evening tonight at the old armory. It will be a gala event, as we have the Pearl City Jazz Babies' Orchestra for dancing and there will be musical selections also. Perhaps papa has told you that I am studying vocal. I am sure everyone wishes to help the bazaar, because all profits are devoted to worthy homes in need."

She went on: "I am so glad, Mr. Kerniffin, you say you will be able to come. I am distributing tickets today at the little booth on the corner of Main and State Streets, and we are all trying hard to make this last evening a success worthy in every way of Pearl City. We think Pearl City is the finest home town in the world. What is your opinion, Mr. Kerniffin?"

"I think so, too," I said, "and that is why I have settled down here myself."

"Isn't it the dearest little city that ever was! And tonight when you see how generous everyone is you will wonder like myself how anybody who has ever resided here can ever live anywhere else."

I have always enjoyed intelligent conversations such as the above, especially on the subject of homes, and was still feeling well disposed from this sensible little chat when Old Man Tangley dropped in.

"Well, Kerniffin," he asked, "what is the dope about the new stock?"

"Mr. Tangley," I said, "it is as represented, but not really good quality."

"Yes," he stated with a frown, "and that is the trouble today all over: quality does not exist any more, so it is useless to look for real business efficiency anywhere along the line. The time when a workman took pleasure in his work has gone by; all he does now is to try to do the least he can for the most wages. If this goes on, mark my words, there will be a panic."

"That is the way it looks to me," I answered.

"The industries and business of this country cannot pay the big wages they are paying now and continue to live. And what is the Government doing about it?"

"That is what I have always thought," I told him.

"And then there is the tariff. Mark my words, Kerniffin, this country will never know real business efficiency until the president is elected for six years."

Well, when you have passed most of your life listening to gabfests on such subjects as, "Did you ever hear the inside story of the Gollmar Shows in the New Richmond cyclone?" and "Did you know Foley the Frog Man when he was with Al White's Minstrels?" and "Do you remember when Doc Harris took his medicine show through Indiana?" it is a relief and pleasure to meet people who can talk about the things worth while in life.

And I was still feeling well pleased as a result of these little chats with Miss Tangley and Mr. Tangley when the office boy said there was somebody waiting to see me.

"What name?" I asked.

"He would not give any name, but he wore patent-leather shoes and a classy necktie. They are cracking across the toes."

This simple statement now changed my well-pleased feelings into others entirely different. If I had only known what would have been the result of that last item you printed about me I would never have asked you to publish same. Show folks may be the most generous people on God's green earth, but when they are not working they cannot be generous and all the generosity has to come from the other side, and if you are the other side it finally makes you jumpy and irritable. If Shanty Harris or anybody like Shanty Harris had ever turned up it would not have been so bad; but, no, it was always somebody I had never seen before and never wanted to see again.

This last party was a twin brother to all the others, with the usual line about being so good and stopping the show so often that the star had got him fired.

"Well, my dear fellow," he said with a sarcastical sneer as he pocketed my five dollars, "so you think you have quit the profession."

"Yes," I said, a little short.

"That is what they all think," he went on with the same sarcastical sneer. "Yes, my boy, they all have the idea it will be peaches to settle down in the sticks, marry the boss' daughter and live happily ever after."

I remarked, "There is a train for Chicago at 12:15. Don't miss it."

He acted as though he had not heard what I said. "No, my boy, you have another think coming. Once a trouper always a trouper and this is the reason: If you have ever really been in the show business you cannot spend the rest of your life listening to hicks and rubes talk to each other, because they have got nothing to say and never had and never will have anything to say."

I handed him a stern look right in the eye, but he went on, merely changing his sneer into a sarcastical laugh.

"Yes, I know all about it, because I have tried it myself. A trouper can live entirely surrounded by boob remarks just so long and then he has got to let somebody talk who can talk, somebody who will not waste time by gassing about the City Beautiful and wondering who will be elected president four years from now and all that bunk and junk. A trouper can live without money and without an overcoat, but he can't live without somebody that speaks his own language, and when you find that out for yourself there will be a little ad in a theatrical journal: 'At Liberty —— William J. Kerniffin (Billykay). Congenial surroundings more important than salary. Write or wire all in first.'"

Then, accepting my cordial invitation, he beat it.

That little session left me sore; and the more I thought of what he had said the sorer I got. And at noon when I saw a little gathering at the corner of Main and State, I made up my mind that if it was a fight I would separate the parties and hit them both hard while doing same; just to relieve my feelings. Well, it was not a fight; just a stewed roughneck leaning into the Charity Bazaar booth for the purpose of making remarks to Miss Tangley inside, and this girl in spite of her husky appearance had turned white as a sheet. Just as I came up, the roughneck reached out his hand and, having slipped a push to a young fellow named Courtney, turned back to Miss Tangley with the remark, "Now, how about it, kid: if I buy a coupla these pink slips am I gonna be the fair-haired boy tonight? Say the gladsome word, sis; papa is waiting."

The Second Chapter

NOBODY in the crowd was so much as peeping. "Aw, cut it out," was all young Courtney had said, and now he wasn't even saying that.

"Good morning, Miss Tangley," I said, entering back center. "Is there anything at all I can do?"

"Yes, Percy," said the roughneck, "there's somep'n you can do; you can leave your card and run away till I send for you."

"Here's my card," I said, pivoting around the way I done when touring South Dakota with Berman's Athletic Show and calling myself The World's Challenge Champion Lightweight.

He caught it right where the doctor ordered, and it made me feel so good that instead of turning him over to the cop I helped him find his hat and then picked him up and started him on his long way down the street.

"Oh, Mr. Kerniffin," Miss Tangley said after she'd stopped gasping, "how can I ever thank you? Pearl City is proud of having a citizen such as you."

Here she shot a mean look at Courtney, but as he was still dusting his pants it missed.

"Miss Tangley," I said with as much nerve as I could get together at short notice, "the best way you can thank me is by selling me a ticket for tonight and giving me the favor of one of your dances."

"I'll be proud to dance with you, Mr. Kerniffin. Would you like the second? I'm sure you haven't the second, have you, Mr. Courtney?"

Well, if he had it before he certainly didn't have it after stopping that look she gave him.

"Yes, it will be the second—the moonlight dance with the light effects. And, Mr. Kerniffin, I'm going to tell papa just what you've done, because what is the use of having homes if we haven't men able and willing to defend them?" And she finished off Courtney with a last hard look.

The rest of that afternoon passed like a dream. I walked around telling myself over and over how good I was—me that had come into town six months before without a friend and now was holding down a good job and sitting pretty with the richest girl in Pearl City. And when I got back to the boarding house I felt even better because there was a letter from Shanty Harris. It said:

"*Dear Billykay:* Yours received. The proposition you got is the berries and you want to hang on to same because there is nothing in the show business any more and it is not what it used to be and would like to be in Pearl City myself but cannot make it now. The New Idea Walla Walla Medicine Show was grabbed here by sheriff last Saturday night when Doc Goss forgot to pay six weeks' back salary as the result of a collision with a roulette wheel where they didn't let him up until he was all cut. I have picked up an intermission job cooking on a showboat but what next after that you can ask me. I am all through with the show business and don't know why I ever got into same and am going to climb out the first chance I get and break into some business where a man can have a home and meet some regular people. Do you remember The Gypsy's Revenge in Merlin, Tennessee? Ha-ha.

"Your old pal, SHANTY."

It was good to find out that, the same as myself, Shanty had discovered there was nothing in the show business, but I had to laugh at his remember which was as follows:

Being with the Gypsy's Revenge Company he had worked me into same just before the end of the season. I was the Second Gypsy kidnaping the child in Act Three and also lending a hand with the tent and being fifty per cent of the orchestra. Petite Maisie was the child, and a wolf for ice cream. On Saturday night at the end of the first week, Shanty, who had spent an afternoon meeting an old friend with the usual results, sidetracked Petite Maisie by the use of ice-cream cones. The result was that when I came on right to kidnap the child there was nobody there to kidnap until Shanty ran on left weighing a hundred and sixty pounds and wearing a curly yellow wig and a wrapper and took a jump into my arms, at the same time yelling Petite Maisie's lines, the same being "Bad man, let me go." The performance and our two jobs ended right there.

All during the rest of the meal I kept laughing over this remember of Shanty's until the rest of the table must have thought I was nuts.

When the dinner was finished I went to my room; put on my other clothes; read two pieces from the Evening Express, one entitleated, Pearl City the Home Town, and the other, Outlook for Business and Industry; then wrapped up in my raincoat and walked out of the boarding house.

There was a drizzle in the air and when I passed a vacant lot where Reno's Dog and Pony Circus had just showed I could not help thinking of ten years before with the Spring Brothers' outfit through Iowa and how nights we would be pulling out in the rain. There was the same smell of soft earth in the air and you could almost hear the wheels smacking out of the mud and the drivers yelling and the tent coming down and Shanty asking me why he had ever gone into the show business when if he had stayed home selling hardware for the old man he would now be nicely fixed and have a little home where he could go nights instead of roaming around the country.

So mulling over all this and a lot more, I reached the armory.

It was the bazaar's last night and everybody in town was there, from the Tangleys down to a funny little girl I had seen behind the pie counter in the Eatright Cafeteria. The big hall had been fixed up as good as a bunch of amateurs could do the job, though anybody that knew anything about lights would have had a sick feeling at his stomach to notice the rube way the colored globes had been strung across the ceiling.

Miss Tangley and Old Man Tangley were standing together beside the ice-cream booth near the platform where the Jazz Babies' Orchestra was tuning up, and as soon as they saw me waved for me to come over.

"How splendid to have you here," Miss Tangley said, grabbing me by the hand. "I've told papa all about your manly action and how wonderful it is to know that here in Pearl City we have brave men who can protect us women from insults. I suppose I feel this especially tonight because the rain makes one realize how dear a home is and the necessity of defending it; don't you think so?"

Then Old Man Tangley said, "Kerniffin, I have been waiting for a good excuse to give you a raise and I think I have got it because what business efficiency today needs is men of pep and action. And if we get some more of these rains the country will have all the business it can handle because when the farmer is prosperous everybody is prosperous. And in giving you this raise I figure I am just keeping pace with the times."

When I walked away with the dance music beginning I had to admit I hadn't been so satisfied with myself since the day I took off in my first parachute for Old Doc Manners and got ten dollars out of the occasion—half of it cash.

I looked down just in time to keep from running into the little cafeteria girl.

"Beg pardon," I said.

"Don't mention it." The words were ordinary enough, but there was something in the voice that made me look again. This little girl hadn't anything remarkable about her looks except seeming quick and wiry and with an up-and-coming face. But though the expression on the face was calm her voice gave it away that inside something was the matter.

"Rainy night," I said, feeling friendly to everybody in sight and looking for an opening to cheer the poor little girl up.

"I've been listening to the rain. It set me thinking."

(Continued on Page 165)

He Caught it Right Where the Doctor Ordered, and it Made Me Feel So Good That Instead of Turning Him Over to the Cop I Helped Him Find His Hat and Started Him Down the Street

SALT OF THE EARTH

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

"DIAMONDS!" sighed Donovan. "Diamonds!"

"I think the sight of them went to his head," continued the other man nervously. "A crazy thing to do, of course, running off after a trailing rainbow like this; but we did not especially believe he would get into danger. What worries us most is the absence of word. He spoke of returning in a week or ten days. The salt of the earth, and today marks the second week since he left, with not one line from him since that first note."

"Written, you say, as he was taking the train. What train was that?"

"Too excited to tell us."

"He had made such trips before?"

"Into the mountains? Oh, many times! He's a pretty fair field geologist for a boy just out of college. Jimmy knew what he had to have and how to take care of himself."

"Well, then ——"

Donovan, jewel expert for Redelos Indemnity, had his headquarters in Chicago; but at the present moment he was seated in Section 7, Car 69, Train No. 1, westbound, sixty-five hours out of that sweltering city. The man in the seat beside him, Coulter, had run over to Sacramento expressly to meet him. Coulter was San Francisco agent for Redelos, but he was also an old friend.

"This feeling we have is something we can't explain," Coulter went on. "A week ago we were not worried. Now we are. It isn't merely that we haven't heard—we feel he's trying to reach us and can't. His sister is nearly frantic."

"Afraid he's had an accident?"

"Violence," said Coulter.

"Doesn't that seem unlikely? The boy heard you talking of these diamonds and decided to find a few for himself. But you did not know where they lay. The discoverers were not saying. He solved his personal difficulty by tracking them back the next time they went to the mine. Why not? You know who it was he was tracking, and they know that you know."

Donovan Looked Out During the Seconds That Followed in a Sort of Fascination. He Saw Coulter's Lips Move in Reply to the Question

The two prospectors Coulter had been telling about had appeared in San Francisco during the winter with a double handful of native diamonds they had mined somewhere west of the Rockies. Later they had taken a friend of Coulter's to the new field, at first alone and a second time in company with two mining experts of South African experience, in each case under pledge of secrecy.

"If you buy, you'll want time to work up control," they had said. "If you don't, we will."

Upon the strength of their report an option was obtained and a company formed. Two others were permitted to see the mine, provided they would not tell its location until payment was completed. No one else was admitted to the secret. Although a stockholder, Coulter had not been.

Meanwhile the discoverers, one of whom was named Villard and the other Florron, had established headquarters in the company offices in San Francisco, and there one or the other was usually to be found, sometimes accompanied by a long-haired Indian. It was one of these men whom Jimmy Dixon had undertaken to follow, apparently in the hope that by a bold stroke he could himself locate a valuable claim.

"All of which is in the spirit of diamonds," said Donovan. "Diamonds without adventure would not be diamonds. Your own fears likewise. New mine, new field, mystery, a vague foreseeing of crime—naturally you find yourself affected. I'm affected myself. I had not known of such a diamond mine in America. I'd like to go into this company too. If I did I should likewise walk on pins and needles regardless of the experts. As for the boy, two weeks is no long period. Why not wait until the man he followed returns and ask him?"

"It's his sister I'm thinking of," persisted Coulter. "I didn't tell you, but we're engaged to be married. Jimmy stands rather near to me, don't you see?"

"He probably landed a rich claim. I'd like to do that on my own account. By the way, these former South African experts—what were their names? I may know them."

"The firm of Sheaf & Raber experted the mine."

Donovan looked out the car window at the tules flashing past, then beyond them at the purple hills in the distance. The tules lay like a field of valley grain, as compact and as dry-footed. Yet here and there within their mass a lazy sail marked the presence of an unseen boat upon an unseen tidal inlet, and beyond these a sharp-elbowed river steamer dragged its smoke across the dull sky. The steamer was held back, the train not; after a little the smoke was left behind.

"You spoke of honest principals," he said at last.

"Judge Welshans, John Breede, Henry Masterson."

"I know them by reputation. Are these the men who visited the mine in person?"

"Yes; Masterson visited it twice."

"Your people are intending to complete payment on their option, if I understand you aright. What price are they paying?"

"One million," replied Coulter, indefinably disturbed by the quieter, yet more colorful note of the questions.

"In stock?"

"Money. Villard and Florron either wanted control or they wanted out of the thing altogether."

"A large sum," said Donovan.

"The experts say it's a richer field than Kimberley."

"I wonder. Your people are used to gold mines, but not to diamond mines. Gold is always gold; therefore diamonds are always diamonds."

"Aren't they?"

"A good deal depends upon their size and quality. Too bad you haven't samples."

"But I have!" cried Coulter.

"Not cut stones. I meant diamonds in the rough, just as they came from the earth."

Coulter brought forth a thin pasteboard box from his inside coat pocket; his hand trembled in his eagerness.

"These diamonds are just as they were found. Henry Masterson himself gathered them. I borrowed them on the way down."

"Now you have me interested," said Donovan.

Taking the box, he thrust his fingers among the rough stones it contained. For a moment he sat fingering them idly, his eyes upon the tules and the distant hills.

"You know I was born at Kimberley," he said at last, still in his soft, colorful tones. "I lived among rough diamonds for more than twenty years. For three years I worked at the grading tables. A man does not forget."

"Aren't they—true diamonds?" asked Coulter.

"They're true diamonds."

"Aren't they right?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Don't you even have to look at them?"

"Yes, I have to look."

Donovan began holding the stones one by one against the light.

His glance was too brief to constitute an inspection; yet when he had looked them over he huddled them back into their box and again turned to the window. After a little he spoke; but although the hint of judgment had disappeared from his voice, Coulter did not make the mistake of thinking that what he now hinted was not a judgment.

"What do you want of me?" he asked.

"I want you to tell me what to do."

"If you mean that, find the location of this mine; then make your will and take me to see it. Make Masterson tell you where it is. If he won't, find out anyhow."

"He won't tell me."

Donovan again looked out the window; the tules had been displaced by tide flats, across which the black surface of the upper bay could be seen.

"Your diamond mine may lie in any one of ten states. I had never before heard of diamond deposits in this region. Suppose I should now say I can place my finger upon this mine. How much help will you give me?"

"All the help in the world."

"Be in your office this evening at eight o'clock," said Donovan; "if possible with Jimmy's sister and mother. I will give you something to do."

"We'll be there," Coulter promised.

"Meanwhile don't mention my name to anyone except these two. I shall register under another name. Don't give back your samples."

"I can see—you think there has been fraud."

"I haven't said so."

"Isn't the color good?"

"Very good indeed."

"Did you find flaws—carbon spots—in them?"

"No; their quality seems to be very good and even."

"You know that Masterson found them himself. You know about the report of the experts. You say they are good diamonds. Yet you ask me not to give back the samples, and to make my will and take you to this mine."

"Without the knowledge of anybody but ourselves," added Donovan.

"And without explaining why."

Donovan smiled a very dry, deprecating, humorous smile that had in it something of grimness.

"You appealed to me as an expert. My reasons are an expert's reasons. I didn't give them because they lie outside the range of the proof available on the coast. When you showed me these rough diamonds, mined by Masterson himself, I wondered why it was that such diamonds should just happen to have been acid-cleaned before their discovery by him. In South Africa diamonds are never boiled in acid until after they are mined."

"Acid-cleaned?"

"Every diamond you showed me. I can tell by the feel. I wondered also at their uniform weight. In South Africa diamonds have to be sorted for size by experts. In America they seem to occur already sorted."

"Some of these are larger than others, surely."

"Larger to the eye, but they will cut to the same weight within the fraction of a carat. I also wondered at their uniform color. These American stones are so closely alike in color they don't require grading. In South Africa such stones would vary among fifteen or twenty grades. I can't prove any of that out here."

"Crooks!" cried Coulter, thinking of Villard and Florron.

"I'm thinking of Jimmy," said Donovan.

"How does this affect Jimmy?"

"What would a crook do if he caught a man following him?" Coulter went speechless. "This evening at eight, and better not say any more than you can help to the ladies."

A moment later he began calling attention to the changes he thought he saw in the picturesque town of Martinez, on the farther shore, at a little distance across the straits. Later still the train began to slacken speed for Benicia, then slowed down to a walk, then came to a stop before the apron in the Port Costa slip.

The mystery of the unseen and of the distant had resolved into the reality of gray-blue water, upon which rode a ferryboat of such substance that the weight of the transcontinental train, cut into three lengths, hardly depressed it from its unloaded level.

"We begin with appearance and end with reality," he mused. "Later, after we become wise, we continue among the realities and end with an appearance. Then what? More realities?"

But Coulter was still worrying over the problem of what to do about Jimmy, and did not reply, for that disturbing subject had been dismissed.

II

DONOVAN registered, was shown to his room, had a plunge to clear away the dust of travel; then he sought an outside booth and called up Brennan. Brennan was the man with whom he had made a trip into the high Sierras the preceding summer. He, too, had been born with an instinct for adventure; but instead of going into diamonds, he had entered the United States Geological Survey, which supplies adventures of another kind.

"I'm registered under the name of Drake," he announced, after greetings had been exchanged. "An important case—yes. Drop in at the hotel in about an hour. The St. Bartholomew—Room 1025. That's it. You're to stay for dinner. I very particularly need your help."

His next act was to seek out the building in which Consolidated Diamonds had opened its young office. He did not bother about disguising himself behind colored glasses, as he had done on one occasion in Chicago, since he could not be known by sight by anyone connected with the company, nor did he bother to think up a plausible errand.

"Party here by name of Jacobson?" he asked from the door.

"Not here," the girl at the desk replied.

"Public accountant," he persisted, including two men at the window in his question.

"The starter downstairs might tell you," said the girl.

The men at the window hardly gave him a glance. Donovan withdrew with a word of apology and the incident was ended. He carried with him, however, a clear picture of the room and everything in it, from the Coast Line time card on the wall at his left to the hobnailed shoes worn by the two men. The men were dressed in new clothes, but they wore blue flannel shirts, and no one could have failed to recognize them as prospectors. The taller, a swarthy man with a mustache, looked to be of Portuguese blood. Donovan learned later that he was Villard, the senior partner. The other was plainly the long-haired Indian Coulter had spoken of. He wore his hair braided, but wrapped about his head instead of down his back.

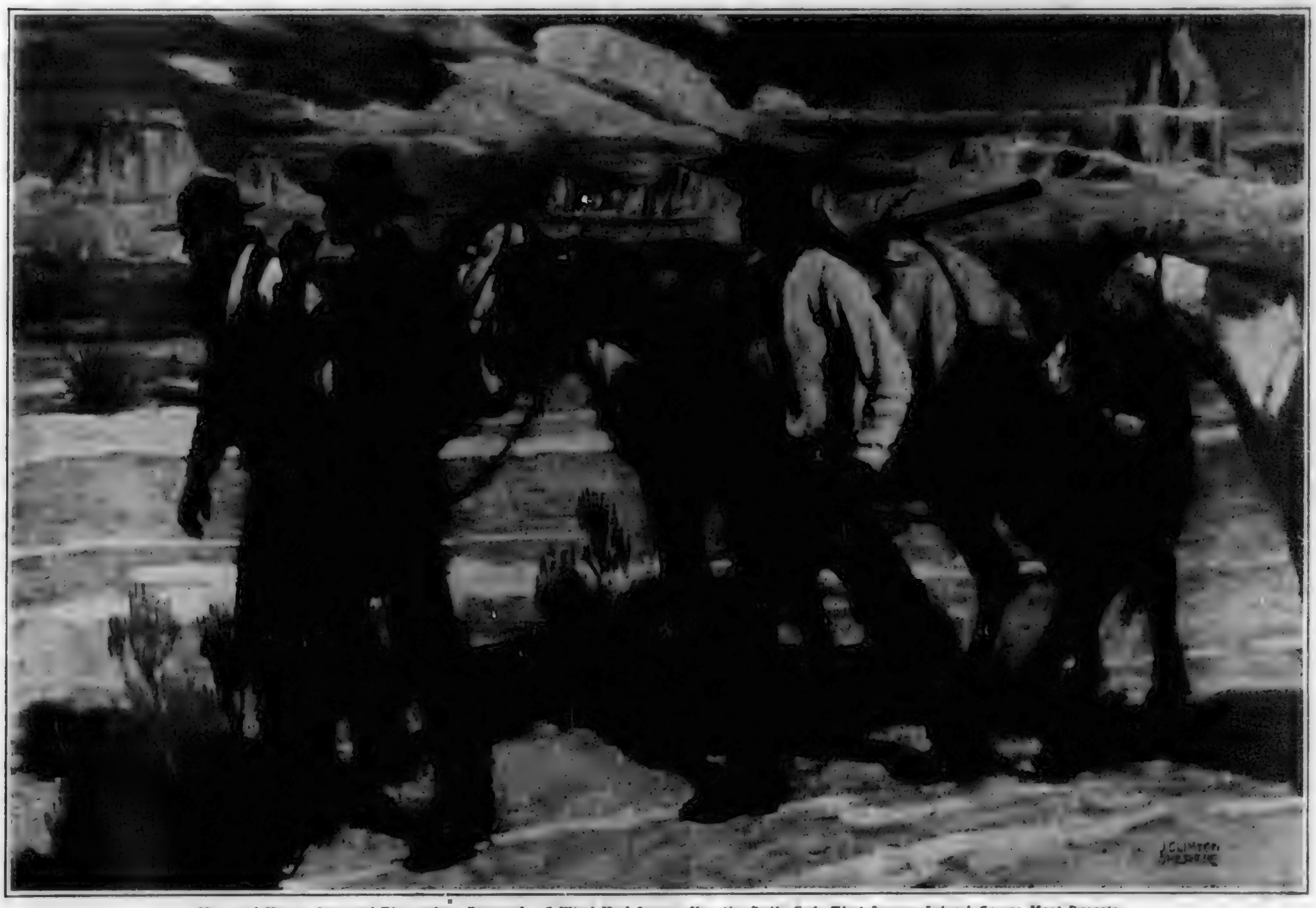
"Something about that Portuguese devil seemed familiar," said Donovan at dinner, describing them to Brennan; "but I couldn't place him. He had a low, narrow brow, wide-set eyes, a bashed-in nose and a snapping-turtle chin, so that his face looked distinctly diamond-shaped. The Indian had narrower eyes and a fuller jowl, wide at the mouth."

Later, as they rose from table, the thought was forced upon him that he himself might have seemed vaguely familiar to the diamond-head. As he and Brennan crossed toward the desk outside he was startled to see Villard and the Indian seated at their ease upon one of the St. Bartholomew's double stuffed settles, as if awaiting his reappearance.

"Don't look," he whispered to Brennan; "but that Portuguese prospector has found his way to this hotel. There's a potted palm across the lobby. He's the man at its right."

"That the same Indian?"

"Same one." *(Continued on Page 134)*



Men and Horses Dragged Themselves Forward. A Wind Had Sprung Up—the Daily Gale That Sweeps Inland Across Most Deserts

MY UNSTABLE HOME

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THERE is something about the climate of New England that creates in the mind of the average New England resident, whether permanent or temporary, the desire to build a barn or stable or garage or outside appurtenance that shall be seven or eight times more prominent and conspicuous than the house to which it is an adjunct or appendage.

The early New Englanders, filled with stern and rock-bound determination to banish from their lives all beautiful things not necessary to the conduct of their businesses or professions, exercised vast amounts of ingenuity in erecting mountainous barns and cleverly placing them so that they shut off the view of any scenery that might be visible from the houses.

The Signature of the Dobeless Dobe House

These intrepid pioneers had a tough time of it along the Atlantic Coast, where 60 per cent of the scenery consists of ocean, and among the White and Green Mountains, where the billowing hill slopes frequently surround the houses on all four sides. Amid such natural handicaps any race of people other than the gifted Yankee would probably have thrown up its hands in despair and admitted frankly that barns could not be placed in such a way as to cut off the view. Yankee cunning, however, stimulated by the sharp and shifty New England climate and possibly assisted by the grim determination induced by the two slices of mince pie without which no early New England breakfast was complete, met and conquered this vexatious problem in masterly fashion.

The French farmer made a similar attempt to eliminate his view, but his inventiveness was devoid of any spark of genius. The finest flower of his architectural labors was building the farmhouse around a fertilizer heap, so that every room in the house was constantly permeated with an odor so violent as to bring tears to the eyes of a blind man. Farmers of several Slav nations hopefully attempted the same thing, but their craftsmanship was so rudimentary that after they had racked their brains for several centuries, the best that they could do was to build houses with next to no windows and chimneys, and admit the pigs, cows and chickens to the living room during inclement weather.

The Old and Hideous Barn From Which Was Evolved the Dobeless Dobe House Shown at Right

The Knack of View Wrecking

THE early New Englander, on the contrary, went at once to the heart of the problem with consummate skill. He placed the front of his house close against a main-traveled road, with the back facing toward the ocean or the mountains or any other view to which he had access. He then located the front parlor, which was opened only for funerals, in the front of the house, and further enhanced its uselessness by planting lilacs to eliminate the possibility of seeing anything from the lower windows, and elms to kill the outlook from the upper windows. Having thus forced the inhabitants to live in the rear of the house, he obscured the outlook from a part of the rear by permitting a long woodshed and repository for discarded furniture to grow out of the kitchen; and at the end of this growth he placed a tremendous barn, large enough to hold three times as many cows, horses and chickens as he ever expected to have, to say nothing of five times as much hay as his livestock could possibly eat in three years' time. This barn so successfully obscured the remainder of the view that the sun was rarely visible from the back windows of a New England farmhouse for more than forty-five minutes on the longest day of the year.

This knack of view wrecking has been inherited by an uncomfortably large number of the descendants of the early New Englanders; but owing to the fact that New England now has three times as many barns as it needs, because of the view-obscuring propensities of the old settlers, the present generation is doing its view wrecking with garages.

Owing further to the fact that New England families have begun to live in the fronts of their houses, and because of the lack of space between the fronts of the houses and the road, present-day New Englanders frequently prefer to deface their neighbors' views, rather than their own, by cleverly shoving their garages into the exact center of their neighbors' vista.

In the ordinary course of literary composition it would never occur to me to bring these facts to the attention of the general public, or to mention in any except the most casual way my efforts to escape the ingenuity and astuteness of several sterling New England view wreckers. Of late years, however, it has gradually seeped into my consciousness that authors who have reached a certain point in their careers are compelled by some irresistible inner urge to build a new house and write about it. Sometimes they write about it in order to tell how they did it, and sometimes they write about it in order to get an excuse to write about themselves.

Now it is possible and even probable that I have not yet reached the point in my career at which I am compelled to inform a palpitating world concerning the intimate details of my most recent building operation; but there is a bare chance that if I write prematurely about house construction in the manner common to the most prominent authors, my career will be so impressed by my enterprise that it will leap forward like a startled fawn and land with a gratifying thud on the point at which it is legitimate for an author to embalm his ability as a builder in what he conceives to be deathless prose—if I make myself clear. Furthermore, being a New Englander by birth and upbringing, I am filled with generous impulses—which, as is widely known, stand at the extreme top of the list of things that New Englanders are generous with—and I am consequently impelled to pass on my house-building experiences for the benefit of those whose laudable ambition it is to build economically.

To fall face first into the heart of the matter, then, my small house in Maine was heavily afflicted with the prevailing New England curse of barns.

On one side of my house, completely obscuring the view of fairly commodious golf links, was one of the largest and most hideous barns ever perpetrated in the barn belt. It had originally been constructed to house—or rather, to barn—a matter of some fifty horses in the days when a voluptuous New England pastime consisted of riding forty miles in one day in a buckboard, and then spending the next three days getting the dust out of the ears and nasal passages, and the kinks out of the backbone and liver.

An Ideal Spot for Hysterics

AS THE place of the horse in the scenery of New England was taken by gasoline-filling stations, fried-clam stands and Tourists Accommodated signs, the barn was acquired by an alert New Englander, who made it into a six-family garage by inserting six doorways in its none too sturdy side. Somewhere in the vicinity of the Rutherford B. Hayes Administration the barn had been painted a sickening yellow with revolting red trimmings; and this admirable color scheme was neatly enhanced when its new owner painted its six large doors a poisonous green.

With the passage of the years, moreover, a heavy growth of alders had sprung up around the barn; and the land on which it stood had reverted to a stagnant morass, populated by abandoned cats and millions of man-eating mosquitoes. This morass was a popular repository for tin cans, prehistoric corsets, discarded automobile parts, old mattresses, broken bottles and junk of divers descriptions. As a vista it was not so good; but it made an excellent retiring spot for a person who wanted to have a good cry.

At the time our story opens, the barn was occupied by several chauffeurs who arose at seven o'clock in the morning to race their motors, pound on heavy pieces of metal with sledge hammers, and exchange confidences above the roaring of their engines as to what Agnes had said last night.

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or how the Old Man expected one to spend one's life sitting in front of the house and waiting for him to do nothing, or why their machines got only nine miles to a gallon.

The barn was furthermore supplied on both sides with an echo, which caused nurses and fond parents to lead their darling little kiddies out into the fields abreast of it and incite them to shout words and phrases at the barn so that the words and phrases would be echoed back to them. The little darlings found this sport so fascinating that from nine in the morning until seven in the evening, barring the lunch hour, there was at least one beautiful kiddie squared off beside the barn, yelling at the top of his lungs: "Hello! Shut up! Shut up yourself! You're a liar! Shut up! I won't shut up! Get out! Shut up! You're a liar! Shut up!"

On the other side of my home was a commodious garage that housed an industrious and cheery chauffeur. He also arose at an early hour in the morning, raced his motor feverishly for an hour and listened to it admiringly, and then spent the rest of the morning attempting to hammer out a dent in his rear mud guard to the accompaniment of a penetratingly whistled rendition of What'll I Do?

Apparently the automobile on which he labored was the most staunchly built machine that ever left a factory; for the energy he devoted to pounding the mud guard was sufficient to reduce the Rock of Gibraltar to cobblestones; yet two entire summers of pounding failed to remove the dent to his satisfaction.

A Barrage of Garages

THIS chauffeur had won many friends in the vicinity by his amiability; and nursemaids frequently brought their little charges to him so that he could amuse them by galloping up and down his runway and roaring that he was a bear. He also cared for the cat of the household for which he chauffed, and when he had any odd moments that were not occupied by dent pounding or playing bear he would call the cat in a mellow second-tenor voice. All these things, strictly speaking, were not unpleasant in themselves; but they were of little assistance to me in my daily attempts to earn a comfortable living by writing chatty little articles such as The Sound and Smells of Jugo-Slavia, and How to Tell the Wines From the Poisons in the Balkans.

To complicate this state of affairs, an amiable neighbor suddenly erupted with a garage and, true to the good old New England tradition, placed it exactly opposite my front gate—not, I am sure, from any spiteful motive, but because of the long-standing effect of the New England climate on so many temporary and permanent residents. The garage was so far removed from its owner's home that the owner was obliged to walk twenty or thirty yards to the top of a hill and shout imploringly for the chauffeur whenever he was needed; but due to the workings of the climate on the New England brain, it apparently never occurred to the owner to place the garage anywhere else.

Scarcely had this last vista destroyer been erected when my secret agents brought me the glad information that three local barn hounds were competing for the privilege of purchasing the large, hideous barn, and that their intentions were to turn it into (1) a fifty-car garage, (2) a moving-picture palace, and (3) a hand laundry. Since I had no desire to spend the rest of my days in an asylum for the violently insane—which would have been my certain fate if a fifty-car garage, a moving-picture palace or a hand laundry had sprung into being in the immediate foreground—I purchased the barn myself.

Having acquired this large and repulsive property, and having expressed myself with some fluency on several occasions prior to its acquisition as being in favor of a law to eliminate all barns from the scenery of New England, I was obliged to do something with the utmost vigor and enthusiasm. My first plans for the disposition of the barn were sufficiently modest to make a violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye, look, by comparison, too brazen for words. I would, I thought, build myself a little vine-covered garage out of the lumber in the barn, and add to it a little room into which I could crawl and write during the summer months, when the arrival of a visitor every two hours frequently threatened to shoot a series of yawning wounds in my literary output and resulting income.

The Dobeless Dobe Fireplace

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The More or Less Early Pine Kitchen. At Left—The Courtyard and the Eight-Cent Tiles

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There may have been, in the back of my head, the thought that if I built a workroom out of a building that was formerly occupied by horses I would soon be able to work like a horse. There may have been this thought; and again, there may not have been. One thing is certain: It is the setting down of thoughts like this, even though they didn't occur to the setter down until he began to write about himself, that makes real literature out of what would otherwise be just plain writing.

Let's see; where were we? Well, at any rate, when I looked more carefully at the enormous mass of lumber in my purchase—the finely seasoned two-by-sixes and six-by-sixes and six-by-eights, and the thousands of feet of sound pine boards—and at the scores of windows and doors and hinges and planks, I realized that there was enough material in it to build a tabernacle. At the same time it dawned on my frugal New England conscience that if the material wasn't used it would have to be thrown away; and from that moment I was doomed to use it up, even though I bankrupted myself in the attempt.

I will say at this juncture, without revealing too much of the plot of my narrative, that the only unused portions of the old barn, when I had finished with it, consisted of a large piece of chicken wire, fifteen pairs of rusty hinges, five windows with broken panes, and thirty-seven cents' worth of kindling wood.

Neighbors and Knockers

IN THE drawing up of my second set of plans I was somewhat handicapped by the desire to build a house that would baffle the persons who like to pound on front doors until they are admitted, or until the door breaks down.

The conventional house, as constructed in New England, has a front door so handy to the knuckles of all passers-by that not to knock on it is almost a mark of snobbery. Much as I desired to be conventional and to build a strictly New England-type house therefore, I figured that the labors which I expected to perform in it would progress most satisfactorily with the smallest possible number of interruptions. I thought for a time of building a house that could be entered only through the chimney, but I soon saw that this was not practicable. Fortunately I had recently returned from a trip to Arizona, New Mexico and California, where the early residents built simple—and therefore beautiful—homes out of dobe mud, and frequently inclosed their front yards with high walls in which was placed a sort of preliminary front door. On this preliminary front door, provided it was closed and barred, weary travelers could pound with fists, sticks, rocks and other blunt instruments for hours on end without disturbing the persons in the house itself—provided they didn't want to be disturbed.

After a time, therefore, the thought came to me that my house would only be used during the summer months, so that it would be occupied during weather conditions similar to those that caused the early settlers of Southwestern America to build dobe houses. Consequently it was permissible for me to build a New England version of the

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POOR FISH!

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"No, Sorry." He Turned to Move Into the Bank as the Youth Began to Mumble Something Else. Turned and Then Halted Abruptly as He Came in Contact With a Heavy Body Bearing Down From the Direction of the Bank Doors

AND that," said the big man with a flourish of his cigar, "is final. Absolutely final! Not a thin dime more. Not even the price of a newspaper so you can read about the way the Government is making it tougher for you sniffers. Take it or leave. Quick!"

The mouth of the other twitched convulsively. A thin, pasty-faced man, his eyes tried to glare as his hands fluttered over the buttons of his soiled plaid vest.

"You're a dirty dog, Ambrose," he said after a moment, and the lifeless quality of the words was in sharp contrast with the muscular activity of his face and hands. "A big, well-fed, safe-playing dirty dog. You ain't got the nerve of a—you ain't got ——"

"But I have got fifteen hundred in cash," interrupted the big man softly. "Cash in nice small bills. A—a pile of little white papers can be bought with fifteen hundred iron boys, Fish—for cash."

The pasty-faced man sucked air through clenched and yellowed teeth. His eyes darted nervously about the room, probed the bare walls and the golden-oak desk which separated the two chairs, then came suddenly to the smiling face of the big man. "Make it two grand," he whined. "Gimme a chance to lay off for a while. What kind of a percentage is that—for fifteen thousand dollars' worth of stuff?"

The big man yawned and maneuvered a smoke ring toward the dangling electric light over the desk.

"Why should I take a ten per cent deal," the pasty-faced man broke out in a sudden snarl at the big man's indifference, "an' ninety per cent of the risk at the same time? Whose gat is liable to snap in your fat face for what you do? Answer me that, Ambrose? What fattie is liable to throw you into the peach basket when you turn the corner? Be fair. Make it two grand."

"Fifteen."

"Eighteen."

"Fifteen."

"Seventeen?"

The big man yawned again.

"Sixteen then?"

The big man removed his glistening shoes from the telephone book which lay on the desk and slowly sat erect. His smile was no longer in evidence and his cigar writhed above his jutting jaw like an animal in a steel trap.

"Fifteen," he snapped. "Fifteen or take up your little package of stuff and get out of here. If fifteen isn't enough, why go an' get more—somewhere else. Go an'—an' get a thousand. Who will handle bonds in this burg? Who knows a Liberty Bond from a patent-medicine testimonial?"

"I could sell them myself. I could ——"

"Bedtime stories. The minute you put your foot into a brokerage office they would take one long look and call for the bulls. Wouldn't even bother to ask you what you wanted or look up the serial numbers of the stuff you wanted to sell if they did ask you what you wanted. And you know it just as you know—along with all the other boys—that the place to get the best prices for—er—mislaid securities is from William J. Ambrose—the man with the technic."

The big man grinned.

But no answering smile illuminated the face of his listener.

"An' that's that," concluded the big man.

The pasty-faced man said but one thing more. "A man is pretty low when he steals from a thief." It was a last muttered effort that disturbed the big man not at all. He continued to grin.

"Well?"

"Gimme the money."

With the aid of a hairy thumb and deft forefinger the big man removed a heaping handful of small bills. He pushed the collection across the desk, using a broken rule with the ease of a Continental croupier.

"Pretty nice little profit for you—eh, Fish?"

The pasty-faced man fumbled the currency into what in more prosperous times had been a tobacco pouch.

"Why rub it in, Ambrose? You know who gets the profit on any deal that comes to you—and so does everybody else."

"I suppose you think the difference between fifteen hundred and fifteen thousand is pure velvet."

"I know it is."

Mr. William Ambrose lit a fresh cigar from the frayed stump of its predecessor and regarded the achievement tolerantly. "Sure you do," he admitted, "and so does every cheap crook that needs a middleman to turn junk into cash. Hand over those bonds. Much obliged. Now how would you think I would go about cashing in on this stuff?"

"Sell it?"

Mr. Ambrose laughed loudly.

The pasty-faced man, funds in hand, was not disposed to join the merriment.

"Funny, ain't it, when the joke is all one way? Some snicker."

"You bet it is. Just listen to this if you think the game is nothing but aces full. In the first place I have to go over to a town like Chi. That costs money. Then I have to open a savings account in a bank. That takes money. Then I have to keep adding to that account for two or three months. That takes money and in the meantime the money is tied up together with the money I paid out to you. Three months at the least with all outgo before I get a cent back. What do you think of that?"

"A long lay," the pasty-faced man admitted, drumming nervously on the table.

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HOT WAFFLES!—By Dorothy DeJagers

MRS. HOLLISTER poured her husband his coffee. A pretty little thing, Carol Hollister, with wide, childlike eyes and bister-brown hair, permanently waved by Nature.

"Swell salad!" At Stephen Hollister's approval she smiled. Then as his eye caught hers, behold, you witnessed apotheosis. Her look deified and enthroned him. Gladly and unreservedly it acknowledged his divine descent, and thereby gave hint of her own lineage. Ah! A spiritual descendant of Penelope, Griselda and the late bride of Peter Peter, the Pumpkin Eater.

To be sure, there was nothing in her appearance, from the boyish bob to the lattice-work pumps, which you could have called obsolete.

Yet everything else about her identified her as the old-fashioned girl. All those glorious privileges which the new woman has wrested from an androcentric civilization: A voice in the government, marital equalities, which, though they often leave a Lucy Stone bruise upon the tender flower of romance, had brought a richer unfoldment to superwomanhood; all these were, as far as Carol was concerned, a total loss. Indeed, you saw that those chains of man-made tyranny which the feminine movement kicked out of with the dust ruffle she wore with pride and boundless rejoicing.

And jubilantly, now, as her husband hid himself behind the stock quotations, she peeped under the tablecloth. Hidden by its valance, an electric waffle iron attached to a wall plug gleamed on a low taboret. Quickly she turned on the switch; quickly, when the other glanced up, dropped the cloth. Then rising, gurgled, "Oh, Stevie. Surprise dessert! Only take two minutes."

Another gurgle took her out of the room into a one-passenger kitchenette. Getting down a blue mixing bowl, she broke two eggs in it; while from the other room came Stephen Hollister's voice at the phone.

"Hello. . . . Nichol's apartment? . . . Oh, that you, Allen? . . . No, wanted to speak to Fred. . . . Movie? . . . No, nothing important. Just wanted to tell him I'd about decided to take a little flyer"—a man-of-affairs accent—"in that oil deal we've been investigating. . . . Good. . . . Say, boy, you oughta see the geologist's report. . . . One thousand acres right next to the Inter-continental holdings. And d'ye see the quotes on old I. C. tonight? . . . Yeah. Already got a hole started ——"

This conversation, though secretly pitched, was still audible in the kitchen. Carol, however, heard nothing but the whir of a beater as it spumed up the whites of two eggs. When later she entered with the bowl, her husband hung up; but as he started to her, a request for a handkerchief redirected him into the bedroom—a delay which gave time to pour in the batter, so that when he returned the primed waffle iron stood on the table, an impressive, silvery oblong.

"Well, what's the trick dessert?" as he crossed; then as he sighted the griddle, "Hot waffles! Oh, mamma!"

The anticipatory grin bared strong white teeth which seemed a suitable accessory to his Saxon blondness and lean athleticity. Quite a good-looking chap, Stephen Hollister, if you happened to care for that washed-out type. Just twenty-four, by the way.

"And looky, lovie. Real maple sirup!"

"Oh, papa!" Smacked lips which smoothed to frame sternly, "But I didn't know you knew how to make waffles, young woman!"

"Oh, after I heard Martha say that was your favorite vegetable, I got her recipe and ——"

"Well, bless its heart!" The waffle fancier rose to give her a lordly kiss. "Always thinking of her old man!"

After an ecstatic smile, Carol opened the griddle to turn its contents with, "And looky, dear. Isn't that slick, the way it opens back?"

"You bet!" An expert examination educed further approval. "Perfect ball-bearing movement. In fact, not what you'd call a sadiron by any means." He reached over to open it again, but checked by an admonitory tap, opened the paper instead. "Certainly fine of sis to lend it to you."

"Oh, it isn't Martha's. Much nicer. You see, hers only cost ten dollars and this cost twenty-two."

"Twenty-two?" He dropped the paper.

"Yes." A flush preluded a stammered "On t-time. You see"—skimming across to a buffet—"I saw an ad where you—er—send in your name and some references and they send you the iron on approval, and this contract." From a top drawer she extracted a paper. "And you have your husband or some responsible party sign it and ——"

During this speech Hollister's eyes had flashed a Jovian lightning; and now in his voice sounded a Jovian thunder. "So!" The word hoisted him to his feet. "So, you're at it again!"

"Why—er—what do you m-mean?"

"You know what I mean!" dramatically. "Didn't I tell you when you got that fireless cooker on time"—falsetto mimicry—"that I was through!" A stride across the room. "Which means I'll not sign that contract and I'll see that no other irresponsible party does."

As he flung himself on the divan his wife studied him in abashed silence. Then, with a Griselda meekness, "Oh, of course, if you begrudge the money ——"

"Haven't I told you it isn't the money ——"

(Continued on Page 59)

"D'ye Suppose," He Said, "That's Willetts Coming?"

Tonight at the River Landing

By WESLEY W. STOUT

The Third Boat, Capt. Callie French Commanding, at a Monongahela River Landing, 1898

THE sun was sinking into the tree tops on the wooded Missouri shore, plating the Mississippi with silver and gold. Tied to the Kentucky shore, its texas level with the high bank, the show boat, French's New Sensation, the oldest troubadour of the rivers, and its towboat tugged gently at their lines, no one visible aboard.

Inshore, but out of view, the village of Wickliffe, Kentucky, not large enough to support a picture show, drowsed in the doldrums of a summer late afternoon. Once the town had stood where the show boat now washed lazily, but the Mississippi, changing its channel overnight, had gnawed at the Kentucky shore until Wickliffe's bricks, its main street and the railroad itself had caved and slipped with sudden splashes and kerchunks into the muddy tide, and the town and railroad had retreated to a new stand higher on the hill. Two tumbling and eyeless brick buildings and the abandoned frame depot peered from weedy jungles, marking the last unconquered line of the old town.

The bank revealed only a dog preoccupied with his fleas, and five children in faded and bedraggled one-piece print-goods dresses, the barefooted and gypsy offspring of a squatter living in a derailed Illinois Central box car near by the water's edge, their ages from two to seven. They played aimlessly, with an occasional backward glance at the show boat.

The Calliope Soloist

A MAN appeared on the deck of the towboat, glancing at his watch, mounted the ladder to the top deck and began to fiddle with valves on the calliope. First a jet of water, then small bursts of steam and a trial note here and there on the scale. At his first appearance the five children, under the leadership of the oldest, a girl of seven, joined hands in a Maypole circle and waited breathlessly like runners on their mark.

The man at the calliope boredly pulled heavy canvas gloves on his hands, came down with a piercing chord on the keyboard of the steam piano, like the whistles of a factory town blowing six o'clock in discordant chorus, and the strains of I'm a Yankee Doodle Boy blared and echoed from bluff to bluff. He played with his body pulled back and his face half turned from the keyboard to protect his skin as far as possible from the snaking jets of live steam, and stopped to mop his streaming face before each new tune. The modern calliope is operated with compressed air, with no such hazard of parboiling for the operator, but this is a graybeard among calliopes.

And on the bank the five children danced in a mad wild ecstasy and shrieked their annual delight at the return of romance, their calico dresses billowing and their tough bare feet and bramble-scratched legs prancing, the youngest tumbling to the dust and being snatched to his bowlegs by the oldest, the line breaking with its crack-the-whip ferocity, but reforming and the dance never ending until the last note of the last tune.

Ship's Company of the Fourth and Present New Sensation

Show Boats

THE floating theater was back on its annual visit. Beginning its forty-seventh season at Madison, Indiana, in late March, it had dropped down the Ohio in short jumps, was now turning up the Mississippi a thousand miles to Hastings, Minnesota, only twenty-eight miles below St. Paul, and if the season proved good would drift back the Mississippi's entire length, playing its lower reaches and the bayous of Louisiana in the winter, perhaps even working into virgin territory vaguely reported to have been opened by a new canal straying off from New Orleans to Port Arthur and the Sabine River of Texas.

Thirteen other show boats are roaming the rivers of the Ohio-Mississippi system, and one the sheltered waters of tidewater North Carolina, Virginia and Maryland. Their main traveled road is the Ohio from Pittsburgh to the region of Paducah, Kentucky, and the Ohio's tributaries; the Monongahela to Fairmont, West Virginia, the Kanawha to Montgomery, the Muskingum and the Kentucky as far as the locks will carry them, the Green, and far up the Tennessee to Savannah, Tennessee; their season roughly from March to November. They form a strange and colorful division of the American theater, virtually unknown except to dwellers of the valleys they ply, though their history dates back at least as far as 1817. Broadway knows them not, although they have played dramas before the same plays have been seen in New York, and our literature has overlooked their romantic past and present. Virtually the only use ever made of them in fiction is to be found in David Graham Phillips' Susan Lenox.

At dusk, festoons of electric lights strung about the New Sensation like pop-corn strings on a Christmas tree burst into blaze, the calliope shrieked again, the searchlight played upon stream and bank, and the vanguard of the audience began to filter down the levee road afoot and by automobile. Half an hour later the cars were parked four

deep on the bank, and the dust of the road danced in the headlights of a continuing procession arriving from the back country.

The show boat is 140 feet long, with a 42.5-foot beam, the theater a superstructure slightly shorter and narrower, but approximating the dimensions of a small-town opera house. A gangplank extends from the bank to the platform, onto which the box office and the lobby look out. The seats are folding opera chairs. There are nine hundred and fifty in all, the bulk of them on the lower floor, which rises at a

An Interior of Sensation No. 2, the Former Eugene Robinson Boat

slow angle. The balcony is narrow and the boxes mere continuations of it. The box office prices are seventy-five cents for the lower floor, thirty and fifty cents for the balcony and ninety cents for the boxes, and the house fills rapidly. The stage has a span of twenty feet and a depth of twelve. At its rear, and opening onto it, are the quarters of the married couples and the single women, serving as both living and dressing rooms. The single men live aboard the towboat. There also are the kitchen and the dining room.

Artists and Artisans

THERE are twenty in the ship's company and only the engineer and the occasional pilot do not play some part in the theater. Captain-Owner Menke is in the box office selling tickets, his brother at the door collecting them. The fireman has left his boilers to sell candy, peanuts and chewing gum in the aisles. Later he will go backstage to work the switchboard and the curtain. The deck-hand-night-watchman and the cook's assistant and waiter have put on uniform coats and become ushers, overseen until overture time by the trap drummer in the two-piece orchestra. The drummer and Jim Bonham, director and black-face comedian, emerge at suppertime from green-smeared overalls in which they were painting ship at forty cents an hour extra. Harry Sutton, who parboils twice daily at the calliope, has become the pianist, the other half of the orchestra. The stage was set in March to remain set, and needs no hands. The two acts and the vaudeville are played before the same set and each player is responsible for such properties as he or she employs.

In the vaudeville olio later the cook will do a female impersonation act, coming before the curtain in a red wig and a wardrobe that sets the very catfish in the stream to vibrating. He sings two pert songs in a voice that fails to carry beyond Row B, but he is a boss cook and he cooks only on condition that he may also act. This is his fifth successive season in the galley of the Sensation, and his boarders boast that he is the best chef on the river. If he must act, they are prepared to indulge him.

The bill is Andy Gump, a musical comedy bearing some obscure relationship to Sidney Smith's cartoon strip. Royalties are not a normal expense of show boats. What they like they often appropriate, changing the title for discretion and the lines to fit river limitations, but Mr. Menke is paying Gus Hill lawful tribute for the river rights to Andy Gump and seeing to it that no rival poaches upon his preserves. When the script arrived Director Bonham reported it barren of comedy and proposed to liven it up with bits from half a dozen old minstrel acts and after-pieces.

"Go ahead," agreed Menke. "All I want is the name. That's what will bring them." And the name, the music and Andy's putty nose are about all that remain.

All the principals double in the olio. Cooper and Shaw, who are respectively Andy Gump and right wing of the chorus, and Scott and Lamar, Dutch comedian and principal, are recruits from vaudeville. Director Bonham, a veteran trouper who played the Adams floating theater on the Atlantic last season, and his wife, who is Min Gump, give a third song, dance and dialogue act. Norman Kester, who is Chester Gump, and his wife of the chorus, do things on a trapeze. On the river they are billed as Jack and Jill. There is no loss of caste in playing the river, but the boat-show pay is smaller, and

A Rehearsal on Sensation No. 1

bookers and managers are quick to use such an advantage.

"You played the river for forty-five dollars a team," they will argue, ignoring the fact that the forty-five dollars is net and that a season on the river is a vacation to the trouper.

One of the chorus, still retaining something of her English accent, can play tunes on saws and combs and bells disguised as flowers, and makes the fifth act of the vaudeville. There are six in the chorus—rather there were six until one eloped at Paducah with the night watchman and then there were five. The eloper is not missed on the narrow stage. Their costumes are not many, but they are neat and pretty; their steps are not intricate, but they dance earnestly, well and in unison. When Harry Sutton comes down hardest and fastest on the piano, the fast-flying feet of the five literally rock the boat. One of the five, a tall, taciturn and handsome girl who has no line to speak, is David Graham Phillips' heroine to the life. The illusion is so strong that you expect her momentarily to step out of line and sing in a sweet, untrained soprano Suwanee River and The Blue Alsatian Mountains, as did Susan Lenox on the Burlingham Floating Palace of Thespians at the landing of Bethlehem, Indiana, and you wonder if, like Susan, she is headed up the unpaved road to Broadway and to stardom.

Playing Only the Smaller Towns

THE audience, largely family groups, with two rows of unaccompanied boys in the balcony, is decorous. There is no whistling from the balcony, no stamping of feet, no catcalls, and from the stage no "blue" lines or broad situations. The spectators are undemonstrative, but as they go they remark to one another and to the Menke brothers, "That was a right good show."

At dawn the steamer will tow the Sensation up the Mississippi ten or twelve miles to Birds Point, Missouri. The boat moves at dawn to escape the winds. With its high, dry-goods-box lines, the wind is the first hazard in navigation, more so than mud bars. No tug can pull the show boat against a head wind or a high cross wind. The jumps range from five to seventy miles, with fifteen miles as a mean. There are no matinées on the rivers. The boat show's patrons have no time to kill of afternoons. Birds Point is even smaller than Wickliffe—half a dozen buildings. Later in the week the Sensation will play Cape Girardeau, a town of 12,000. The size of the audiences will be much the same, for in this gasoline age the cars come in from thirty miles in the back country. The coughing and roaring of two hundred cars and a little flock of motorboats as the night's performance closes are as impressive in their way as the after-theater jam on Broadway. Sometimes the night's stand is a mere tree to tie to and a path wide enough for a flivver to navigate. Cape Girardeau marks the limit in the other direction. The larger towns pay their homage to Hollywood. The Sensation, for instance, plays Mound City, Illinois, but tows past Cairo, the capital of the delta that lies at the Ohio's conjunction with the greater river.

The advance man travels a week ahead, billing the river towns and the back country. Competition is keen, and itineraries are not broadcast lest the other fellow get there first.

Two other Menke brothers operate the Golden Rod, largest and finest

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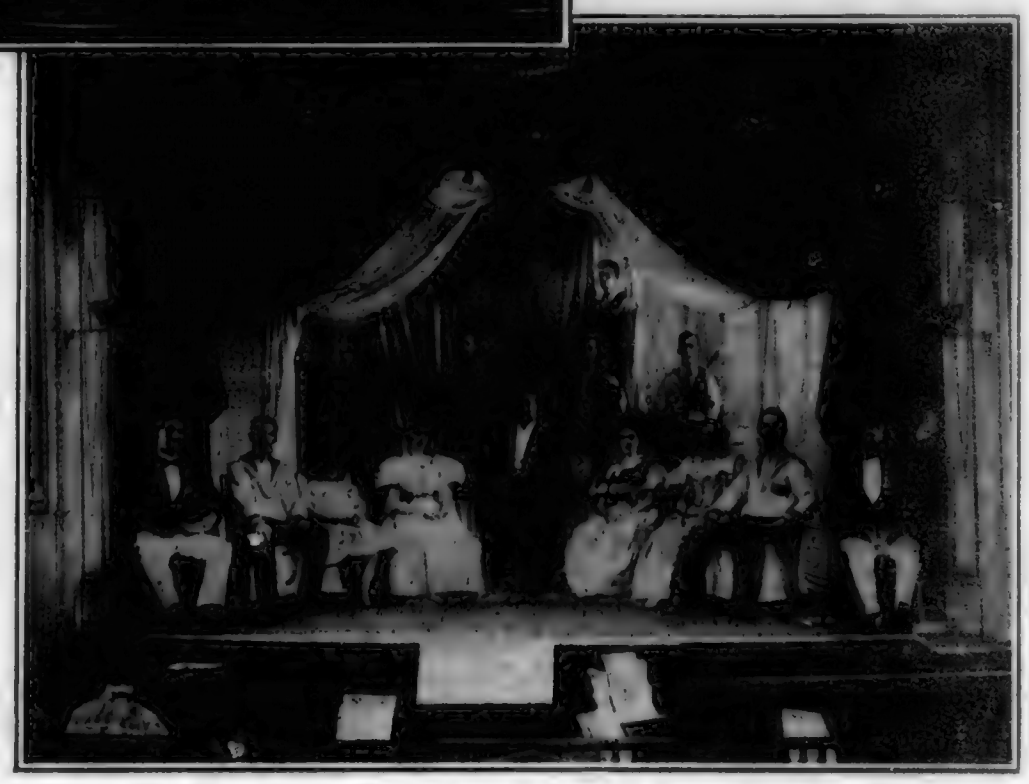

A Minstrel Opening on Mrs. French's Boat, J. A. Coburn Interlocutor

Letty Was Through With Men

By BROOKE HANLON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

I'M through with men," Letty assured herself seriously. "I'm through with men, all right!" She ran a comb pensively through her buttercup hair. "I'm through with men." She ventured it aloud, but in a tone discreetly lowered in order not to reach her mother, working in the pansy bed beneath her window.

"I'm through with men." She repeated it a fourth time, introducing a slight tremolo this time and finishing with a little nod that was like a sad, definite period. She moved slowly to the mirror and glanced in, hoping by artful histrionic measures to supply something lacking in the tragedy and finality of that tone. "I'm through with men." Her lips moved in bitter renunciation. Her eyes darkened.

Gracefully she moved away from the mirror again. Slowly she sank into a cushioned chair by the window. She pondered her decision and there was something languishing, as indeed was fitting, in her pose. A girl who at nineteen was through with men! Not many girls had run the—Letty wrinkled her nose—what was it? Oh, yes, gamut of experience. Not many girls had run the gamut of experience at nineteen. What difference would it make in her, she wondered? Already she felt older, wiser. She thought with some pity and some weariness of the girls of her crowd and their dates. For Letty Cranmer all that was over. A deep, basic change had come over her nature. She had been shaken, yes, shaken to the depths.

"Poor Letty Cranmer," folks would say, and then would lower their voices to whisper: "Yes, you know—yes, she's the one. Engaged three times in one season and disappointed every time. Yes, it was cruel, but then sometimes it seems all life is cruel. Yes, she had such high ideals for them. And now they say she's through with men. I know—so young—it is a shame. They say her mother feared for her reason for a time. Yes, feared for her reason. 'Too deep an emotional experience,' Doctor Roberts said."

Letty leaned forward entranced. Her eyes lighted up. "Her mother feared for her reason. 'Too deep an emotional experience,' Doctor Roberts said." Of course that's the sort of things they'd be saying. Why not? Probably her mother would fear for her reason when she saw how she was taking this thing, how changed she was. Probably Doctor Roberts would say too deep an emotional experience. Letty frowned with the difficulty of harmonizing those words with the little she knew of Doctor Roberts. She frowned with the difficulty of imagining her mother and Doctor Roberts in conference. But she persevered.

"Sometimes I fear for her reason, I really do," her mother would say over and over again in the course of this conference.

"Too deep an emotional experience, I'm afraid," was the response which recurred again and again in Doctor Roberts' grave voice.

"Letty! Letty!"

Letty roused herself reluctantly. Her mother might at least lower her voice at a time like this.

"Phone, Letty," Mrs. Cranmer sang. Yes, actually sang. That was the only word for it.

Letty frowned. She moved slowly across her room, the dainty prettiness of which had but this day turned to dust and ashes in her mouth. She stole another glance mirrorward and drooped still more. She moved haltingly to the head of the stairs and stopped there to meditate. She took the steps slowly.

She had changed. Where was the thrill that had used to send her hurtling through the house at the first faint ting of the telephone? Where was it now?

"Letty speaking," she said languidly. "Oh, is that you, Ardis? . . . No, I'm afraid not, Ardis. . . . No, I really can't. . . . Date? No, not that. . . . Well, if you must know, Ardis, Ted and I have broken off. . . . Yes, honestly, I gave him back his ring. . . . No, Ardis, don't do that. . . . No, no other man in town. . . . Well, if you must know, Ardis. . . . I'm through with men. . . . I am, Ardis. . . . No, I'm serious. I really am. You'd feel that way too. I am. . . . I'm through with men. . . ."

There was more of this. There was fifteen minutes of it all told. Ten or fifteen times Letty reiterated her mournful phrase, "I'm through with men." Her mother appeared in the doorway once. "For goodness' sake, Letty," was on the tip of her tongue. But something, possibly it was the sheer strickenness of Letty's attitude, stopped her. She shrugged and went away again.

When Letty finally left the phone it was in a glow of satisfaction. She had done a good morning's work. Ardis Grey knew that she was through with men, and what Ardis Grey knew the entire town of Cheswick would know in due time.

"The girl who was through with men. The girl who was through with men." Letty closed her eyes. She ascended the stairs slowly, repeating a certain phrase at every third step.

It was a good phrase, she decided. It was almost as good as "feared for her reason." It rang in Letty's ears through the remainder of the afternoon. She heard it murmured pityingly and felt the pitying eyes of older Cheswick women upon her. She heard it breathed wonderingly, and felt the awed and respectful—and a little envious—eyes of Cheswick girls. She heard it muttered bitterly by the young men of Cheswick to whom she had become, miraculously, even more desirable by reason of having made herself unattainable.

"The girl who was through with men."

"It's a Tragedy, That's What It Is," She Repeated—Awed—Sympathetic

That evening Letty went to a movie with Gen Pierson. Neither one of them could have told much about the continuity of A Husband or a Lover as they strolled arm in arm up Main Street to the Cosmopolitan Drug Store. Gen was in tailored white flannel, Letty in black, as befitted a girl who was through with men. Not mourning, exactly, but——

Gen's light-hazel eyes were wide upon Letty as she listened for the seventh or eighth time that evening to the tragedy of the girl who was through with men.

Gen was properly impressed.

"You're so young too," was her awed whisper.

Gen's wide hazel eyes were guileless enough, but thoughts were crowding one another in Gen's lightning-quick mind. What possibilities didn't life hold for the other girls of Cheswick, Gen included, if Letty Cranmer were really through with men! If Letty Cranmer could be held to that decision for even the rest of the summer, who could tell what number of unexpected engagements might not sprout up in Cheswick? If Letty Cranmer was really through with men, what a burden of competition would be lifted from the slight shoulders of the remaining six of the Seven Spinsters, to which originally named club Letty belonged!

"You can't mean it, Letty," Gen said greedily again and again.

"I do. I do mean it." Letty would stir her soda dramatically.

Gen would lower her eyes carefully to the banana split. It wouldn't do to let Letty see the light in them. Letty Cranmer was the candle flame of Cheswick, you see, and all the eligible young men of Cheswick were the moths.

If another one of the Seven Spinsters had a steady, it was only because Letty Cranmer hadn't snapped her careless fingers in his direction. If another one of the Seven Spinsters had a steady, it was only so long as Letty Cranmer didn't choose to let her soft brown eyes under yellow-brown lashes rest upon him speculatively. If another one of the Seven Spinsters had a steady, it was only because Letty Cranmer didn't want him, or in the intervals between Letty's wanting him and wanting someone else.

It was a galling state of affairs for the more deadly half of Cheswick's younger set, you'll agree, but it was one to which they had had to submit ever since Letty had turned her fourteenth birthday.

Letty was that devastating creation of Nature in a mood for stirring up things—a brown-eyed blonde. Her hair was pure buttercup, her eyes a melting, velvety golden-brown, her skin apple blossom in texture and coloring.

"What does she do? What does she do?" the Spinsters would wail at club meetings when Letty was absent. "What does she do, girls?"

"She doesn't do a thing," would come the mournful answer. "She just doesn't do a thing. She hasn't half as much pep as Gen and she doesn't dance one-tenth as well as Cathy."

"Oh, oh!" the most recently bereaved one would moan. "If her parents would only send her to Europe or something!"

Thus the less-gifted six of the Seven Spinsters on the subject of Letty. They feared Letty. They considered it a malign ordering of the universe that compelled them to live in the same town with her. Yet they made, what they called among themselves, "a terrible fuss" over her.

"Seems to me you make a terrible fuss over Letty Cranmer," one Spinster would accuse another scornfully.

"I do not. I do no such thing," the accused one would rejoin heatedly. "I can't think why you should imagine such a thing, Beryl. I really can't."

Yet it was true. One and all, the girls of Letty's set made a terrible fuss over her. They had to.

The Cranmer house, you see, was the Mecca of Cheswick's eligible young men. You could happen by there almost any off evening and be called in to take care of one of Letty's excess men. Oh, you had to be numbered among the habitués of the Cranmer house in Cheswick. You simply had to, else you went out like a light on the social horizon of the town.

Naturally, you made a terrible fuss over Letty Cranmer.

Gen Pierson was now engaged in making a terrible fuss over Letty at a table in a remote and sheltered corner of the Cosmopolitan Drug Store. Gen was making a most terrible fuss over Letty, but with an odd glint in her eye.

"You're so awfully young, Letty, to have that happen to you," she sighed for the seventy-third time. "It certainly seems a shame. It's a tragedy, that's what it is. It's a tragedy."

Oh, how to handle this! How to flatter her, and dramatize her, and make her hold that pose, if only for a month! What a chance for Gen!

Gen lowered her voice still further as she spooned up the last remnant of the banana split.

"It's a tragedy, that's what it is," she repeated—awed—sympathetic.

"It is a tragedy," Letty agreed, her melting brown eyes soft with self-pity. "It is a tragedy, Gen. But you can see I was driven to it. Emotional experiences like I had, Gen—three of them in succession ——"

"Look, Letty, here's Ross Dean and Ben Rivers!"

Two long-legged youths in white flannels were bearing down upon them.

"Hello, hello, Letty," they called enthusiastically. "Oh, hello, Gen." A slight let-down in enthusiasm.

Letty permitted a slight shudder to pass over her. Gen watched her anxiously.

"Good evening," said Letty frigidly. "We're just going. You can have our table."

Nonplused, the boys watched them prepare to leave. Ben Rivers caught Gen's hand and drew her back.

"Say, what's the matter with Let?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh," said Gen easily, "she just doesn't feel well. I'm taking her home. If you want to meet me later I'll tell you about it."

"All right. Ten minutes," they agreed.

Gen met Ross and Ben on the corner of Main and Arch ten minutes later. Ross and Ben walked up to the Pierson bungalow with Gen. It was ten o'clock then. They sat in the Pierson swing until eleven, Gen between them. They sat in the Pierson swing until eleven—talking about Letty.

"I hope it isn't going to be a nervous breakdown," Gen told them cheerfully at parting. "It's starting in that way though. She can't see anyone, especially men. I only hope—Jamie Nelson developed St. Vitus' dance with his breakdown, you know. St. Vitus' dance is a terrible thing."

"Oh, gosh," said Ross and Ben with all the horror of twenty-year-olds for the pathological.

Genevieve went humming up to bed.

"I really think I'd better see a doctor, mother. I really do. The way I feel—you just can't imagine. You really can't." Letty's voice was plaintive, and plaintive were the eyes she turned upon her mother. They were velvet-brown eyes, swimming in distress, yet Mrs. Cranmer bore their gaze calmly enough. Mrs. Cranmer had been bearing that velvety gaze for nineteen years now. It was much the same as any other gaze to her.

"See a doctor!" she ejaculated. "What on earth for?"

"Mother"—exasperation rode high on Letty's usually so dulcet tones—"mother, can't you see I'm not myself? Can't you see I'm not myself at all? I should think one's own mother would be the first to see that one was not oneself. I really should. After all I've gone through ——"

"What have you gone through, dear?" asked Mrs. Cranmer patiently.

"Mother! What have I gone through? What have I gone through? My own mother asks me that! What have I gone through?"

"It's warm, darling. Don't work yourself up so."

"Mother, do you mean to stand there and ask me what I've gone through? Do you mean to insist on standing there and asking me what I've gone through? When it began on St. Valentine's Day with Em'ry! And went on until Easter with Harold! And now Ted! And you ask me what I've been through! Mother, a girl can't stand deep emotional experiences like those ——"

"Oh, that!" Mrs. Cranmer said absently. She turned her attention back to the bridge set she was embroidering. "Seems to me you're not getting enough exercise, Letty," she said placidly. "You've moped around the house for three days now. Stop in and see Doctor Roberts if you wish, but he'll only tell you what I have—get more exercise."

"Exercise, mother! Exercise!" Letty let her pitying eyes rest on her mother as she paused in the doorway. "You'd prescribe exercise for a girl who's been through the emotional experiences I've been through! You'd prescribe a daily dozen for a—a broken heart, I presume! You'd prescribe exercise for a girl who is through with men!"

A girl who was through with men! Letty uttered her phrase in quiet triumph. Her mother, incredibly, went on with her sewing.

"Mother"—Letty was driven by Mrs. Cranmer's placidity to throwing her last bolt—"mother, you may not recognize emotional exhaustion when you see it in your own family, but I trust that Doctor Roberts will. I trust that Doctor Roberts knows enough—enough feminine psychology to recognize emotional exhaustion when he sees it!"

Letty flirted her scant skirt in triumph and made ready to run up the stairs.

"The office closes at four, dear," her mother called absently after her. "Just tell him you feel a little tired and irritable. He'll know what to give you."

"Irritable, mother? Irritable?" Letty called incredulously from the sixth step. The expression on her face was fortunately shut off from Mrs. Cranmer's view.

"Why, yes, dear—don't you?" that lady called back innocently.

Letty, putting on the white crêpe with the border of hand-painted poppies, pondered her mother's stupidity. Stupidity,

(Continued on Page 117)

"Oh, Letty—He's Divine." Doris Davenport's Whisper Could be Heard the Length of the Dressing Room

ROUGH AND RAH-RAH

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Where Do You Want Me to Take This Ball Now?"

THE way they're diluting football now, it wouldn't surprise me any along about 1929 to find the game cut up into twenty periods of thirty seconds each, with added time out for oolong and English muffins, and with heavy penalties for players wiping muddy hands on the silk knickers of their opponents. What a change there has been in gridiron grappling since the Minnesota shift, the spiked-shoe hurdle over the center of the line and the locomotive drive off tackle!

I'm never reminded of those abattoir days without thinking of Plug Mehaffy and the stuff he strutted for good old Highgate, one season back in the nineties. There are probably several grads who still remember Plug, but only me and Joe Harvey, the coach, ever knew the inside of the *affaire* Mehaffy, and Joe hopped off this bale of tears a year or two ago. That leaves me the sole survivor of the yarn, so I can speak freely.

Football practice had been on for about a week at Highgate, when Harvey takes me and his troubles off to a corner.

"Mike," says he, "I got a hole at left guard you could drive a truck through."

"What's the matter with Gilchrist?" I inquires. "He's got beef enough, hasn't he?"

"Yes," returns Joe, "but it's cow beef. He hasn't any more fight in him than a Quaker schoolgirl with anemia. Putting him at guard is like placing an exit sign in the line."

"Any prospects in the new class?" I inquires.

"Not for what ails me," says the coach. "What I'm suffering from is the lack of a two-hundred pounder with speed in his feet and murder in his heart."

"Well," I remarks, "you can't make straw without bricks. They can't blame you, if there's no material to work with."

"Maybe not," comes back Harvey, "but I got a hunch there'll be a new coach and a new trainer here next year unless we give 'em a winning machine this season."

"A new trainer!" I yelps. "Is it my fault that the college doesn't enroll huskies? Do they expect me to massage ten flats into their dogs and mayhem into their hearts?"

"Most of the guys I've seen let out in my time," says Joe, "have been fired for things you couldn't be discharged for, and the jails are full of lads who did things you couldn't be arrested for. The question is—how are we going to stiffen up the line?"

"And the answer?" I asks, sarcastic.

"The answer," returns Harvey, "appears to be in a coal mine near Scranton, Pennsylvania."

"It's not polite to interrupt," says I. "Go on."

"The superintendent of this mine," continues the coach, "is Bill Evans, the old Highgate end. I run into him a couple of weeks ago and he tells me he's got a lad muling for him ——"

"What's muling?" I cuts in.

"Pushing cars with a ton or so of coal in 'em a mile or two underground," explains Joe, "from the workings to the shaft. Most of it uphill."

"Good bucking practice," I comments.

"The best," nods Harvey. "After about twelve hours of muling, this baby—his name's Mehaffy—goes in for a little play."

"Football?" I inquires, beginning to take a tumble.

"He doesn't call it that," answers Joe, "but it's part of the game. He lets four or five miners grab him around the legs and ankles and then starts off on a brisk walk. One day, Evans says, Mehaffy took on six, but he couldn't make the grade. That got him so sore that he started fighting and he knocked three of his playmates cold before they could stop him."

"Gosh!" I exclaims. "What a back he'd make!

"I might use him for that," says Harvey, "after you bring him to Highgate."

"Me bring him!" I gasps. "I'm a trainer ——"

"This," smiles Joe, "comes under the head of training training to hold your job. I can't get away and Evans can't afford to get on sociable terms with the men—that leaves you holding the shortest straw."

"Has this Mehaffy lad been primed?" I asks.

"Not a word has been said to him," answers Harvey.

"How sweet!" I grunts. "Has he got enough education to crash this joint in case he wants to come, has the necessary jack and the rest of the so forths?"

"As far as education goes," says Joe, "he started to go to school one day, but the kindergarten burned down before he got there. The dough part of the act'll be taken care of by Evans anonymous, but it's up to you and your silvery tongue to talk him into coming to Highgate for a course in bee culture."

"Does it have to be bee culture?" I wants to know. "Can't it be basket weaving or tat work?"

"It's got to be bee culture," replies Harvey, "and for why? The cow college here gives a short session in bee culture beginning on October first for farm boys that can't get away until the crops are in, and have to beat it home before the première of the spring plowing. You don't have to have any education or nothing to get in—all you need is the desire."

"And all I got to do," I growls, "is to grab a coal-mine husky who plays tiddledywinks with manhole covers and plant a desire in him to be a governess to a bee. I don't like the looks of the whole ——"

"Forget it," snaps Joe. "The rest of 'em are doing it, so why shouldn't we? Clifton's got a couple of iron puddlers on their team, haven't they? You got to fight fire with fire."

"You sure got fire on the brain today," says I, uneasy.

"Yes," comes back the coach, "and you'll have it on your pay check unless you put that bee-bee in Mehaffy's bonnet."

"All right," I agrees. "An honest lad can but try."

"There's a wasted word in that sentence," remarks Harvey, "and it's got two syllables."

At the Manton Coal Company's mine, just outside of Scranton, I hunts up Bill Evans and tells him about my errand. He's interested, but just about as helpful as a pair of inflamed tonsils.

"I'll point out Mehaffy to you," says the old Highgate end, "but that's as far as I'll go. Come on. The men'll be up for lunch now."

I follows him over to the pit mouth where a bunch of miners in burnt-cork make-up are lounging around, and pretty soon Evans gives me the high sign, nodding his head toward a boy leaning against a post.

"That's him," whispers Bill, and ducks.

I stands away at a distance looking Mehaffy over and thinking up a line of sales talk.

There's no question about the kid's strength. He's built like a gorilla with arms so long, shoulders so thick and chest so deep that he looks like he's stooping over. While I'm sizing him up the whistle blows. All the other birds beat it, but Mehaffy remains by the post. That gives me an idea for a opening, and I walk right up to him.

"What's the matter?" says I. "Aren't you working?"

"No," he mumbles. "I been fired."

"What for?" I asks. "Not strong enough for the job?"

"A guy got fresh with me," comes back Mehaffy; "so I tipped his car over on him."

"Was it full of coal?" I inquires.

"Sure," says he. "If it wasn't I'd 'a' thrown it at him. What's all of this to you anyways?"

"How," I inquires, "would you like to go to college?"

"Not me," returns Plug. "There's more money in shoveling coal than there is in shaving guys. A friend of mine tried it out and ——"

"I'm not talking about a barber college," I cuts in. "Here's the idea. A fellow I know with a lot of dough wants to help some poor boys to get an education. He'll pay all the expenses. All you got to do is to learn the things he wants you to and—did you ever play any football?"

"No," answers Mehaffy, "but I've seen kids at it."

"Think you'd like the game?" I inquires.

"What's there to it?" comes back Plug. "All you got to do is pick up a ball and run over eight or ten blokes that's suckers enough to get in your way."

"That's all," I agrees. "Now, listen here. You're out of a job. You come with me to Highgate College for three months and I'll see that you get as much jack as you've been drawing here, besides giving you a chance to learn a business that'll have you pasturing in the long green the rest of your life."

"What business is that?" asks Mehaffy.

"Bee culture," I tells him. "Know anything about bees?"

"I've had the hives," says Plug. "Is there any coin in raising bees?"

"Is there!" I exclaims. "The country's full of millionaires that started off with a pair of bees and in a couple years had a fleet of trucks running between their house and the mint. Here's your chance to get hep to a fat graft free and besides lay up enough mazum to buy a little beenery for yourself after you're through at Highgate."

There Is a Sound of Tearing and Splintering and Down Comes the Whole Outfit, Dummy, Timbers and All

Another Ten Yards and He Jerks Loose From One of the Pair, Switches the Ball From His Right to His Left Arm, Stoops Over and Crashes a Vicious Wallop Into the Jaw of the Surviving Pursuer

"I've always wanted to do something around a farm," remarks Mehaffy, kind of wistful.

"Such being the cases," says I, quick, "what's keeping that 'yes' on the end of your tongue? Let it slip."

"You're not kidding me, are you?" demands Plug with a mean glare in his eyes.

"If you think I am," I comes back, "put this in your kick and try and laugh it off," with which I passes over a twenty-case note.

"And all I got to do," says Mehaffy, "is hang around some bees for a few months?"

"That," I assures him, "and play a bit of football. The lad that's putting up the dough wants his boys to have a good time while they're studying, and he happens to be cuckoo on football. Well?"

"You're on," returns Plug. "But tell me this—how'd you happen to pick on me?"

"That's easy," I tells him; "I only had to take one look to see that you'd do right by a bee."

"And you'll do right by me too," says Mehaffy.

I just smiles my appreciation of his confidence.

"Because if you don't," adds Plug pleasantly, "you'll be buried in pieces."

"Well," says I to Joe Harvey the next afternoon, "your bee fancier has came."

"Good," returns the coach. "Where is he?"

"Over at training quarters," I tells him, "getting crowded into a football suit with a shoehorn."

"Fat?" frowns Joe.

"Not below the adenoids," I answers, "but he's built from the ground up like a silo. It's anyways a day's walk between his chest and his backbone."

"Think he'll make a good player?" asks Harvey.

"That," says I, "is what you're being paid to find out. I brought him here and got him registered for the bee bunk and that lets me out. Pete'll bring him over here in a few minutes and you can write your own ticket."

Just the same I lingers around until Mehaffy comes on the field. Joe's eyes glitter with joy at sight of the heavy-set husky shambling across the gridiron, the pads on his togs making a mountain out of what was no molehill before. I introduces Plug.

"What's all this stuffing on the sweater for?" he growls.

"That's to keep you from getting all bunged up," explains Harvey.

"Who's going to do the bunging?" snarls Mehaffy. "I've had lumps of coal as big as your head bounced off of my bare chest without even scratching me."

"Maybe," says I. "But you'll find there's some difference between a flying chunk of anthracite and a flying wedge of eight or nine men all digging their heels and spikes into you."

"Softies like these?" sneers Plug, pointing around to his fellow teammates.

"Lay off that softy stuff," I whispers, "or you'll have sixteen men instead of eight giving you the hoof and elbow."

"Here," interrupts the coach, handing a pigskin to Mehaffy. "See that goal post at the other end of the field? Start down there and see how fast you can get there with the ball. And don't let anything stop you."

Plug's no sooner on his way than Harvey sends three of his swiftics after him.

"Get him," he barks, "and get him good."

For a two-hundred pounder with legs like blockhouses Mehaffy's no slouch at picking 'em up and laying 'em down, and he's halfway across the lot before the first of the chasers gets close enough to make a flying plunge at his ankles. The tackle's a good one, but Plug shakes off the grip like a duck shedding a raindrop. The slight holdup, however, gives the other two players a chance to catch up, and quicker than you can say Anastasia Kryzynsonx-witchsky Mehaffy's got three bimbos tugging at his underpinning. They don't get him to the ground though.

Like a mad bull he plunges along for, perhaps, twenty yards. Finally he gets one of his feet loose and without hardly stopping smacks one of his heavy shoes flush into the chest of a tackler, knocking him spinning on his back. With only two guys hanging on, Plug continues toward the goal. Another ten yards and he jerks loose from one of the pair, switches the ball from his right to his left arm, stoops over and crashes a vicious wallop into the jaw of the surviving pursuer. After that it's an amble for Mehaffy.

"That's my baby!" gloats Harvey.

"But, my gosh," I comes back. "You don't expect him to kick players in the face and knock 'em cold with jolts to the jaw in a regular game, do you?"

"Where the spirit's willing," says Joe, "you can teach the flesh anything. It won't take long to show him the straight arm and how to use his feet surreptitious and, besides, what the officials don't see don't hurt 'em."

"I think," I remarks, "that I'd better go back to Scranton."

"What for?" asks Harvey.

"To get Highgate a whole team," I answers. "You turn Mehaffy loose and raw in these practice skits and there won't be any more squad around here than there is in a girls' seminary. You won't be a coach; you'll be a hospital superintendent."

At this juncture Plug returns.

"Where do you want me to take this ball now?" he demands of Harvey. "And which of you Mollies would like to try and stop me?" he adds, turning a scowling map to the group of players near us.

"Nice work," says Joe, patting Mehaffy on the back, "but you don't want to be so rough with your own crowd. Save your juice for the other teams."

"Didn't you tell me to take the ball down there," growls Plug, "and not to let nothing hold me up?"

"Yes," admits the coach, "but——"

"When I'm taking a load of coal to the check-off," cuts in Mehaffy, "I don't stop for no lady fingers on the track."

"Now, now," soothes Harvey, "that'll be enough of that. Come on. We're going to have tackling practice."

We walks over to where a dummy is hung between a couple of uprights. One of the boys takes a run and dive at it, and, after a few explanations about where and how to strike, Joe orders Plug to go against the swinging decoy.

"Put three or four fellows in my way," suggests Mehaffy. "It'll help me get up steam and won't delay me any."

"Do as you're told," barks Harvey.

Plug lowers his massive shoulders and plunges. There is a sound of tearing and splintering and down comes the whole outfit, dummy, timbers and all. The next thing I knows, he's dashing toward us with a roar.

"Kidding me, eh?" he snarls. "Trying to make a sucker out of me, huh?" and he takes a swing at the coach. Joe just ducks in time to keep conscious and I steps in front of Mehaffy before he can wind up again.

"Go to the showers," says I, pushing him away, "and change your clothes. There's a couple of swell bees I want you to meet."

Mehaffy departs with a growl and I turn to Harvey with a grin.

"Ever hear of Frank Ensteen?" I inquires.

"Who's he?" comes back Joe.

"He's a lad," I explains, "that made a swell machine. After he got it done, he found he couldn't control it. Finally the dingus——"

"Don't you worry," cuts in Harvey, "about me being able to handle Mehaffy. He'll be eating out of my hands in a few days."

"Maybe," says I. "But you'd better count your fingers after he gets through. What a grand mamma he's going to make for a bevy of bees. He'll probably have 'em chasing around nights looking for bulldogs to lick and getting their honey from juniper blossoms so it'll have that gin kick."

"I got no interest in what he does with the morals of the stingers over at the cow college," returns Joe, "but I want you to keep your eye on him and see that he doesn't blow up the football act with too much gas."

"Sleep sweetly," says I. "Plug's not the gabby kind and all he knows is that somebody's putting up the jack to get him an education, if any. Football's just supposed to be a little side line. I'll take care of him off the field; all you got to do is turn that wild Niagara into a tame power plant."

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"What You Doing?" I Asks. "Telling the Bees the Score?"

THE GEM OF THE ROCKIES

Where Once Life Teemed in the Rush for Gold, There is Now Only Desolation

The Pews are There, the Altar Cloth is There, the Hymn Books are There—But the Congregation is Gone

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

SATURDAY night in a Colorado mining camp of twenty-five years ago was a thoroughly riotous affair. Especially Nevadaville, perched high against a mountain of gold, with the very gravel of the streets containing enough pay dirt to afford a living, if one cared to go to the trouble of lugging the water with which to placer it; with a thousand men working at the top of the hill, two hundred more laboring a bit farther down, and several score shaft houses and tunnel openings giving forth the remainder of six thousand get-rich-quick souls who, on such a night as this, flooded into town with their week's pay and an urgent desire to celebrate.

As a result, the pianos banged in the thirteen saloons as only a saloon piano can bang. Sometimes a six-gun banged also, with but scant attention being given its barking. Fingers often grow mischievous when there have been five or six drinks too many. Lights blazed in dance halls, in gambling emporiums, in the abodes of the inevitable feminine accompaniments of a mining camp—and along a substantial street of well-constructed buildings of stone and brick which formed the business district and where, until midnight, hurrying proprietors and rushing clerks attended to the mercantile wants of what was destined to be a town that would make her mark in the world, to stand forth—as the orators said—a beacon light of progress, an inspirational goddess in the firmament of commerce, a priceless gem in the diadem of a state of opportunity.

A Gold-Excited Town

ALL of which Nevadaville celebrated on Saturday night as only a priceless gem could celebrate. Mine owners rubbed shoulders with muckers as they edged to the crowded bars and ordered their champagne or beer as their craving dictated. Languages intermingled in heterogeneous jargon; the Italian from the Patch, the high-caste Englishman, following the desire which seems innate with that nationality to gamble for earth-bound riches, the scattering "haitches" of the Cornishman, or "Cousin Jack," transplanted from the tin mines of Cornwall to the gold fields of Colorado, the "wal, now, stranger," of the professional Westerner, and now and then someone who talked straight United States. A fine time was being had by all—streets crowded, fiddles scraping, evangelists shouting their exhortations from the curbings——

And standing in the door of his meat market, Jack Nankervis, watching it all with young eager eyes. Eyes which were brilliant with happiness; that day he had made twenty thousand dollars by the mere operation of buying a mine and selling it again. On the range just over the hill was a herd of his beef cattle—being fattened for consumption by this teeming, gold-excited little town. Likewise a few thousand head of sheep. His market was the resting place for thousands upon thousands of dollars—money deposited with him by various miners, to do with as he chose in his various enterprises, and withdrawn without interest as the depositors desired. The world was good, and as Jack Nankervis gazed proudly upon the roaring, bustling camp he sneered and turned again to a grizzled man with whom, a moment before, he had been in earnest conversation.

"There's just one trouble with you," he said. "You're crazy!"

The older man laughed.

"All right, son," he said as he prepared to join the throng in a near-by saloon. "But just you wait. I may not live to see it—but you will. Then you'll know!"

"Just the same, you're crazy," came the retort, and they parted.

Not so long ago Jack Nankervis again stood in front of his meat market in Nevadaville. I was with him; two men a bit fagged from a thousand-mile pack trip in the high country of the Rockies, halting in our homeward journey that we might pay a visit to Jack's old town. My partner sighed.

The Ghost of a Mining Camp

"AND do you know," he said, "I wouldn't believe it. I couldn't believe it. Why, the California alone was working twelve hundred men, to say nothing of all the other mines. But we stood right here, right where you and I are standing now, and he put his hand on my shoulder, and he said, 'Jack my boy, I'll never live to see it, but you will. You'll live to see the day when the grass is growing in these streets, and the owls roosting in the buildings.' And here we are," came slowly, "looking at it now."

For there was no town of Nevadaville. Only Jack and myself, standing before windowless buildings—and down the street, Charlie, our horse wrangler, arguing with his charges that they'd fall and break their legs if they continued to insist upon walking the rotten board sidewalks in their avidity for the succulent grass which grew between its plankings.

Gone—the thirteen saloons, the dance halls, the thronging crowds, the bedizened women. Gone the evangelists, the miners, the operators. A solid line of brick buildings stood there in gaunt ghostliness, their ceilings sagging from the inroads of roof leakage, their windows long ago broken to admit the whining wind of the high country, droning in relentless requiem. High upon the hill stood the two churches with their pews, their organs, their song-books, even their altar cloths remaining—but their congregations departed; the schoolhouse with its desks, its blackboards and even the daily lessons chalked thereon—but there were no pupils. While fringed about the town, upon what enthusiasts had been wont to call the richest square mile in the world, were the smokeless stacks of shaft houses, and the pockmarks of a hundred dump heaps discoloring from erosion.

The houses which once had sheltered thousands—some

Nevadaville, Forty Miles From Denver, Colorado. Once 6,000 Persons Called This Home. Now Houses, Stores, Mines, Mills—All are Deserted

lowly, some pretentious—stood, row upon row, upon a plane of vacancy. Gone—the town, the people, the life, the feverish hopes of the future, when a priceless gem of the Rockies would make her mark in the world; the grass grew in the streets as the old prospector had prophesied; there were owls' nests in the buildings which still stood sufficiently staunch to house such things; gone was everything except that which had begun Nevadaville and fostered it; the gold in the hills about her.

A Deserted Graveyard Stands Guard Over the Deserted Town of Robinson, on Fremont Pass

For it still lingers—just as it lingers in the ground that lies adjacent to scores of towns such as Nevadaville, which stand as a monument to the gold fever in Colorado. All is not riches that is gold and silver; many another element must enter and those elements are not the same as they were a few score years ago; towns have died as a result of it. More; they have sprung from nothing, flourished, seethed with a mad desire to become important in the world, fought for their honor, struggled for their prestige, given forth their citizens to places of importance in the world, occupied their space in the news of the day and of the year, exerted their influence upon their country and gone to nothing again, all within the space of an ordinary lifetime. During a recent pack trip one of the things which interested Jack Nankervis, my companion, and myself, was the deserted towns of Colorado—for there are probably more such towns in the Rocky Mountain regions of this state than in any other commonwealth in the country. We found them by the scores, ranging in a state of preservation from things where only the foundations still remained, or where a few rotten logs still were visible to tell the story of the founding of a town, to others which seemed to have been deserted but yesterday, with pictures still hanging upon the walls of the dwellings, the glassware still on the back bars of the saloons; the piano still standing in a corner of the dance hall. And these, from the worst to the best, had come to life, flourished and died, all within seventy years!

Following the Golden Trail

WITHIN about a quarter of a mile of my home in Idaho Springs is a monument. It is a bowlder set in cement and carrying greatly the appearance of a well-groomed Greeley potato; but it really is a monument, and it stands in honor of the fact that in January, 1859, a man named George A. Jackson came up Clear Creek and the news became known in the spring, Messrs. Jackson and Gregory had plenty of company. It is since that day that the history of the ghost towns of the Rockies has been written, from the proverbial cradle to the more proverbial grave.

Horses May Roam Through Yards at Will—for No One Owns the Yards

A history with many chapters—for the story of the ghost towns of the Rockies is a progressive affair. They were not all built at once, these towns; they came, instead, with the various progressive discoveries of gold or of silver, and departed in much the same manner. Like the horse which looks over the fence and sees greener grass on the other side, did the miner of other days continually cast his eyes to the farther hills and wonder just how much gold or silver they contained. Having wondered, he set forth, to disappear forever, to return disheartened to the old camp, or to come galumphing in some fine night, assemble all the dance-hall girls of the community, drink until thoroughly afloat, and under the sincere and friendly urging of some gentle soul with painted lips and tinsel on her skirt, divulge the news of a new diggings where the gold lay crusted in the quartz and a man had a chance to become rich overnight. Whereupon, the lady of the luring lips told her gentleman friend, and the gentleman friend, having surer ways of making money than digging for it, told every miner and prospector he could find, with the result that, by the time the original discoverer recovered from his hang-over, a new rush was on, a new town in the borning and petitions already in circulation for a railroad. Things moved fast when it came to building towns in the old days.

There wasn't the pause for consideration which exists today. To procure a railroad to a new community in these times is quite a task. Evidently folks were not so conservative back in the days when every mountain of the Rockies was supposed to contain gold.

Towns that Wouldn't Stay Grown

TO HIM who wanders the hills, drifting from the main traveled roads, there is many a silent story in the serrated lines where once a railroad ran, but where now are only the embankment and the marks where ties have rotted—the rails long ago having traveled the way of the junkman. These are the ghost roads that ran to the ghost towns—to be pushed forward by Herculean efforts of night and day labor, over grades that were all but prohibitive, across cañons, through forests—at last to reach the object of desire, thrive for a few years, then decline with the sickening gem of the Rockies which it had struggled so desperately to reach. But for that matter everything was feverish in those days—which accounts, perhaps, for the popularity of mining, the growth of towns which would not stay grown, and the death of them, together with a little different aspect in the present-day systems of gaining riches from the ground.

It wasn't gold and silver alone which lay behind the frenzies of the early days in mining. There were other things, equally important, such as a national unrest. There were frontiers in those days, and something beyond the horizon. The man of Illinois, for instance, who had come into that country as a pioneer and built his farm to a paying proposition, would hear of better lands farther on, in the bottoms of Missouri, where the corn grew so tall that persons could be lost for days in it. Whereupon he gathered his family, called the dog, locked the door of his cabin and was off for new fields of conquest. There was continually the thrill of a new country, and new money to be made from it—something always a little better a bit farther on, and the natural urge to benefit thereby. Those were the days of the poor man—and the

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The Business District of What Was Once a Town of Several Thousand. Bachelor, Near Creede, Colorado

"You'll See the Time," Said an Old Prospector, "When the Grass Will Grow in These Streets, and the Owls Roost in the Buildings"

ALGERNON PERCY

"How Dare You?" She Said in a Still Fury. "What is the Matter? What are You Doing?"

By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

V

IT WAS a curious experience for Adrienne de St. Elour-Aument to sit upstairs in banishment like a little girl in a schoolroom while the two floors below reëchoed to the pandemonium of a very successful party. Many of the people whose faces Mrs. Dunbar did not know, though their names were familiar to her, had actually come to meet Lord Dudley, and Mrs. Colton Thorpe was not by any means the only one who would have known Adrienne in a dozen gray wigs.

Since five o'clock a steady procession of motors had slipped to a stand before the white marble step of the Dunbar house to deliver its load of highly desirable guests, for many of whom Mrs. Dunbar would have been willing to pay a hundred thousand dollars C.O.D. Considered in this light, the reception had cost her very little; yet a quite staggering sum of money had passed through the capable hands of Miss Farnham in the shape of rather wildly signed checks to pay for this momentous entertainment. The most famous caterer in the land of the brave and the home of the free—though not present in person, having been gathered to a land of ambrosia and nectar, those comparatively simple refreshments, these many years—was represented by a small army of myrmidons in faultless livery, who dispensed delicacies and *cins mousseux* worth many times their weight in gold. All about the luxurious rooms, opening one into another to permit the ceaseless milling of these crowding notables, Manhattan's last authority on how to say it with flowers had expressed in roses, orchids and out-of-season lilacs Mrs. Dunbar's extravagant delight in her guests. In the intervals between the appearances of the opera's stars of the first magnitude—and Signor Aldebaran and Mesdames Mira and Betelgeuse had each received a check that would have represented a year's income to many a comfortable family—an orchestra of stringed instruments played expensively but often inaudibly in a small jungle of palms.

Mrs. Dunbar, dressed in a very sly simplicity, was utterly unconscious of the ache in her devoted feet, standing beside her more elaborate daughter to roll under her long-thirsting tongue these names of magic potency that conjured the jinn of her ambition.

Patiently and politely, for more than an hour, Lord Dudley ticked off the hands of a thousand strangers, his monocle gleaming benignly and his pleasant English intonation giving to every one of his correct prevarications anent his delight and honor the ring of simple if slightly absent-minded veracity. For Algernon Percy was preoccupied, though Mrs. Dunbar was too happy to notice it. She did not even remark that after one brief absence from her vicinity, His Lordship had returned to his place at the wheels of her triumphal chariot with a reluctance and a desire to be elsewhere that in a less correctly schooled guest of honor would have amounted to manifest agitation.

Seen from the angle of the eye of society, the fabric of this affair was unmistakably *couleur de rose*, but it was like a shot silk in that from another point of view it wore a drab and businesslike appearance. To half a dozen persons, lost in the crush of Mrs. Dunbar's invited hundreds, the festivity merely presented an expansive field for intensified effort in their special line of craft. And these were the objects of Mr. Jenks' devoted attention. Mr. Jenks, in a faultless morning coat, had not troubled to make his bow to the honored guest, and he had paid his respects to his hostess in one reassuring nod across a roomful of people. He slipped into the press unheralded and unacclaimed, and circulated in the moving throngs as quietly as one of the serving men. Mr. Jenks' plans had been, however, completely altered.

Upstairs near Mrs. Dunbar's boudoir was a quiet, respectable-looking woman in a maid's cap and apron, who seemed to have nothing in the world to do and no intention of doing it. And oddly enough, in a little hallway at the head of a flight of back stairs sat the fully uniformed figure of Number 1366, Officer Orton, finding the lining of his hat as ever interesting.

And what was still more curious, the policeman in his solitude and the peer in his assembly were both thinking of the same woman. Orton was aware, if Miss Farnham was not, that no more than six paces and a closed door separated them. Lord Dudley, drinking orange pekoe with an elderly flapper who preferred punch, was thinking of the two flights that lay between him and the little gray-haired Cinderella, conscious of a wish that amounted to an overpowering desire that he might carry upstairs to her some festive components of this luxurious spread and enjoy himself in her society.

Both were ignorant of the fact that Miss Farnham at the moment was not unsupplied with an excellent tea. She had been posting Mrs. Dunbar's check book to fill in the idle hour before she could conscientiously depart, when the door from the front hall had opened quietly, and after a moment's pause, Petrie had come in bearing a well-set tray.

Miss Farnham was amused but touched by the action. To Petrie, she thought, she must seem, of course, a rather pitiful figure, cut off from the high revel in "the halls of dazzling lights." He had expressed himself in the dainty arrangement of a very correct if perhaps lavish tea quite as eloquently as the decorator below stairs had said it with orchids. She could only thank him quietly. But the words she had to repress were, quite remarkably, "Petrie, you are a dear."

It was such a nice English tea, too, with stone-cold toast and water cress and strawberries. She left her desk and took the easier chair he rolled to the little table where he had laid his offering. This done, he was, she thought, about to retire from the room. Instead, to her astonishment, she found him presenting to her on a small silver plate a rather ragged-looking note of the cocked-hat variety, both of which he had deftly produced from his pocket. She gave him a wondering look as she took it up.

"His Lordship," explained Petrie quietly.

Miss Farnham continued to look at him, the note unopened in her fingers. There was nothing to be made of his expressionless face, but behind the horn-rimmed spectacles of the little secretary amusement began to gleam in a way that Monsieur René would have recognized at once.

"Petrie," she said softly, "you don't approve of this."

Petrie gave her one startled glance straight in the eye. He executed his self-effacing step backward and coughed his little cough. It was continually being made difficult for Petrie to keep in his place.

"Lord Dudley told me," said Miss Farnham, "that you lectured him on his wanting to walk home with me."

At this evidence of his base betrayal Petrie gave up the struggle to remain inarticulate.

"If you will permit me, madam," said he respectfully, and paused for her permission to continue.

"Go on," said Miss Farnham, her eyes dancing behind their windowpanes of plain glass.

"I did, madam, suggest to His Lordship the inconsiderateness of his action at that time. We've been through a good deal together, His Lordship and I, and he sometimes permits the liberty of my speaking to him as a friend. But"—he glanced at the note in her hand—"this is, if you will allow me to say so, quite another thing. His Lordship sent for me a few moments ago to give me this note for you. I submit to you, madam, that it completely wipes out anything I may have said to him."

"You are rather obscure, Petrie," said Miss Farnham, her brows wrinkled in her attempt to understand him. "You mean you approve of Lord Dudley's sending me this note?"

Petrie gave her another glance, which surprised her by its open, if momentary, expression of respectful adoration. He withdrew the look immediately and merely bowed.

"Petrie," said Miss Farnham—and paused—"do you mean that you know what is in this note?"

"If you had known His Lordship, madam, as long as I have, and had seen him while he scribbled that message on a bit of paper I found for him in my pocket, you would know what was in it as well as if you had read it. His Lordship, madam, never wrote a note like that before in his life."

"No?" Miss Farnham hardly spoke the word aloud. Her face had slowly warmed to a lovely rose. Her eyes had softened. Her smile was not so much a smile as a mere parting of her red lips. She looked very young indeed to have gray hair. Her breath caught in a sound between a sigh and a sob. "I—I suppose I would better read the note, Petrie."

"Yes, madam. Thank you, madam," said Petrie gently. He very correctly slanted himself to a bow, got back into his rightful place with the ease of long practice, and went out, softly closing the door.

But Miss Farnham did not unfold the note at once. She sat with it in her hand, lost in a dreamy condition of delicious happiness. What was it she had said to Uncle René—it was pleasant to be liked for something besides one's looks and one's money? Well, she had not exactly meant it. Her experience with suitors of one age or another had not given her to understand that without quite so much of both she would have been utterly undesirable. But—this was different. From the moment when Lord Dudley had instinctively caught at her to save her from ill results of his having barged into her in the dimly lighted foyer, she had known how different it was.

She never would have loved the boyish way in which he had made a complete duffer of himself about her so much if her own heart had not been executing irrational rhythms every time he attempted to put his half-understood attraction to her into words. His confusion, which puzzled and irritated him, had been eloquent enough, had either of them thoroughly understood it.

For a moment she thought of the other side of the picture. Granted the high spice of having made him love her in all the obfuscation of her assumed obscurity, think—if she had never embarked on this adventure she might never have met him. The thought gave her a feeling akin to that one suffers when the elevator suddenly gives downward. For René and she, *in propriis personis*, would never have come to this reception.

Or if he had never fallen into the clutch of Mrs. Dunbar, if he had come to the United States alone, to chum about with the men who were building and flying airplanes, their orbits might never have crossed. Incredible to think that they two might have been in one small world and not have known it!

On such unproductive speculations have lovers wasted time since time began.

For herself, when should she tell him who she was? Should she send Uncle René to call upon him, one aristocrat to another, and invite him to meet a yellow-haired girl who was and was not Miss Farnham? Or should she at the end of this week of masquerade permit him finally to walk home with her? It would be like the fairy stories when at the magic word of love the witch's enchantments fell away and the princess came to life again.

She lifted the note, which she had held all through this reverie, and slowly unfolded its far from undamaged page, reflecting whimsically on Petrie's avowed approval. It was nice of Petrie not to think his master was throwing himself away on a negligible nobody, but she felt sure he would be pleased to find that it was all better than he thought. It was impossible for her not to recognize the fact that Adrienne de St. Elour-Aumont was an improvement on Miss Farnham.

The note had been written with a pencil that quite eloquently reflected His Lordship's frantic wish for immediate communication.

"Of course what I wanted to say"—the revelation seemed to have come to him with some suddenness—"was, will you marry me? You must have known it all the time and I think you might have told me. I am coming up."

VI

THERE followed a peaceful half hour of daydream for Miss Farnham, coming to a sudden wild end, a phantasmagorian transformation that wrenched her more violently from security than if the whole house had rocked in an explosion beneath her feet.

The door again opened, and even the door could seem to take on some of the furtive secret air of hunted guilt of the creature it let into the room. She was aware of a slight boyish figure darting with incredible swiftness in such noiseless motion from the hallway toward her; of a face of extraordinary and unhealthy pallor, with sharp eyes for one moment on her own; of a thrusting hand that closed her own, in a touch she shrank from, upon some yielding object; and that, before she could catch her breath, the fugitive was gone by another door. She stood utterly nonplused, motionless, voiceless, her brain blank with the impact of these unreasonable facts.

A moment more, and there were other people in the room—people it seemed on all sides of her. Each doorway framed a figure.

There stood the staid middle-aged woman in the maid's cap and apron, here close at hand was Orton in his blue uniform, and advancing toward her were Mrs. Dunbar and the man called Jenks. Even now her mind so stonily refused to make sense of what was going on that it occupied itself feebly with protesting that this was all a fantastic and improbable dream.

"It's just as I expected, ma'am," she heard Jenks saying rapidly and softly. "I spotted her this morning the minute I saw her, for all that there gray wig. What, ma'am? A wig—of course it's a wig. Take it off her, Orton."

"No, no," protested Miss Farnham thickly, like one speaking in nightmare. "Let me alone. It is a wig. What of it?"

What of it? Only that this innocent gray hair was to accuse her more loudly than any evidence of wrongdoing; only that her wearing it over her own bright hair was to open Mrs. Dunbar's mind to the acceptance of any and all charges against her. Curious that the three things that made her seem guilty had not one of them the slightest bearing on what she had or had not done: She was disguised, there was a policeman in the room, and she had now upon her wrists a pair of handcuffs. The touch of the metal had roused her.

"How dare you?" she said in a still fury. "What is the matter? What are you doing?"

Orton, in silence, had put the manacles on her with a quick practiced touch in response to a word from Jenks. This latter had swooped forward and picked up the packet that had fallen at their entrance from her nerveless hand upon the table. She had never looked at it.

"You'd better keep quiet," said Jenks sharply. "I guess you don't want a racket made over this, do you?"

The overwhelming truth of this smote her like a blow from a blackjack. She collapsed suddenly into her chair.

"René!" she moaned, and speech forsook her.

Jenks stood utterly still for one split second at the word. And then like lightning he turned upon the staring woman behind him.

"Now, Mrs. Dunbar, you heard that? 'Rainy,' she said. It's what they call that Scofield chap. She's one of his gang as sure as a gun."

His facile fingers were busily unrolling a thin piece of chamois, wadded into a packet. He held this out toward her. For some unintelligible reason his actions and his words were frantically rapid as if he were pressed for precious seconds of time. Stars and shards of light winked out of the bundle on his palm.

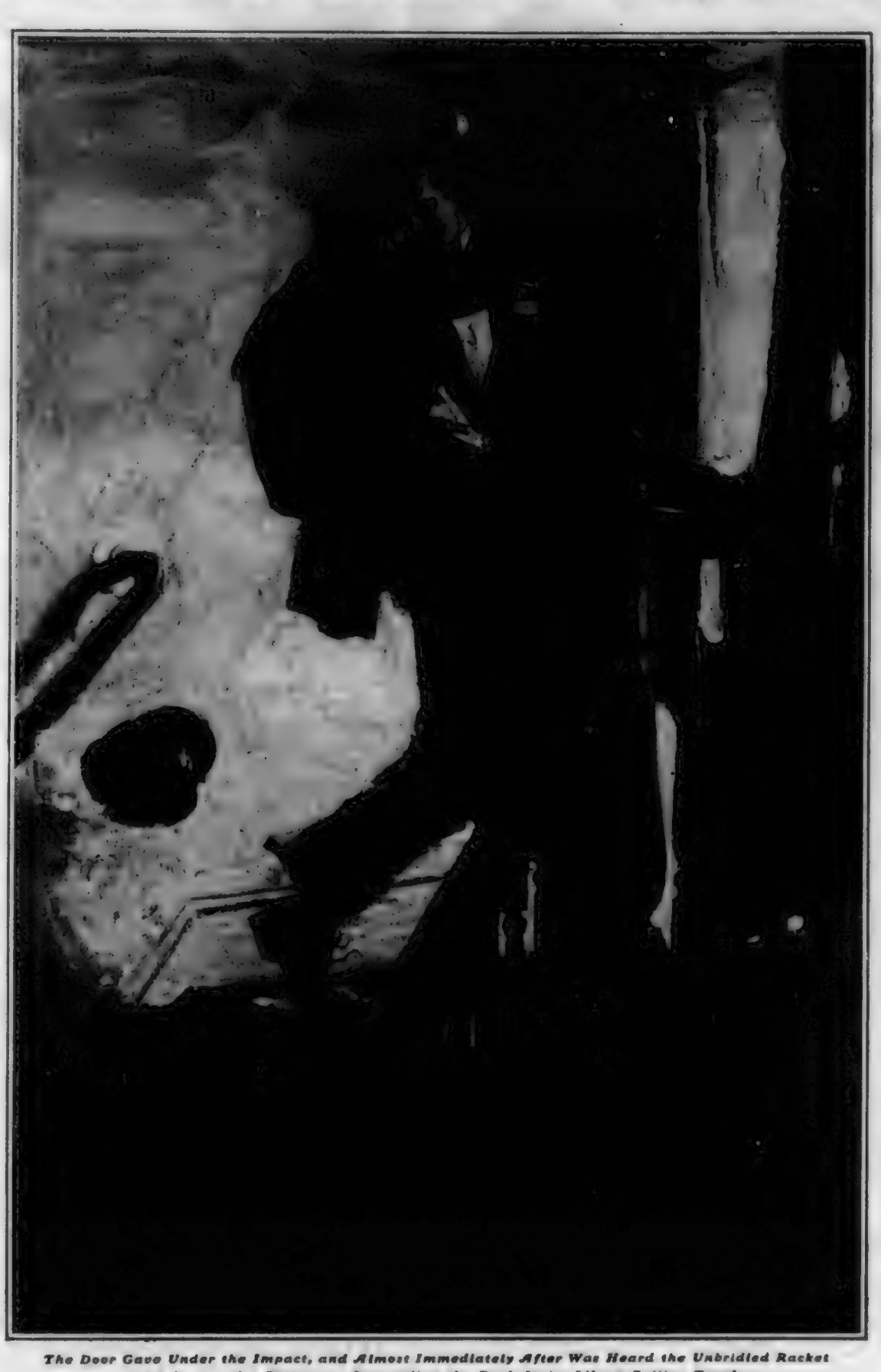
"There you are! A very fair showing for an afternoon tea. You'll find more than one of your guests bewailing their losses as soon as they've discovered 'em." He took one jewel apparently at random from the mass and put the rest into her hands.

"I've got one piece here, just for identification," he said.

"But—but," gasped Mrs. Dunbar, "she has not been out of this room!"

"And no need to. They brought the stuff to her. Safer, you see. Suppose they were stopped at the door and searched. Nobody would think of her being in any way concerned. She just walks off with it. Why, she might have stopped with you for years and robbed you every time you had an awning out. Now what I

(Continued on Page 46)



The Door Gave Under the Impact, and Almost Immediately After Was Heard the Unbridled Racket of a Peer and a Policeman Descending the Back Stairs Like a Falling Trunk

A MAN OF PLOTS

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Sam Took the Horse and Cart, and Went Slowly Up the Hill Through the Unused Pasture Toward the Woodlot

WHEN Sam, checking the old horse slowly down the hill, stopped in front of the farm, Newt was on the kitchen porch with Luke Trask, and Trask walked out to the buggy with him, listening to what Newt was saying. He was peeling long shavings from the edge of a weather-beaten shingle; his eyes were on his work.

Newt, while he talked to Trask, studied Sam's countenance, trying to decide what Sam's reaction to the events of the afternoon had been, or was going to be. Sam's expression failed to indicate that anything at all out of the ordinary had happened. The younger brother brought the horse to a stop and stood still, waiting for Newt to get into the buggy; his eyes fixed on Newt and Trask with a glance of mild interest, and his completely passive posture was not in the least suggestive of impatience to be alone with Newt.

Newt was reassured by this. He had no doubt whatever that Sam had seen him kiss Linda, and he had been somewhat afraid that the incident would provoke Sam to one of those outbursts of unbridled anger of which good-natured men are sometimes capable. He had good reason to remember that his father had sometimes given way to such a passion, and he would not have been in the least surprised to discover the same trait in Sam. But Sam seemed perfectly good-humored, and Newt was reassured and broke off the flow of his remarks to Trask and climbed into the buggy.

"You tell Linda," he directed her father, "that I'll be over to see her Sunday."

Trask nodded indefinitely. "All right, I'll tell her," he replied. He added, with a glance at Sam, "You be over to dinner?"

"Well, now, I ain't right sure yet," Sam explained. "I'll try to let you know."

"We've got to move, to get home by suppertime," Newt told his brother. "See if you can shake some speed into that old boy."

So Sam nodded to Trask, and clucked to the horse, and they proceeded down the hill.

There was, after they had left the farm behind them, an interval of silence. Newt, a little uneasy, waited for Sam to speak, preparing his defenses against the reproach which he expected the other to utter. But Sam said nothing, his countenance expressed only a mild and beneficent mood, as though he were enjoying the pleasant coolness of the late afternoon, and the extravagantly rich and colorful panorama outspread before him. Sebacook Lake lay in the valley like a sheet of silver, catching and reflecting the spotless blue of the sky, and fringed with the deep and throbbing shadows which the thick growth of trees cast along the shore. The sun was low, and although it would not set for better than two hours, it filled with color the western sky; and the pale blue which during the day clad the hills on that horizon was already beginning to grow darker, suggesting the approaching shadow of the night. As they came lower down the hill and the thick and swampy woodland shut in on their left, they could hear the indescribably pure and bell-like note of a thrush in the covert there.

But if Sam found pleasure in these prospects and in the quiet beauty of the hour, Newt was intent only upon Sam, and after a space he was unable longer to defer the explanation which he felt to be inevitable. He planned his first word carefully; selected for its utterance a tone suggestive of a definite exhilaration.

"You came down the hill just the wrong time, Sam," he said amiably. "But I guess it's just as well you saw what happened."

Sam seemed politely interested. "How's that?" he inquired.

"Why, you saw me and Linda," Newt reminded him.

Sam nodded. "Don't know how I could help it," he agreed.

"She's a mighty sweet girl," said Newt. "I've been away from here so long I'd forgot they had them like that up here. I never saw anybody anywhere could touch her."

"Why, yes," Sam said agreeably. "Linda's mighty nice. I always liked Linda."

"I remember you said you hadn't any idea of getting married, though," Newt reminded him.

"Well, that's so," Sam agreed. "I never thought much about getting married."

"Of course," Newt explained, "if I'd thought you had any notion of marrying Linda I wouldn't have let her see the way I felt about her. But you did tell me you didn't figure on anything like that; and I asked her, and she said you and her hadn't never thought about getting married."

"No," said Sam; "I dunno as we did."

Newt laughed good-naturedly. "Oh! I suppose you'd think about it. Being as good friends as you are with her, you'd naturally think about it. But if you'd had any notion of wanting to marry her I guess you'd have said so before now."

"You'd think so, wouldn't you?" Sam assented mildly.

"I don't know why it is," Newt declared, "but something about her struck me, first time I saw her. She says it was the same with her."

Sam clucked to the horse and made no comment upon this fact.

"I suppose it happens that way sometimes," Newt continued. "With a fellow and girl."

"Well," said Sam, "it never happened to me."

"It's a mighty pleasant thing to happen," Newt declared complacently. "I certainly am glad I came home."

Sam seemed to prefer not to discuss the matter further, so Newt said no more. He was perfectly content with the progress he had made. He knew Sam in some respects very thoroughly, and he felt sure that the other, once satisfied that Linda preferred Newt, would take care not to trespass in his brother's affairs. Newt recognized the existence of this scruple in his brother. The fact that he was himself an utter stranger to such a feeling did not prevent his understanding that it would have great weight with Sam. He felt a certain condescension toward the younger man because this was true. From his point of view, this feeling was a weakness in Sam, a weakness of which it was perfectly just for him to take advantage.

He calculated, and he felt sure his calculation was correct, that Sam would, from this day forward, go so far as actually to avoid Linda; to lean backward in his anxiety not to interfere between her and Newt. The effect of his movements would be, Newt believed, to isolate Linda, to create a barrier between the girl and his brother, and to prevent them from coming to any explanation of what had occurred. Through the remainder of the homeward journey he contemplated his own success with a complacent satisfaction.

During the succeeding days he watched for opportunities to consolidate the ground he had gained, and with this in mind he began to go to the store with Sam in the evenings,

a thing he had not always done before. At the store he sought a fit moment to proclaim the fact that he aimed to make Linda one of his possessions.

The opportunity came to him through Will Belter. Most people in Fraternity avoid asking questions of their neighbors, unless they are sure they can do so without trespassing. But Belter, a man full of curiosity about the affairs of those among whom his life was set, was restrained by no such feeling. He liked to know what was going on, and he liked to tell what he knew. Newt recognized this trait in Belter, so when the other man came into the store one evening Newt fell into conversation with him. They were standing by the glass showcase beside the post-office boxes, where candy, cigars and smoking tobacco were displayed for sale. Newt caught the attention of Andy Wattles and asked for a cigar of what was for this store an expensive brand. Andy gave him one, and Newt tendered a quarter in payment. Belter was at the moment at his side.

Andy gave Newt a dime in change, and, as has been said before, Newt had a superstitious dislike for this small silver coin. The ten-cent piece had more than once in his life been associated with ill fortune. It had brought him bad luck, even though that mischance might be no more serious than the loss of the coin itself. So now when Andy dropped the coin on the glass cover of the showcase, Newt was at first of a mind to follow his usual habit and ask for two nickels instead. But he was a little reluctant to confess his superstition to Andy, and an alternative occurred to him.

"Those cigars are two for a quarter, aren't they?" he asked, and Andy said they were.

"Then you better let me have another," Newt suggested; and when Andy gave him one Newt tendered it to Will Belter, feeling an exhilaration at this small act of generosity in proportion to the extreme rarity of such actions in his life.

Belter accepted the cigar. He bit off the end of it, and lighted it from the match which Newt held, and when it was well started he said conversationally to Newt, "Didn't know as you'd be round here this long?"

"Oh! I haven't gone yet," Newt told him.

"Expect you'll be going pretty soon," Belter suggested, and Newt recognized the opportunity for which he had been looking.

"No, I don't know's I will," he replied.

"You must have a pretty easy job," said Belter, "if you can stay away as long as you like."

"Well, I have got a nice job," Newt confessed; "but it seems pretty good to be home, and ma needs me. I'm thinking some of staying."

Belter's native curiosity was whetted by this information.

"Staying right along?"

"Yes," said Newt.

"Mean you might live here?" Belter inquired.

"Why, I'm thinking of it," Newt told him. "There's plenty to do to take care of ma. Sam's got his hands full with the orchard, and Sam's not much of a hand for business anyway. I was thinking I might stay."

"Shouldn't think you'd want to," Belter argued. "Looks to me if a man could get away from here, he'd want to stay away."

Newt chuckled. "Well," he said suggestively, "there might be something to keep me here."

"What's that?" Belter inquired directly.

Newt affected a certain mild embarrassment. "Why, I wouldn't want it to get round," he replied.

"You know me well enough to know that I can keep a thing to myself," Belter assured him.

"Well," said Newt, "as a matter of fact, I'm thinking some of getting married up here."

Belter's eyes widened with satisfaction at the information. He looked swiftly about the store to see if the others were listening. This was a piece of news cut exactly to the pattern of his desires; it was just the sort of thing he liked to be able to tell people.

"Guess that means Linda Trask," he exclaimed. "Andy was telling me he seen you over there, when he come by in the truck this afternoon."

Newt nodded. "I guess you know as much about it as I do," he confessed.

"Fixed it up with her?" Belter asked shamelessly.

Newt grinned. "You want to know a lot, don't you?" he chuckled. But he added, frankly enough, "I don't mind saying we've talked it over."

He turned away, dismissing the other. But he knew there was no occasion for him to say more, and he stayed only a little longer in the store. When he left he was quite sure that so soon as the door should close behind him, Belter would report, and would doubtless embroider, all that he had said. So he started for home, leaving Sam behind him in the store. He thought with a little amusement that the other men would be inclined to laugh at Sam's expense. They must know that his brother and Linda had been for a long time close friends. He was well satisfied with what he had done. Nothing, he assured himself, would so definitely bind Linda to him as her own knowledge that the village expected them to be married.

But even though he had thus strengthened his position, Newt was not inclined to rest on what he had done. He made it his business to go, the second evening thereafter, and sit a while with Linda. The night was warm, and Trask and Linda's mother and Newt and the girl sat on the steps of the kitchen porch until the night air grew so cool that the older people went indoors. Linda would have followed them, but Newt urged her to stay outside; and she did not know how to deny him.

When they were thus left alone he talked to her very deftly, careful not to alarm her, seeking to win her confidence, increase his own control over her thoughts and actions. When at last she said she must go indoors he kissed her good night before letting her go. She submitted because she did not know how to oppose him successfully.

In the course of the next fortnight or so, Newt repeated these visits. He did not at first speak to Linda of marriage, but he had told Mrs. Trask that he wanted Linda to marry him, and ignored the doubt in her demeanor. Of Trask himself, Newt very easily made a partisan. After a time he brought the matter to an issue with Linda herself, doing it in such a matter-of-fact manner, apparently taking her consent for granted, that it was extremely difficult for the girl to oppose him. Newt's assurance was not easily denied. His quicker wit confused and bewildered her, and her half-hearted protests he pretended not to understand.

He was assisted by the fact that since the afternoon above the berry patch, Sam had avoided coming to the Trask home, and Linda was hurt and a little terrified by this avoidance. Once or twice Sam had come to work in the orchard, but he had driven up the hill without stopping; and although Linda had once ventured to wave her hand to him, he had responded only with a gesture, and had not come in. Once she had asked Newt where Sam was, and Newt said that Sam was busy.

Another time she inquired, "Why don't Sam come with you?"

And Newt replied, in a tone which suggested a close understanding between them, "Oh, Sam's a good fellow. He knows we'd rather not have him around."

She lacked the fortitude to urge that in fact she wanted Sam around; but, after all, if he did not wish to come, there was no way she could compel him to do so.

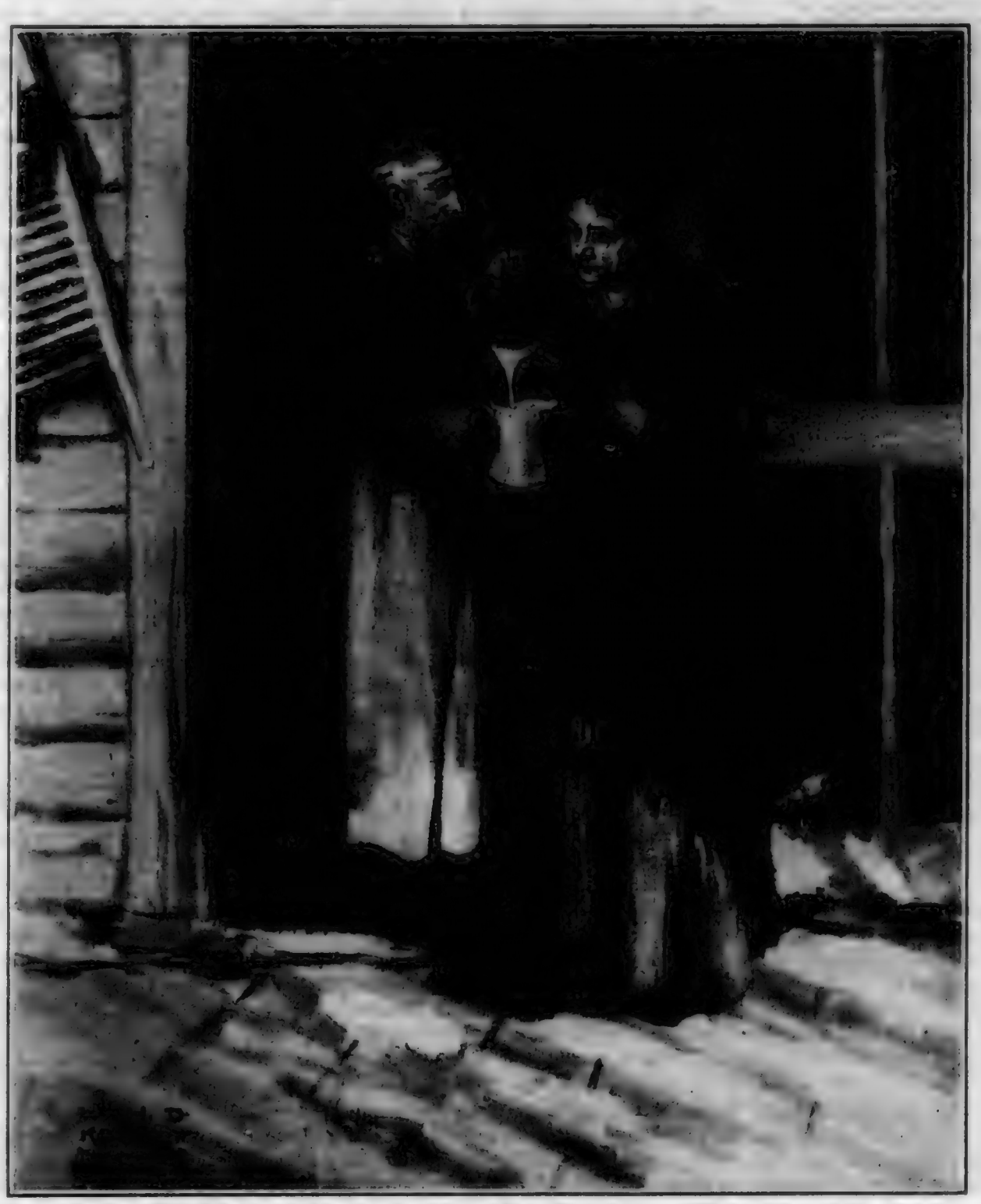
Will Belter had, as Newt expected he would, spread the word, and everyone in the village and in the town knew, or thought he knew, that Newt and Linda were to be married. When they spoke to the girl herself about it she made some half-hearted protestation, but this was taken rather as a manifestation of a natural and maidenly diffidence than as an actual denial. So the effect of Newt's maneuvers was, as he had planned, to isolate her, to leave her to face unsupported his own confident assumption that she loved him; and general opinion in the village was that she had been won by his aggressive wooing. There was no one to serve as her ally, and she was not strong enough to oppose Newt alone.

She might, if she had but known it, have found strength in Mrs. Dunnack, but although Sam and Linda had been friends for years, Mrs. Dunnack and Linda had had little communion, and Linda was as much afraid of Mrs. Dunnack as she was of Newt.

Mrs. Dunnack was, as is often the case, the last person in the village to know what was going on. Sam did not tell her; but Gay Hunt's wife one morning when she brought the milk spoke about the matter. Mrs. Dunnack may not have been wholly surprised. She must have observed the change in Sam's habits, the fact that he no longer stayed the night at the orchard, and the further circumstance that Newt occasionally spoke of having spent the evening at the Trask farm when Sam was not with him.

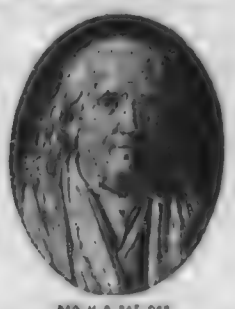
To Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Dunnack expressed neither surprise nor previous knowledge of the fact to which

(Continued on Page 102)



Mrs. Dunnack Was, as Is Often the Case, the Last Person in the Village to Know What Was Going On. Sam Did Not Tell Her; But Gay Hunt's Wife One Morning When She Brought the Milk Spoke About the Matter

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 31, 1925

Firearms and the Gunman

A CORRESPONDENT who is strongly opposed to anti-pistol legislation writes us as follows:

"If you were a crook and you knew, as crooks usually do know about the houses they intend to rob, that I was an ex-army officer, a good pistol shot and that I had my pistol always handy, and you also knew that the houses on either side of me were occupied by timid people, unarmed and afraid of all firearms, whose house would you rob? Yes, you guessed right. That is just what has happened in our little neighborhood. My house has yet to be entered." And he goes on to advocate courses in pistol practice instead of disarmament for house owners. In the same mail comes a letter asking us to favor a national anti-pistol law.

The movement for state and national legislation to restrict the sale of pistols to those persons whose official duties make the possession of firearms absolutely essential has a large and influential following. Certain jurists, certain metropolitan police commissioners and others who are working for the suppression of crimes of violence firmly believe that anti-pistol laws would exercise a vast influence for the betterment of conditions which everyone admits are intolerable. The arguments and comparisons set up by these gentlemen deserve mature consideration. But would such a law, though theoretically sound and desirable, be enforced? We do not want another statute that will backfire and hurt those that it should protect. Some of the proponents of this legislation are among those who insistently proclaim the impossibility of suppressing the bootlegger. If the Federal Government cannot prevent the landing and distribution of shiploads of rum, how can it possibly stop the criminal from getting the most easily concealed and vital tool of his trade?

An anti-pistol law would disarm all law-abiding citizens except those exempted from its operation, but would it also disarm the gunmen, burglars and bandits who are walking arsenals? The history of the Narcotic Drugs Act might repeat itself. The Government has been most diligent in its efforts to enforce this law. Drug peddling has been materially reduced; but enforcement has been least effective where it is most important. There are probably few large cities in the country where an old lady with a touch of influenza could buy a few grains of Dover's powder without a physician's prescription, or where a degenerate motor bandit could not drug himself for his next ruthless job with all the heroin he could pay for.

We are whole-heartedly with those who are endeavoring to suppress crimes of violence; but we should like to feel sure that our proposed anti-pistol legislation will disarm the criminal first, and that the honest citizen's gun will not be taken away from him until after that has been done. We must go the limit in our efforts to clip the claws of the crook, but we must not forget that the potential murderer is not going to lose much sleep over breaking an anti-pistol law. To be effective, such a law must have longer and sharper teeth and be backed up by a stronger purpose to use them than is behind so many excellent and dead-letter laws that are now on the statute books.

Different Ways of Disarmament

ONE method of disarmament is political, meaning the suspension of programs of armament by agreement among nations. This form of action through international agreement is what this country is striving to bring about. Unfortunately political idealism is at a low ebb just now—quite the natural and to be expected result of a great war—and the calling together of the effective nations of the world in a conference designed to curb armaments and intrusted with the power to bind the nations represented is perhaps hardly to be hoped for at the moment. In the interval, however, the second method of disarmament remains available; this is the economic method.

The much-discussed speech of Ambassador Houghton contained in effect the implication that this country would not continue to finance a war-seeking Europe; and from it the countries of the world may certainly draw the inference that loans cannot be contracted here for the direct purpose of building up armaments. This has also been stated directly as an Administration policy. If the lending countries of the world refuse to lend for purposes of armament, this will put a deep crimp in armament expansion. Perhaps this is the first form of international agreement to be attempted. Evidently Great Britain is of this mind, in fact if not in formal announcement. In the routine address of the chairman of Vickers, Ltd., on the occasion of the last annual meeting of this great steel concern, stands the following statement: "Finally, there is the question of loans for armaments; several friendly countries might be disposed to buy largely in this country if they could raise loans for the purpose. They are always told now that loans cannot be issued on the London market if purchase of armament is the object or one of the objects."

When one recalls the unemployment in the iron and steel industries of Great Britain this stand of the British public is brave indeed. If a corresponding policy can be established in every country that has the plant capacity to manufacture armament, including, naturally, the United States, a long step in the direction of practical disarmament will have been accomplished. Later it will be easier to induce the nations of the world to give up politically and diplomatically what they have already given up substantially.

Twenty-five Cents on the Dollar

WHEN a government tinkers with its currency it starts something that goes a long time, even into succeeding generations. This is now being illustrated in Germany, and the last act in the drama is not yet in sight.

During the course of an enormous inflation of the currency debtors discharge their obligations with depreciated money, and the creditor is thus dispossessed of property. If the period of inflation lasts long enough and the depreciation of the currency is profound enough, this amounts to a veritable redistribution of wealth. This is what the Germans have called a revolution in the distribution of property, wealth passing from holders and investors to debtors through action of the state operating through the fiscal policy. Following deflation and subsequent stabilization of the currency, the investor and creditor class endeavors to secure restitution for losses thus sustained. This is called the counter-revolution and has for its object the reversal of the performance, the return from debtor to creditor class of the wealth shifted in the period of inflation. This counter-revolution must, in the nature of things, be legislative. Germany is now passing through the throes of valorization legislation, whereby the restitution of pre-inflation holdings is legally established and prescribed. Later many of the other countries of Europe must pass through the same travail.

Two illustrations will make the circumstances clear. In 1910 a German industrial concern issued a sum of debentures, payable in the legal currency of the state. Each debenture in the sum of one thousand marks cost about two hundred and fifty dollars in our money. At the time of extreme depreciation of the mark these debentures were called in and paid off with marks worth one hundred thousand to the dollar, let us say. The debenture for which the holder had paid two hundred and fifty dollars was paid off with one cent. In 1910 a holder of real estate borrowed on it a hundred thousand marks, equal to twenty-five thousand dollars, giving a mortgage, payable at the option of the borrower. When, in the orgy of inflation, the mark was worth only one hundred thousand to the dollar, the borrower paid off the mortgage with one dollar in marks. In a thousand ways men discharged obligations of gold with paper and purchased property under what amounted to forced sales. Now that the currency has been restabilized on the gold basis, the dispossessed citizens come with their valid claims for restitution. They want the cards dealt backward.

Complete restitution is not to be considered, since it would introduce fresh complications. Private debts are to be valorized at between fifteen and twenty-five per cent of the original values. In the illustrations used above, the debenture holder would be paid sixty-two and a half dollars in gold marks for each debenture and the mortgagee would receive six thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. By means of such valorization the loss of the creditor is reduced from practically total to seventy-five per cent. With this modest recovery of twenty-five per cent goes the satisfaction of knowing that most of the profiteers lost in the period of deflation what they had accumulated in the period of inflation. Some will always be gainers, some always losers; there is no possibility of exact restitution. But in this crude way the state tries to make amends to private individuals for losses resulting from a vicious financial policy.

Sob for the Victim, Sisters

THE recent suggestion, attributed to the celebrated Justice Darling, that England adopt laws similar to those of France, which narrowly limit the freedom of the press in reporting testimony in divorce cases, has had its reverberations in this country. There are times when newspapers are the only agency available for the prevention of collusion and fraud in such cases. On some occasions reporters for yellow newspapers have solved murder mysteries when the professional detectives failed. To limit the freedom of the press is always a proceeding of dubious wisdom.

The public interest might be served nine times out of ten by less ample reports of divorce and murder cases, but on the tenth occasion great harm might be done. Besides, the enforcement of gag laws would be far more difficult in this country than in France or England. They do not fit in with the temper of the American people.

It does not follow that the newspapers have no responsibility in the treatment of crime news. Why is it necessary to print pictures of debased and perverted criminals? And why should every saying, every movement of such people be reported by star reporters and sob sisters? The further question may also be raised as to what proper purpose is served by suddenly turning into authors the participants, especially the younger ones of the female sex, in nasty and repulsive scandals having to do with murders, divorces and other equally unpleasant affairs. To an increasing extent such persons are announced as about to write a series of articles for a particular newspaper or syndicate of papers.

It is often said that the public likes to read an interesting and sensational account of the more unclean happenings of the day rather than a merely accurate account. The publisher must choose, of course, whether he is to pander to man's lower instincts or cater to his higher ones.

The Great American Scandal

Our Criminal Goes to Court

By Richard Washburn Child

THIS is from a clipping of a California newspaper under the heading Last of Auto Theft Ring is Sentenced: "The end of one of the criminal rings came today when ——, of San Francisco, entered a plea of guilty to violation of the Dyer Act. He, with seven others, was arrested in November, 1921"—look at the date—"and indicted on more than thirty counts of transporting stolen automobiles across the Arizona-California boundaries. They had a rendezvous in the mountains where they drove stolen Fords and interchanged their parts, thereafter disposing of them in various parts of California. More than 100 thefts were traced to the band.

"—— was fined $100.

"The other defendants were ——, —— and ——"

The gentleman who sent this clipping writes:

"The inclosed story does not state what happened to the other defendants, but we may conclude that they either were made to stand in the corner for an hour or were deprived of dessert at dinner for two whole successive nights."

According to this story, it took nearly four years to punish one guilty man, and if 100 automobiles were stolen, the fine imposed taxed one of the thieves about one dollar a car—much less than the state taxes the rightful owner.

A bootlegger runs enough liquor into the United States to make him a profit of $250,000 a year. Men on his trucks start a journey with $5000 small change in their pockets to distribute to law-enforcement officers, who are paid as low as ten dollars a day. The bootlegger is caught, found guilty and is fined. He goes up to luncheon at a certain restaurant, and for present and past services tips the head waiter exactly what he has been fined by the judge.

I quote from a press-service dispatch:

"——, wealthy real-estate dealer, convicted of manslaughter for the killing of a man with his automobile, will not have to serve a prison sentence. When informed that —— had made a settlement for $12,500 with the family of the victim, Judge X. granted a new trial, then ordered the case stricken."

Director Butler, detailed to take charge of the police of Philadelphia, says: "When a crook with political backing is pinched it usually means a battle of ten years before they send him finally to jail. There is one crook—a real one—in Philadelphia today, out on bail, who has been convicted and a new trial denied, but who has not been sentenced because his lawyer is off on a trip to Europe."

One judge of the Court of General Sessions in New York during twenty years has had 20,145 criminal cases. Those which came to trial numbered 2134, or about one out of ten. Another judge writes that during a May grand jury in 1925, out of 621 cases, 156 were dismissed because of errors or carelessness of the state's attorneys.

According to the Chicago Crime Commission, at the beginning of 1924 there were 160 defendants in the Chicago Criminal Court charged with murder or manslaughter whose cases were pending, and of these 160 defendants sixty-six were out on bail.

In an Eastern city the most famous and dangerous forger in America was arrested, and jumped his bail of $15,000. He was apprehended and his bail fixed at $40,000. On a writ of habeas corpus proceeding, a higher court, with the record before it, reduced his bail to $10,000. —— was convicted of grand larceny in Alabama in November, 1922. The bill of exceptions was not filed until February 25, 1923, and this delay was permitted by law. The record was filed in the Court of Appeals on May 5, 1923, and the Court of Appeals decided the case on October 16, 1923. The Supreme Court upheld the judgment on December 20, 1923. The original trial consumed one hour. Thereafter a year elapsed, and at the end of the year —— jumped his bond and went over the state line.

These are samples of the loopholes in our system of prosecuting criminals, taken from a file which has been made up from instances in most of our states.

I do not wonder that the police say "We catch 'em and the courts and prisons let 'em go."

I do not wonder that for the criminal who belongs to a ring mere arrest has little terror.

I do not wonder that youth does not stop to think twice.

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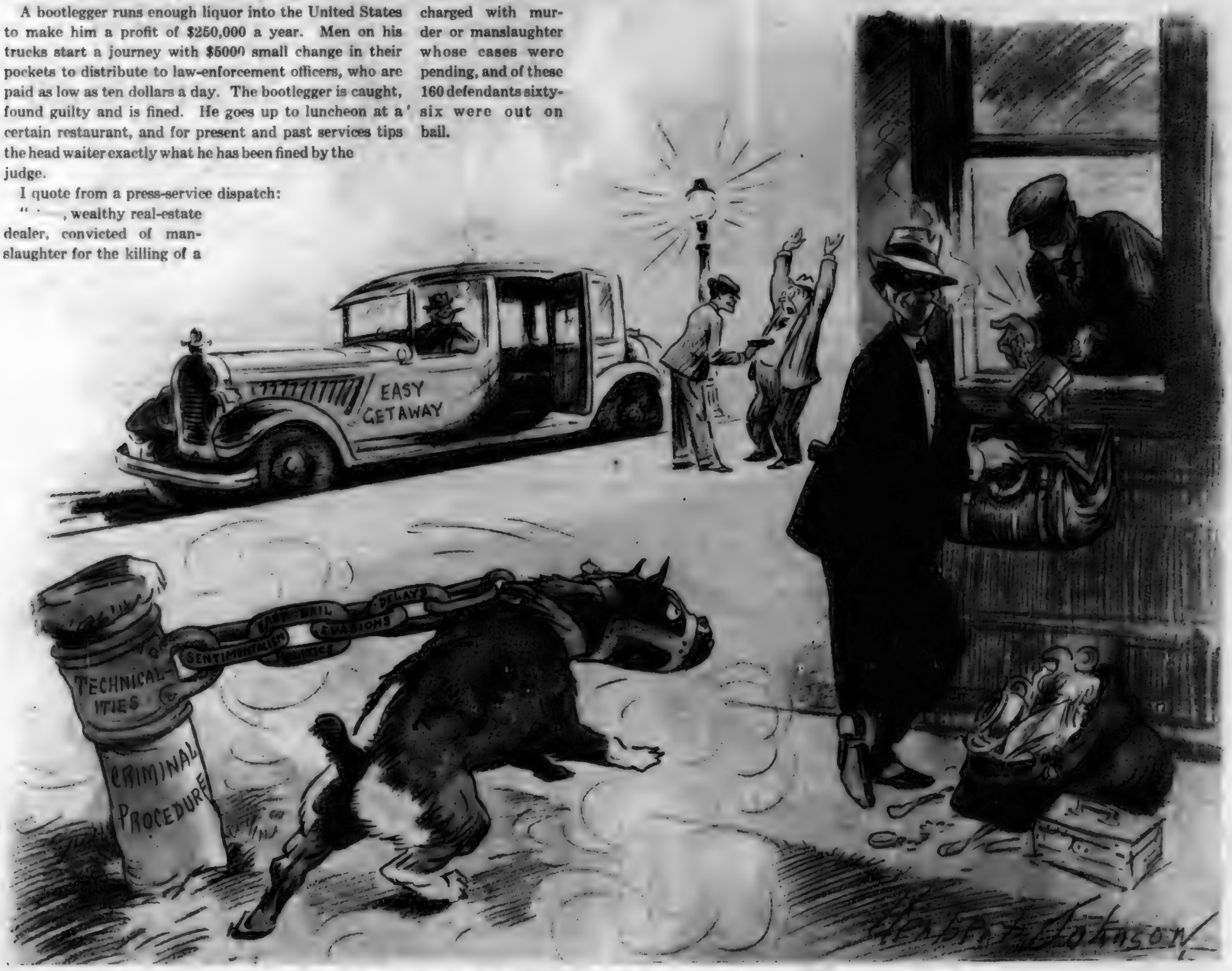

"Bill, it Would be a Shocking Blow to Personal Liberty if Someone Got Careless and Unchained That Pup"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The New Education

WE HAVE been debating whether or not to send Irving to school.

"He's six years old," I said, "and it's time he started to earn a living. When Pitt was his age he was Prime Minister ——"

"That was Lord Macaulay," said my wife, who attends lectures on current events. "Anyway, a little education won't hurt him. It wouldn't have hurt you."

"I think he ought to go to work," I said. "In a year or two he'll want to get married and he ought to be self-supporting. He's been awfully attentive to that Peterson girl ——"

The upshot of the discussion was that we decided to send Irving to the Wobble School, which we were told, after considerable inquiry, is quite the last word in schools. We thought, however, that it might be better first to visit the place before matriculating him.

Miss Marsh, the principal, showed us through the place.

"Our purpose," she said, "is to develop a child's individuality, and to make learning attractive."

In a large room two little boys were pulling a little girl's hair, while a third boy was beating her with an Indian club.

"This is the history class," said Miss Marsh. "They are studying the Whisky Rebellion, and it impresses the story more vividly upon them if they are allowed to act it."

"But they seem to be hurting that child," said my wife.

"I know," said Miss Marsh sadly. "It's the rotten whisky we have to give them. It's impossible to get decent stuff today even for school use."

"But do they have to use real whisky?" I inquired.

"Of course," said Miss Marsh. "That's one of the principles of this school: to use only real equipment wherever possible."

Out in the hall we tripped over a few youngsters who were sitting on the floor.

"What are they studying?" I asked.

"I don't know," Miss Marsh replied. "We have no compulsory classes. We encourage them to invent their own studies. It stimulates their initiative and sense of responsibility. One of our brightest girls has not learned anything in three years."

"Schools have changed since my time," said my wife.

"For the better, I hope," said Miss Marsh. "This is the Arithmetic Room." We entered a large sunny room lined with blackboards. A group of boys were engaged in what appeared to my uninitiated eye to be a game of craps.

"Come here, Milton," said Miss Marsh to a youngster of seven or eight. "How much is eighteen times eighteen?"

"So's your old man," said Milton, scooping up a pile of pennies from the floor.

"We don't believe in forcing them," said Miss Marsh. "The psychology of a child is a tender flower that must be carefully nurtured."

We entered the Music Class.

Here a golden-haired tot of five was gravely doing the Charleston while her companions snapped their fingers and chanted:

"You're a red-hot mamma, a red-hot mamma,
A red-hot baby doll ——"

"It instills a sense of rhythm in them," explained Miss Marsh, "which is the basis of all music. I'm sorry the more advanced music class is not in session ——"

"Where are the pupils?" I asked.

"The girls didn't feel like having music today," said Miss Marsh, "so they're downstairs in the kitchen making fudge. Perhaps you'd like to see one of the literature classes in session?"

Miss Marsh led the way into the Literature Class. At one end of a large room sat the teacher at a desk. This in itself would not have been extraordinary. The strange thing was that the teacher's face was blackened with burnt cork and she was dressed in a suit of tattered overalls.

"They're reading Uncle Tom's Cabin," said Miss Marsh, "and we act all the books we read here."

"How fascinating!" said my wife.

"Yes," said Miss Marsh. "Come on upstairs to the Advanced English Class. They're reading Poe's The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

"Never mind," said my wife hastily.

"We've thought it over," I said, "and we've decided not to send Irving to school. He's going to look for a job tomorrow."

—Newman Levy.

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DIRSEY

"Ooh, Jock! Wouldn't it be Thrilling to Chase a Cat Like That One?"

Mother Goose for Antique Collectors

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty chuckled, "Of all
The king's possessions I stand unique;
I'll not be prized when I grow antique."

We wily dealers
Run through the town,
Poking and peering
Upstairs and down;
Rummage in your woodsheds,
Comb your attics clear;
Bring all your rubbish out,
The tourist season's here!

There was a little lass who had a little glass
That never blushed with anything illegal;
And when it was new it was very, very new,
And when it was old it was Stiegel.

Polly, mark the kettle up,
Mark grandma's Windsor settle up,
And all our worn-out metal up,
Here comes a car!

Sukey, mark it down, alas,
You'll get no fine new gown, alas,
The car went on to town, alas,
And only asked "How far?"

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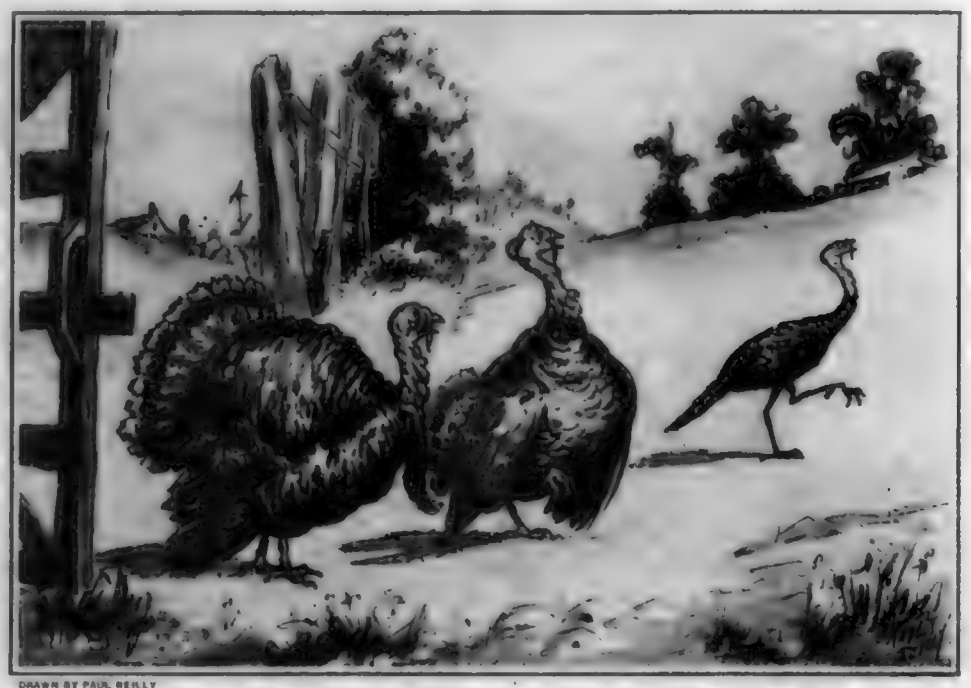
DRAWN BY RAYE GOODWIN

"You Haven't Ten Dollars to Spare, Have You?" "Mind Reader!"



DRAWN BY PAUL REILLY

First Fat Turkey (to Second Ditto)—"I'd Give Anything to Have Her Figure"

Campbell's

Meal time and a big appetite! A steaming, tempting dish of good beans awaiting you! The promise of a delicious treat to your taste! The certainty that you will enjoy every bean on the plate and be really satisfied when you have finished! No wonder that you insist on having Campbell's Beans every time! You will accept no substitutes. For you want and demand the beans that millions of other people consider the best quality. That's only human—and very wise.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked Digestible

famous for quality

COUSIN JANE

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XVIII

BEYOND the jealous, grim hands, Jane became herself. By the time they had traversed the main street of Union Hill, empty and blankly shuttered, she could surrender to the old tingly going-away feeling. She recalled it vividly from that long-gone day when she had come up into the mountains with Seth Hacker. She remembered Shirley Farren and her honest howls of woe, and wondered what Shirley could be doing today.

But only fleetingly; she was going on a journey and everyone else wasn't; everyone else was staying right there. She was even the sole passenger in the motor stage. She caught herself being sorry for the driver who would, in truth, go up the grade, but must come meekly down again that night, never getting far from Union Hill. Her mind was a disorderly jumble of odd, incongruous memories and sensations that turned on one another with the effect of wild things in too confined a space. Inwardly she seethed, yet to the eye she was a very quiet girl, serenely at ease, in sports apparel and a commodious hat of some distinction, who was going a calm journey on business.

Indeed, It Was Almost an Adventure, Because It Was Their Last Evening Together

When the driver, who was clearly too old a man to want life or be harried by visions, cordially guessed that she'd be along back in a mighty few days—he wouldn't live in the city if you gave it to him, lock, stock and barrel—she politely agreed. She was coming back, she said, the moment she got homesick for Union Hill, laughing inwardly at this joke. She recalled the other old driver, who had displeased her by gibing at Seth Hacker and not paying enough attention to his horses. Long since, he must have told his Lover's Leap story for the last time.

She lost herself in that perplexing backward maze of time. Stages had been going over this grade twice a day ever since, but where had she been? She found it difficult for the moment to remember anything between that first fateful ride and this one. Twice she came near enough to the surface of immediate affairs to ascertain furtively that her money was where Seth had told her to put it; and once she asked the driver if he thought they would miss the train.

His "Not a chance on earth!" was so dryly amused that she didn't ask again, much as she longed to.

At Creston she stood close by the track, her bags beside her, a long time before the train came; she must be on it quickly before it could leave her there so near the old prison. She stepped back only a few paces when at last it whistled and roared down upon her. It was a train of lordlier aspect than the one she remembered, with Pullman cars and a diner, through the polished windows of which she caught exciting glimpses of tables all white and silver, with white-jacketed waiters flitting by them.

There was a moment of soul-searing suspense when it appeared that the train meant to pass her without halting. But this was only because she had gone too far down the platform. The last car was but a little beyond her when it stopped. She saw it to be an observation car, its rear platform protected by a superb brass railing behind which a few people lolled in chairs. She hurried forward, dimly reminded of the smoking car which she had once found so exhilarating; but a porter at the end of the first car stepped forward, reached for her bags.

"San Francisco? Yes-sum, lady. Right here!"

She abandoned the bags to him and entered the observation car, seating herself quickly the better to take in the shining grandeur of her surroundings. Everything was either splendidly plush or polished. A man wrote at a refulgent desk, making the place seem oddly homelike; the chairs were restful, the windows wide and revealing. All in a moment she had an authentic traveled feeling. And life was as glamorous as she had known it would be. She sat, steadfastly calm of demeanor, until she beheld through the rear windows a spectacle exciting beyond human fortitude. Creston itself and the green mountain rampart beyond it were being pushed back from her at a speed constantly accelerated, by two shining lines of steel that already narrowed in the distance. She hadn't known the train was starting. With the beginning of a little cry, stifled to a gasp from swift considerations of decorum, she went quickly to the platform, and swaying at a curve so that she stumbled, she fell into a vacant chair, her eyes held to this inspiring phenomenon.

The swift-fleeing rails sent up a rhythmic pulsation that was like dance music to which her old world receded. She was still in the mountains, but from either side they came rushing in a mad flight toward those already dim with distance. Once they had passed, they merged quickly into their far background and became suddenly tranquil, as if their race had been run. But always those beneficent shining streaks of light pushed them farther back and drew curtains of haze across them. It was heart-lifting.

She need no longer fear clutching hands that even now would seem to menace whenever the rails pushed the train through a tunnel. No hand would dare reach beyond that sumptuous railing with its defiant glitter, and it was inevitable that pretty soon all the mountains with their silly threats would have been pushed to a safe distance.

Two women who had shared the platform with her, but whom she had not looked at, now rose and went inside, telling each other the dust was frightful. Jane thought this funny; she had not been conscious of dust. She did, however, move to one of the vacated chairs, better protected than her own from the wind caused by the mountains running by.

After a while she glanced up from her inspiriting contemplation of rails that kept narrowing to a point far behind, to observe a tall, youngish-looking man in the doorway. He was thin-faced, sallow except for spots of red over his prominent cheek bones, and he drooped curiously in a gray suit that hung loosely from his gaunt rounded shoulders. Even his straw-colored mustache drooped, and when presently she risked another glance she saw that his reddish-brown eyes seemed also to droop beneath the gray brim of his cap, pulled close over them. It was an appealing face, she thought, studying it more freely as she saw that he was unconscious of her presence. The shoulders seemed to sag because his chest was sunken. She wondered how he had come to accept a suit of clothes that fitted him so badly. By certain little signs, even Jane could be positive that he had not to think much about money for clothes, and this suit had clearly been botched.

She felt idly regretful when he stepped back from her discreet scrutiny; but very soon he reappeared, buttoning to his throat a light overcoat that was also shockingly loose. When he had secured the last button, he stepped out to the platform, grasping an iron bar across the window for support until he could stumble awkwardly into the chair beside Jane, flinging up an arm as he descended. She hastily caught the arm with an impulse to support him, and for the first time he glanced full at her, muttering a word of brusque apology. His reddish-brown eyes had seemed to burn when her own met them, and she thought the spots of red widened on his cheeks.

"He's ashamed because I helped him," she thought, and presently—"because he wouldn't want me to know how thin his arm is." The arm, as she grasped it, had startled her by its thinness.

He moved his chair farther away from hers and stared ahead of him. The eyes were well under his cap brim, but she stole occasional glances at the lower profile with its sharply defined nose and long, bony chin. After a while she forgot him, becoming again absorbed in that backward flying world. Then she was startled to a new awareness of his presence by the fit of coughing that racked him.

It affected her profoundly. She was conscious of an absurd wish to cough for him—he managed it so feebly. She couldn't resist a glance of concern; and he must have known this, for when he had recovered, with a handkerchief to his mouth, he turned to her again with an apology,

(Continued on Page 34)

More emphatically than ever, America confers the Crown of Supremacy on the New 90-Degree Cadillac

If the ovation accorded this new 90-degree Cadillac could be made vocal and articulate—a roar of applause would resound from one end of the nation to the other.

This extraordinary endorsement is being expressed in a demand that blankets the map of America. It is a demand that sprang up spontaneously the moment the new car appeared—and has swelled steadily in volume ever since.

On the one hand, the most impressive exhibition of confidence and approval the American people have ever accorded even the Cadillac—on the other, the still small voice of other-car salesmanship endeavoring to explain it away.

Twenty-two times the same thing has happened—the penalty of leadership repeats itself each year—and for the twenty-second time, with more emphasis than ever, the public confers the crown of greatness and supremacy upon Cadillac.

If you would share the feeling of delight which is crossing and recrossing the country—just ride in this new Cadillac.

General Motors' own time payment plan (GMAC) furnishes purchasers with the most economical way of buying a Cadillac on time

New 90 degree

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 32)

but not brusque this time, since he chiefly smiled it, a sort of winning confession of his disability.

She smiled her own understanding, and, meaning to cover the embarrassment she knew he had felt, she presently said, "The world is going away from us so fast."

He smiled, she thought, peculiarly, and replied in a few words that were lost in the rushing air. As she waited, expectant, he repeated them. "I said I am watching it go. It does go fast." They smiled again in agreement on this and he prolonged his look, scanning her face with his hot eyes until her own fell.

"I've lived there so long," she said, pointing back to the mountains. She wanted to cover that instinctive fall of her eyes. He made no comment, and was staring back with only his profile to her when she dared to look again.

After a while, when they had definitely left the mountains and begun to wind down over the yellow hills, with their darker areas of vineyard and orchard, he arose to go in. He did it unsteadily, groping for the bar that would support him, trying to accommodate his body to the sway of the train. She intensely wanted to get up and help him through the door; her arms twitched as she watched him. But she knew how grossly this would affront him.

A waiter from the dining car announced from the doorway a last call for luncheon and Jane discovered that she was hungry. She reflected that she wouldn't have left her post if she weren't safely out of the last mountains. Now she could eat in peace. Being shown to a seat in the diner, she studied the menu at length and after troubled deliberation ordered chicken salad and a chocolate eclair.

While waiting to be served she became lost in a study of two women across the aisle, the two who had complained of dust on the rear platform. They were large women with carefully coiffed hair and lavishly bejeweled. Their plump hands sparkled with rings and their necklaces and bracelets were insistent. Jane wondered if they were actresses, their faces being heavily overlaid with cosmetics.

But it was their dress that chiefly engaged her. She studied each frock and the footwear beneath the table. Both women, she recognized, were arrayed in accordance with the highest standards of Maurine Slater's fashion magazine. The table between them was crowded by plates of food and they ate voraciously. Presently one of them, then both, turned to stare at Jane, which at first disconcerted her. She soon saw, however, from the coldly impersonal glances, that they were not staring at her at all; only at her clothes. They dispassionately eyed each item of her apparel, from hat to shoes, scarcely seeming conscious of a human presence inside these. She wondered if that was the way she had looked at them.

They seemed at last to have appraised her clothes and fell again to their food. One of them professed to be on a diet, but decided that ice cream this once wouldn't matter. The other boasted of her own system of reducing which had no diet or exercise nonsense about it and yet was doing wonders for her.

Jane was puzzled by this; the woman was of protuberant contours and didn't seem to have had wonders done for her within any recent period.

"I always take a suite," her friend was now saying. "It's so much more comfy. You don't feel as if you were stuffed into a bandbox."

"I adore a suite," said her friend, attacking apple pie under a mound of ice cream.

Jane suddenly felt impelled to look farther down the car, and met the now-amused eyes of the frail man who had sat by her, outside. They both smiled and bowed. It then occurred to her that he had observed and been amused by her scrutiny of the women opposite and she felt her cheeks redden. The man had looked away when she glanced at him again, but his mouth still seemed amused under the straw-colored mustache. His own food was nothing more than milk and a plate of crackers. His cap being off, she could note that his hair was reddish and seemed impetuously to have resented brushing. He was older with the cap off—forty or fifty, she decided.

Jane paid for her meal, a little self-conscious when she tipped her first waiter. The thoughtful Marcy had instructed her that she must be scrupulous about tipping. The waiter, she saw, readily divined her intention concerning the quarter she left on his little silver tray. She went back to the observation car, meaning to resume her outside seat; but now it was too dusty out there even for her, so she sat in one of the wide armchairs and abandoned herself to tingling. Here the frail man came presently, smiled when their eyes met, lifted his cap and let himself slowly down into the chair beside her.

"You spoke out there," he began, waving toward the platform—"you said you had lived somewhere a long time. But my voice isn't in the best shape and I couldn't acknowledge it then. It's fierce, trying to talk there."

He pointed a long, bony finger to his throat. His voice was husky and not strong, even here.

"Oh, yes, I've lived a long time in those mountains," she told him.

"You have a summer home there?"

She had an impulse to confirm this, or to let him think she did; but his eyes were so candid and friendly that she said, "Oh, my! Summer and winter and all the time, so many years! But I've left it now—just this morning."

"You're glad to leave it?"

"Glad? Oh!"

This was short, but she had made it convey her great gladness, and his face lighted with sympathy. He seemed about to question her again, then to decide that this wouldn't do.

"And you'll soon be off this loathsome train," he said instead.

"Loathsome—this train?"

He noted her blank look amusedly and explained that he had been on the train five days. But she still thought him queer. How could anyone find this beautiful train loathsome after five days or ten days, or any time at all?

"I couldn't help overlooking your duel with the two ladies opposite you in the diner," he was presently saying. He smiled reminiscently.

"I wanted to see what they were wearing," she defended herself.

"And they wanted to see what you were wearing, and you both saw, with what I believe is the coldest, most appallingly inhuman look that ever comes to mortal eyes. I always shiver when I find myself in range of it, raked by cross fires. It's uniquely womanish. Can you imagine two men looking each other over that way?"

"I never noticed; but of course men don't care about other men's clothes, because they don't care so very much about their own."

"Don't they? You have been winter and summer in the mountains a long time, haven't you?" He seemed to become conscious of his own badly fitting suit and pulled down the lapels of his coat. "You should have seen these clothes when they came a year—or was it a year and a half?—ago. I was proud of their fit; perfect, I assure you. I'm—I'm not so plump now."

So that was it. Jane tactfully said it was a beautiful suit, and they talked of San Francisco, discovering that they would go to the same hotel. When he learned that she was alone, he hoped he might be of service to her in the city and gave her his card from a leather case—Mr. John

(Continued on Page 36)

And Here She Was, Frustrate, Baffled, Betrayed by the Life She Had Rushed Out to. Could Life Itself be a Trap Then?

Such Wide-Spread Appeal Found In No Other Car

People who had previously driven only cars of highest price are now enthusiastic Chrysler Six owners.

People of wealth who have used chauffeurs for years have discovered new and zestful exhilaration in personally driving the Chrysler Six.

People who previously had felt themselves restricted to cars of lower first cost, now find greater economy—and vastly greater satisfaction—in Chrysler Six ownership.

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More-than-abundant power and perfect balance of all units give it flashing speed for the open road, lightning-like acceleration for traffic, and economy consistent with results that set the Chrysler Six apart as the pattern of brilliant six-cylinder performance.

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Hydraulic four-wheel brakes on all Chrysler Four models at slight extra cost.

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Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

CHRYSLER SIX

(Continued from Page 34)

Ryland Mead. She told him her own name, explaining that she had no card with her.

"Miss Starbird?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," she quickly said, and knew that his lips twitched under the drooping mustache.

"You're staying some time here?" he asked.

Jane seemed not to know. She was conscious that those queer, shrewd eyes of his scanned her face while she deliberated.

"I'm not sure where I shall stay," she finally said. "I shall go south rather soon; I have some wonderful friends there." She paused, debating with herself again. His question had been surprising, because it so abruptly brought her to realize the need of an actual itinerary for her exodus. She suddenly smiled in confession. "I don't think I shall care where I go or where I stay so long as I'm away."

"Away—merely away?"

"That's it; just away. Oh, any place where life is!" She was fervent in this avowal.

"I see." He seemed grave enough with understanding, but there was an odd dancing light back in his eyes that left her puzzled. He rose. "I shall find you on the boat," he said. "And perhaps you'd like to see this." He left her the magazine he had carried.

She looked at it when he had gone, but it was one of those severe magazines without pictures. She might have found something in its solidly printed pages to read at a cool time, but the present moments were far from cool. Not even a magazine with pictures could have diverted her from the actual life that thickened all about her.

A little later she stood stiffly while the porter brushed a lot of dust from her. She liked the way he did it. His broom played about her with a conscious rhythm of that life itself to which her own pulses were beating so secretly while she pretended she was merely at the end of a commonplace journey.

She stepped from the car and waited for the porter to lift down her bags. When these came she saw that Mr. Mead had also been waiting. He was accompanied by a stocky, red-cheeked young man in black, who, she divined from his alert, attentive manner, would be a servant. He was watchfully awaiting the Mead hand luggage, of which there seemed to be a great deal and which he was building into a wall about him as it came.

"Look after Miss Starbird's two bags, won't you, Mason? She's going to our hotel."

She was about to protest. Mason, it seemed to her, had already enough bags to look after. But his "Yes, sir," was so unflurried that she kept still. As she turned to walk on with Mead, she saw a bag of what she knew to be golf clubs added to the other luggage.

She felt an excited need for speech, so she said, "You play golf—a friend of mine made a seventh hole in one not long ago."

She hadn't known whether this was a really notable achievement, and was delighted when her companion seemed to consider it so.

"That's an unearthly joy I've never had," he confessed, and turned to glance back at his bag of clubs. She noted that his eyes were wistful. "I don't know if I shall be able to play at all," he added; "but it's a comfort to have the old clubs standing about. They encourage me."

She queerly thought of Wiley Tedmon with his clothes waiting.

"I know," she said.

"Oh, you do?" He glanced at her sharply.

They walked on with the dense crowd, Mr. Mead with a stick that was plainly more than formal item in his equipment. Again she had to fight down the impulse to take his arm and march him stoutly into her own triumph over life. She was conscious of being glad he was there; she was suffering a little of the old child timidity in this jostling throng. She knew well enough the throng was all friendly, that jostling and hurrying was only a way of life; but she was also quite aware that she would, without this knowing guide, have been unreasonably terrified. For all his frailness, he was at ease. Apparently no mere crowd could distress or even confuse him. He seemed, in truth, quite unaware of the crowd, as if they walked alone down a deserted platform, past disconcerting turnstiles and onto a great empty boat. She thought it uncanny the way he chatted as if they were solitary and all the madly hurrying people were phantoms that only she could see. His eyes rested on them constantly and his ears must be assailed with their clamor, yet he was serenely alone with her.

He led her to the boat's upper deck, where they stood by the rail, and from where Jane could look down on the solid mass of people that poured aboard. Her eyes danced over their heads and over the motor cars and trucks that came on. The cars were so palpably restraining some fierce energy out of consideration for the boat, and the trucks came drawn by great heavy-footed horses that clumped stolidly along a resounding floor.

She was sympathetically frantic when, just as iron gates were about to be drawn across the passageway, a man, a woman and three children, heavily overladen with bags and bundles, came laboring on, barely in time. She exhaled with a vast relief the breath she had held when it seemed that those implacable gates would come together before the hurrying family. She would have liked to tell her companion how glad she was they hadn't missed the boat, but she knew he had seen nothing of the incident.

Mason brought him a muffler of creamy wool which he helped to adjust beneath the collar of the gray overcoat. The boat came to life with pulsations of a vast heart somewhere beneath them. She vividly remembered that stirring rhythm. It excited her now as it had long ago. It was life itself, the deep current of it, persisting with a dispassionate steadiness that nothing human could alter. It was reassuring, and yet, too, it carried a sinister implication. Life was going to be life—you could like it or not.

But this was only a passing negation in the happy current. She thought she must have felt that queer little twinge because of the changed sky. She was no longer under a far, lifted blue. A soft grayness pressed thickly down upon her. Yet even as she looked, over from the west there came a blast of sunlight that warmed and promised. Her feet, on this, got beyond control; she could no longer keep them motionless on the deck.

"I must walk a bit," she explained to her companion.

He smiled knowingly, then shrugged his gaunt, muffled shoulders.

"Sorry I can't walk with you; merely standing is terrific exercise for me. And don't forget that Mason has your bags."

"Oh, I shall come back," she quickly assured him, remembering she would soon be at the gates of a city where another crowd would overwhelm her. "I only want to ——" She broke off, knowing she had started to say, "I only want to see more life."

"I know, I know," he said, and again she observed that queer light back of his eyes; she was now able to read it as secret amusement.

She didn't resent it, but smiled in a sort of confession as she walked quickly along the deck and away from him where she needn't so strictly guard her tremors of exaltation. She walked swiftly around the deck, thrilling to the presence of the crowd that occupied its benches or stood by the rail to look off over the choppy gray waters. When she had completed the circuit and come to where she could see Mr. Mead staring into the west, she turned into the upper cabin, consciously avoiding his notice. Here, too, were exciting people guarding bags, and bundles, and tense, it seemed to her, with the most delightful expectancies.

When she had twice surveyed them all, she descended a stairway to the lower cabin, which was even more alive with its crowd, and made more vivacious not only by the presence of motor cars in a significant guarded silence, as if they might leap to life at any moment, but by the nearer throbbing of the engine. The people were a plainer lot than those above stairs, but more animated, talking in groups or pairs and moving constantly about as if impatient like herself for the city. Only the big horses hitched to trucks seemed entirely calm. The driver of one truck was feeding his horses a bunch of carrots filched, apparently, from a near-by wagon piled high with vegetables. She stood to watch this, laughing at the great leathery upper lips as they lifted and at the mincing little snatches of the big teeth at the titbit. She patted one horse on the shoulder and exchanged grins with the driver.

After she had assimilated what this charming cabin had to offer, she went back to Mr. Mead. The city already loomed ahead; this frail man with his superiority to crowds and confusion would become a tower of strength. He had been resting on a bench, she saw, but stood up when she approached.

"You only wanted to be alone so you could dance," he told her.

"How did you know?" It was pleasant not to need pretense with this man.

He didn't answer this, but regarded her searchingly.

"You've never been to a city before, not even on a train, I dare say."

"Not since I was ten," she admitted. "I've been shut up—in a trap."

"And you've contrived an escape. What do you think you'll find?"

"Life, of course," she told him.

"I see that, to be sure. But life—life can do such mean things to one. It can play one of the lowest sort of tricks in the most offhand manner."

"But now, at last, I can do what I wish," she insisted. She said it tolerantly. Here was a glum, oldish man, forgetting his youth—and hers. But he was kind, and in other ways seemed wise enough.

"Can you?" he asked; and then, "We arrive." He pointed to the clock tower swiftly nearing. They stood silent a moment, watching streets define themselves across the narrow stretch. All at once he turned to regard her with meditative eyes and said queerly, "Do you happen to know why running water is the loveliest thing in the world, and makes the only perfect music?"

She shook her head.

"Because it's the only thing that does gracefully what it must do. It hasn't ever suffered delusions that it can do what it wishes. That's why it's always happy."

"Pooh!" said Jane, but only to herself. To the speaker she replied, "I've waited so long—so long; I wanted to be out here. I had to come."

"Of course you did." His eyes danced again. "I was only throwing cold water to see how you'd stand it."

"We're here, we're here!" she cried, dancing where she stood.

The boat bumped to its berth, the iron dam was withdrawn, and they were swept forward on a torrent. She saw Mason being jostled near by and noted with horror that he had no bags. Had he been terrified by the crowd into forgetting them? But she saw his employer note his unladen presence with a calm eye, and knew that somehow all was well.

At the exit from the ferryhouse she was more grateful than ever for his protecting presence. It was pandemonium there from which, alone, she thought she would have fled back to the boat. So many people surged about her with such wild cries of command, of inquiry, and sometimes of pleading. She stood stiffly, marveling at the cool competence of this weak man in a situation that was frightful. Again he saw no crowd; it simply wasn't there. They were alone while he watched Mason expertly wheedle her own bags from their uniformed custodian before a clamoring group could obtain theirs. They were still alone while he and Mason with the bags walked out with her to a row of cabs flanked by yelling, gesticulating drivers. To him, she knew, there was but one cab with a silent driver by it, standing in an otherwise deserted street. Her bags were stowed and she was inside.

"I hope we shall meet again, and don't forget to call upon Mason or me if we can help you in any way." He lifted his cap.

"Oh, good-by, I'm sure—and thank you."

Before the cab moved she could watch him go back into the still-violent turmoil, quite apparently believing himself to be solitary.

She next stood at the desk of a hotel, received a pen which someone back of it conferred upon her, wrote her name with a hand that twitched almost beyond control, and seemed to debate a query from behind the desk.

"What would you prefer in the way of a room, Miss Starbird?"

"I—I always take a suite," she crisply said.

She watched the inquirer turn away to scan a board covered with narrow slips. While he appeared to meditate interestedly before these she dared to glance up and about her. She was in a vast, lofty hall of columned splendors; through a luminous dusk she could see rich vistas leading to other such halls. The magnificence was overpowering—the magnificence of her new home!

"Front!" cried a voice that startled her from this entrancement, and again "Front! Show the lady to 9, 10 and 11."

She was shown to her suite. When the boy had put down her bags, she tipped him and said, "Thank you, Front."

XIX

FROM the tumult raging so long about her she had been plunged into a bath of stillness that laved her gratefully. It was some moments before the immediate again challenged. Her parlor fronted high on a green square of park. Back of it was a bedroom and a white-tiled bath that caused her breath to shorten when she opened the door on it. There were two narrow beds, regally fitted, and both here and in the parlor was furniture of a later period than she had known.

She stood between the beds, already trying to decide which of them she would use. A reading light stood on the table between them; she snapped it on and off, enjoying the subdued glow it made from under a silk shade. It caused her to notice other lights, and she began a tour of the rooms, pushing buttons that turned on a bewildering number of them. Even the great dark closet could be lighted by a push.

After she had tried out all her lighting effects, she lingered before each of the many pictures on the walls, mostly of gay ladies and cavaliers in narrow gilt frames, looking French and historical amid carefully landscaped glades. Nor was she long in discovering two full-length mirrors set in doors. This was a novelty. Never before had she been able to survey her reflected self from head to foot at one time. Then she observed that the mirrors could be made to complement each other delightfully. By opening one of the doors part way she could not only view what the fashion magazine described as her silhouette, but she could actually see her back, and enjoy a queer sensation of being another person.

Becoming at last mildly satiated with visions of herself, she went to stand before the open front window of her parlor, looking down on the grotesquely shortened figures of people who sat on benches in the park far below, or lay sprawled on the grass. The delectable noises of life came up to her, their sharpest note being of bells that jangled

(Continued on Page 74)

To destroy rancid odors and flavors—

this "double action" cleanser

Sunbrite sweetens as well as scours

SO MANY good things come out of the deep fat frying kettle! Yet one little tinge of rancid, left-over fat can ruin a delicate flavor.

Roasting pans and skillets—all utensils in which fat is used—require scrupulous care. Burned fat is particularly hard to clean off. Every overlooked spot holds a rancid flavor.

Sunbrite, the "double action" cleanser, is the very thing needed to keep your utensils not only scoured and shining but sweet and fresh and odorless. In **Sunbrite** there is an element which has a sweetening, purifying power. Yet it is fine and mild and will not scratch nor hurt hands.

And "double action" costs no more! The price of **Sunbrite** is surprisingly low when you consider results. With each can there is a United Profit Sharing Coupon.

Not only your kitchen utensils but your kitchen sink, your bathroom fixtures need this double action cleanser. Try **Sunbrite;** in addition to keeping things spotlessly clean, it also keeps them free from all taint of staleness.

Swift & Company

Quick Naptha Chips

get the dirt without harmful action

A soap powerful against dirt yet so mild it will not harm a thread of fabric or tender hands! Just try this new soap in handy flake form. Watch it work its quick cleaning magic; notice how soft and fresh and white your clothes come from its fleecy suds! Use it for dishes, woodwork and in the washing machine

Living room in the home of Mr. Frances A. Maulsby, New Rochelle, N.Y., laid with Gold Seal Inlaid (Belflor Pattern No. 2047-3)

Gold Seal Inlaid, Universal Pattern No. 52-151

Gold Seal Inlaid, Dutch Tile Pattern No. 7150-4

— now it's a room everybody admires

When it was first furnished this charming living room looked very different from the picture you see here. True, the furniture and the hangings were the same but there was something disappointing in the general effect. The room lacked individuality.

At the suggestion of an interior decorator, Belflor Inlaid was put down over the wooden floor. The transformation was astonishing. The contrasting tiles of warm brown and tan gave a cheering hospitable atmosphere to which no picture can do justice.

Never before had the mahogany pieces seemed so rich and lovely, the rugs so luxurious. The room at last had character. That is what always happens wherever Nairn Belflor Inlaid is used.

You'll find a wonderful variety of Belflor patterns to suit every room and every type of furnishing. Like all *Gold Seal Inlaids* it is moderate in price, yet its exquisite prismatic color-tones are duplicated in no other material.

For kitchens and baths, *Gold Seal Inlaids* in the *Universal* patterns are recommended. They come in tile designs in clear, solid colors as shown in the small illustration on this page.

Gold Seal Inlaids are permanent floorings—the designs go through to the back. Periodical waxing and occasional mopping keeps them in perfect condition.

When buying, look for the Gold Seal pasted on the pattern or the name "Nairn" on the back.

Ask your dealer to show you the newest vogue in Dutch Tile patterns —"straight with the edges." Nowhere else will you find Dutch Tiles in this form at such a low price. Be sure to see them.

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NAIRN

GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

TRADE MARK

TONIGHT AT THE RIVER LANDING

(Continued from Page 17)

show boat of all, seating 1400 persons. The Golden Rod follows just a week behind the Sensation, playing the same dates, and its advance man is aboard the leading boat. While the audience is watching Andy Gump he will be on the levee posting stickers for the Golden Rod on the windshield of every car.

This season's bill on the larger boat is Spooks—the same Spooks that opened on Broadway in June of this year with Grant Mitchell in the leading rôle, and played there until September. The previous season the James Adams played the bill on the Atlantic. It is a "Who did it?" mystery drama by Robert Sherman, a Chicago writer of rep show dramas that are not intended for and rarely see the big time. But the rep shows and boat shows sent back such reports of Spooks' possibilities that Sherman put the play on in Chicago last spring and in New York later to moderate runs.

Show boating is the life of Reilly for the small-time performer. One show a day, six shows a week, no trains to catch, no baggage to move, no boarding houses reeking of last year's cabbage, no rehearsals after the first weeks, no tips to orchestra leader and stage crew. They move their wardrobe trunks into their stateroom dressing room in March and the trunks stay there until November. One jump carries them from the final curtain into bed, if they choose. Free electricity lights them, fans them, heats their irons and their percolators. Steam heat warms them and steam from the boilers, passing through the calliope into a condenser, thence into a chill box, emerges as pure cold drinking water. The food is excellent. Two steps outside their quarters is perpetual swimming and fishing. If it is cool anywhere it is cool on the river. Salaries range from thirty-five to fifty dollars for teams, twenty and twenty-five dollars for singles and fifteen dollars a week for chorus girls, but they are net. The trouper need not spend a cent for the eight or nine months of the season and may go ashore in the winter with a bank roll.

They laze, read, swim, fish, sew, gossip, play cards, refurbish their wardrobes, get up for breakfast or stay abed as they like, play the phonograph or listen in on Mr. and Mrs. Cooper's radio, make chafing-dish messes after the show, picnic on shore, run up to the nearest large town occasionally or spit reflectively overside and watch the land drift by.

Too Easy

But there are snakes in Eden. The performer, discovering the show boat for the first time and signing on for a season's cruise, asks, "How long has this been going on?" After the first two weeks he is telling the manager, "Mister, just try and drive me off this boat; I'm here until she sinks"; and he is writing to fellow troupers telling them of the soft snap he and the missus have found.

"Then they begin to miss seeing their names in the papers," an old show boatman explains. "Actors sure do like to see their names in the papers, even if it's only one agate line in the ads. And the peace and quiet that looked so good at first begins to be too much of a good thing. Lots of them don't know what to do with their spare time. The scenery changes every day, but it's pretty much the same kind of scenery—just restful—and the troupers start hankering for what they are used to. Most of them get themselves adjusted and go ashore at the end of the season fat and brown and with more money in their jeans than they ever had at one time before, but not many come back for a second season and some can't stick out the first. 'I guess we just weren't cut out for this slow and easy,' they tell me. 'It's too much like going back to the old home town and settling down. I sort of yearn to hear a traffic cop bawl somebody out again and to see something besides a bolt of calico and a keg of gingersnaps in a store window.' Then we have to wire an ad to Billboard for a new team or single."

"Aunt Callie" French, Master and Pilot

The show-boat license varies from twenty-five cents at Addison, Ohio, to sixty dollars at Cape Girardeau. At one small town recently the local picture theater engineered an advance in the show-boat license to fifty dollars. The Sensation cast off its lines, dropped anchor, then lifted its gangplank just far enough to remove contact with the municipal soil, but still permitting easy access to the feet of the audience. At 7:30 P. M. the town clerk called and accepted the usual twenty-five dollars and two complimentary seats as payment in full.

Four nights before Wickliffe, at Golconda, Illinois, the wail of the town's fire siren in the midst of the performance had stampeded the audience and come as near causing a panic as anything in the boat's long history. The Sensation boasts of a record of no spectator ever drowned or injured. The company tried to stem the rush for the gangplank, but everyone in the house envisaged his own home in flames. Fifteen minutes later the crowd trooped back and the show went on. The conflagration, it developed, consisted of two towels smoldering behind a barber shop.

This is the twenty-fifth season of the present boat, but there has been a French's New Sensation on the river every year since 1878, when Capt. A. B. French and his wife sailed out of Cincinnati and blazed the trail. Cincinnati is the home of the four Menke brothers, present owners of the boat and of the Golden Rod. B. F. and J. W. Menke were working as watchmakers in Jersey City in 1906 and were homesick for the Ohio Valley. Quitting their benches, they built a forty-foot gas boat, shipped it by rail to Pittsburgh and set out down the Ohio for home. The ice overtook them at Uniontown, Kentucky, where the Sensation also was frozen up. Captain French had died in 1902 and his widow was captaining the boat, with Capt. John McNair as manager. McNair offered the Menkes and their gas boat a job in advance of the Sensation the following season. They accepted and have remained on the river ever since. The next year Mrs. French sold out to her old rival, Capt. E. A. Price, of Newport, Kentucky, and the Menkes, liking the life, went out in advance of the Wonderland. Three years later B. F. Menke and Brad N. Coleman bought the Sunny South. In 1914 Menke and Coleman had the Floating Hippodrome with which they ventured out of the Mississippi into the Gulf to Mobile Bay and up the Alabama River into country that never had seen or heard of a boat show, but the adventure was not repeated.

The boat was tied up for ten days at a stretch by wind, in the lee of a coastal island, for one thing. In 1917 J. W. and B. F. Menke bought the Sensation from Captain Price, and their brothers, C. F. and H. J., came into the business.

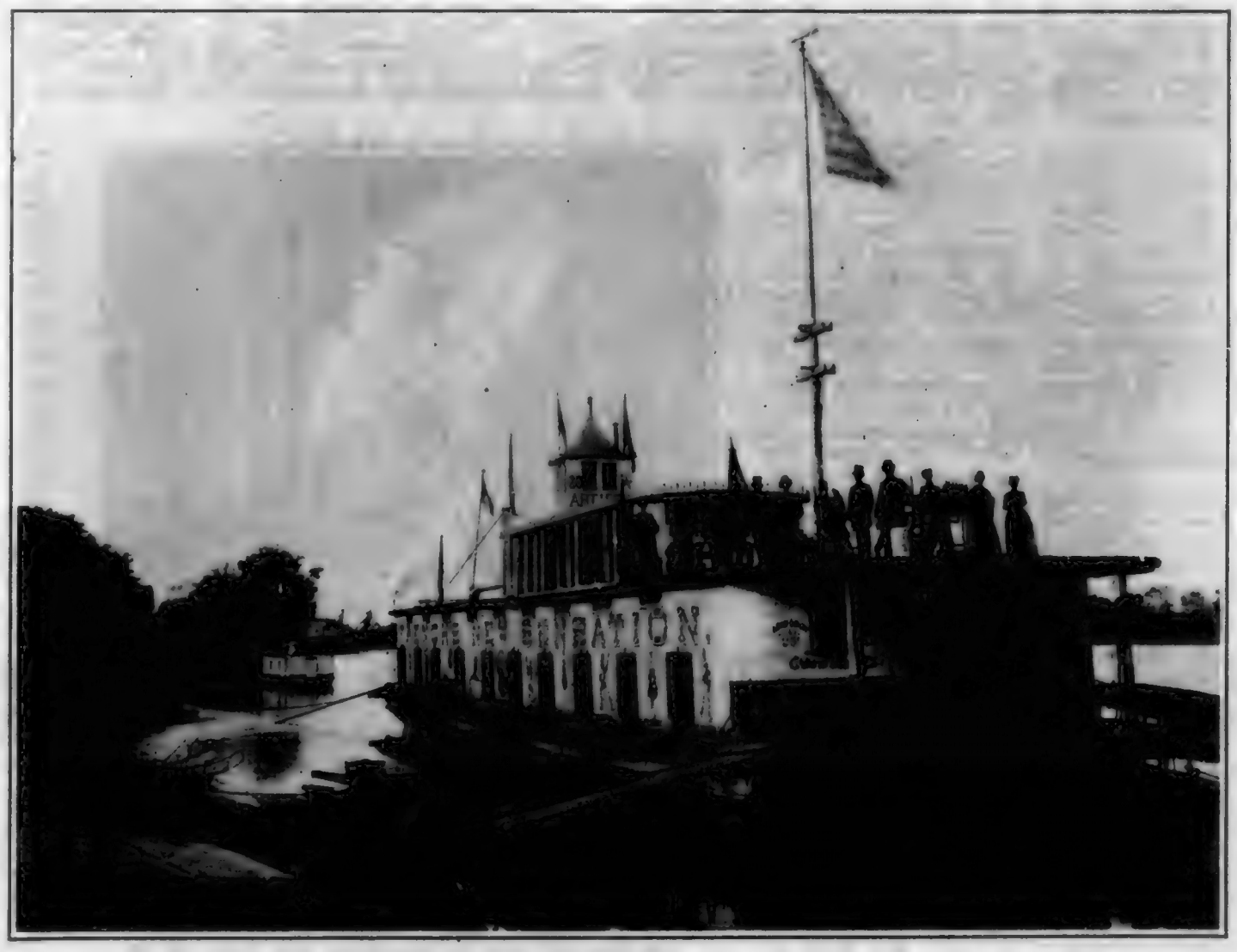
Behind the Floating Footlights

Their second boat, the Golden Rod, is the flagship of the show-boat fleet and can look any landlubberly theater straight in the façade as it floats by. It has a stage forty feet wide and twenty-four feet deep, with six drop curtains and a full set of scenery. Its auditorium is one hundred and sixty-two feet long and includes nineteen upholstered boxes. All show boats have a marked family resemblance outwardly, their general contour that of a Baltimore two-family flat transposed to a car ferry. In their interior accommodations and entertainment they vary considerably. They provide the river audiences with a wide variety of the latter, ranging from current dramas still in their copyrighted youth through the East Lynne school to Uncle Tom's Cabin and musical shows. Everything but grand opera has been played on the river, including medicine shows, freak shows, menageries, circuses and minstrels; but vaudeville, better known as specialties, is the old stand-by.

Even Ophelia is reputed to have trailed her daisy chain down the Ohio littoral once long ago.

D. Otto Hitner's Cotton Blossom ranks next to the Golden Rod in the fleet.

It seats 1200 persons and carries an orchestra of fourteen, which plays on the landing or in the village before each show. Mrs. Hitner usually adapts the Cotton Blossom's repertoire from best-selling novels. This season the bill was John Fox, Jr.'s, Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, together, of course, with vaudeville in which the company doubled.



The Second French Boat, 1886. Performers' Quarters in the Texas. Company Ranged About the Calliope

A portrait of George M. Cohan hangs in the office of the Bryant show boat and Billy Bryant plays nothing but Mr. Cohan's nasal drama by choice. The Bryant alternated this season between The Fortune Hunter and a piece entitled Sent to the Poor Farm, or Over the Hill. Mundy and June, a juggling act that has opened or closed many a big-time vaudeville bill, roamed the rivers on the Bryant in 1925.

Nicol and Reynolds' Majestic, which customarily goes in for the drama, offered its patrons vaudeville and musical revue, and made a side excursion up the Big Sandy River, where the calliope rarely is heard calling to its mate. Capt. William Reynolds' America was last spoken on the Kanawha, playing The Call of the Night and Traffic in Souls, and joyfully reported two dates where no license fee was exacted.

The Princess ventured far up the Kentucky River to Beattyville. At Old Landing, Kentucky, as the show boat rounded the bend, a Kentucky family of fourteen, and seven gallons of huckleberries, were waiting on the bank. Pa, ma and their twelve had walked eleven miles from home and waited five hours. In lieu of cash they traded the seven gallons of huckleberries at the box office for fourteen balcony seats, and huckleberry pie, huckleberry cobbler and just huckleberries were the desserts in the Princess dining room the rest of the week. It was the first show the father and mother had seen in twenty-five years, and the first time in any theater for the children. A young woman, Miss Ruth Williams, plays the calliope and the piano on this boat.

Capt. Roy Hyatt's Water Queen played Uncle Tom's Cabin going down river and a river version of Rags to Riches upward bound. It was the Water Queen which was leased for a week last August by a motion-picture company as a location for a number of scenes in a picture they were making.

New Martinsville, West Virginia, was the breathless scene of this episode, and brakemen on the Baltimore and Ohio still are calling "All out for Hollywood on the Ohio," it is said. On the second night of the company in New Martinsville, the man who was directing the picture, asked for 600 volunteers for extras. Anticipating some diffidence, he offered to make up the first 100 applicants and use them conspicuously.

At eight o'clock the next morning, the hour set, 800 men, women and children were milling about the front of the Riverview Hotel and the director had to use them all. The mayor and his family and the president of the local Kiwanis Club were among the volunteers in make-up. On Saturday so many thousand visitors streamed in from as far away as Parkersburg and Zanesville that a detachment of state troopers was dispatched by the governor to direct the traffic.

Rivalry Between River Romeos

The beginnings of the show boats go back to the early years of American control of the Mississippi Basin. Soon after Jefferson bought Louisiana from Napoleon, strolling players drifted over the mountains in the wake of the first tide of Yankee emigration, and in lieu of anything better, performed on keel boats and rafts. In 1817 an actor named N. M. Ludlow crossed the Blue Ridge to the headwaters of the Cumberland, where he built a rude shelter on a keel boat and drifted down the Cumberland, the Ohio and the Mississippi with a show that passed muster on the frontier. His was the first recorded show boat, and was successful enough to attract the competition of Sol Smith, a well-known actor for whom Sol Smith Russell was named. Ludlow and Smith were rivals on the river for a number of years. The lines of Ludlow's boat were cast off during a performance once, and company and audience drifted a mile down stream before anyone aboard realized that the craft had cleared port. Ludlow blamed Smith, but it seems to have been a practical joke by village cut-ups.

There is a newspaper account extant of a river steamer converted into a floating theater in New York City in 1845 for the purpose of playing the Hudson and Long Island Sound. It set out on tour, but there all trace of it vanishes from the records. Apparently it was an abortive enterprise, never repeated in the East.

Captain A. B. French, a Year Before He Died

William Chapman, an English actor, and his family of six appeared in Pittsburgh in 1827, launched a show boat and became famous on the river as a one-family entertainment. A woodcut of Chapman's boat exists and shows it to have been a poor thing resembling a garage set down on a small barge. Much more pretentious were Spaulding and Rogers' Floating Palace and Dan Rice's Floating Palace, river circuses, which made a great splash for a few seasons just before the Civil War; but whether the circuses actually played aboard the boats or merely used them as transportation is not quite clear. The expense proved prohibitive, at any rate, and the outbreak of war put an end to them.

Gil Robinson, in his book, Old Wagon Show Days, tells of an incident of the one season the John Robinson shows traveled the rivers on their own steamer. Chief, a rogue elephant, struck down a boy at a performance as the climax of a series of escapades. Gil Robinson determined to discipline the elephant, over the opposition of the trainer, John King, who was killed by the beast a year later at Charlotte, North Carolina. According to Robinson, King wished it to be thought that he alone could handle Chief, thus insuring the permanency of his job as trainer.

The circus boat was hove to off an island in the Ohio. The elephant was trussed up in chains, the chains carried over the fork of a great tree, and a steam winch on the deck hoisted the brute a foot off ground. All the troupe feared and hated the rogue and most of them joined in beating him with anything and everything on which they could lay hand, without breaking the pachyderm's spirit, until Robinson ordered a fire of hay built under the outlaw. At the first flick of the flames Chief trumpeted for quarter and returned docilely to the steamboat. In winter quarters in Cincinnati several months later the elephant ran amuck. King, the trainer, and the police were helpless and Robinson was sent for. Arriving, he found Chief methodically demolishing a frame building occupied by a terrified baker and his family as shop and home. At one shout from the man who had built a fire beneath him, the elephant desisted instantly and trudged tamely back to quarters.

Once in modern times a circus took to the river. W. P. Newman sold out his drygoods store in Charleston, West Virginia, about 1901 and launched the Great American Water Circus. Two Pittsburgh barges lashed together, the adjoining bulkheads knocked out, the hulls filled with earth and a circus top spread overhead, made a practicable floating arena, which was towed by a steamer. The show carried forty head of horses and fourteen parade wagons, and paraded at every stop. One of its attractions was a troop of diving horses. They dived from a high platform into the river, but it being noticed that they dived not of their own volition but because a trap was yanked from beneath their feet, the S. P. C. A. and local authorities intervened. The circus played the Ohio and its tributaries from Evansville to Pittsburgh for four seasons. Newman's was the last attempt at a floating circus.

The fact that there is no mention of the institution in Mark Twain's classic, Life on the Mississippi, would indicate either that floating entertainment was uncommon in Clemens' time as a pilot or that it had grown too disreputable for mention. Certainly gamblers, tricksters and worse had made the boats a byword until the time came when armed posses of citizens guarded the landing and prevented them from tying up. This reputation, together with four years of war, drove the boats from the rivers, never to return in their old guise.

When, thirteen years after the close of the war, the first one reappeared, it was a different institution outwardly and inwardly. Captain French and his wife, the pioneers of the modern show boat, were years in effacing that old reputation.

"The Mary Pickford of the Chesapeake," Miss Beulah Adams, Leading Woman of the James Adams Floating Theater

An orphan at Palmyra, Missouri, the county-seat town for Hannibal, home of Mark Twain, French had joined on a river steamer as cabin boy at just about the time that Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer and Nigger Jim were heading down river on a raft. Later the boy was one of a rag, tag and bobtail troupe that drifted from town to town on a flatboat, but played ashore in halls, and still later with Dan Rice's and the Spaulding and Rogers' Floating Palaces. The war drove him from the river and he was running a grocery in Clarksburg, Ohio, in 1878, when the road called again. Selling out, he put the proceeds of the grocery into a tent show. The second town the tent show played was Waterloo, Ohio, and there he met and married Miss Callie Leach.

A Show Boat That Rode the Rapids

The tent show was well enough, but French yearned for the river. His bride never had seen a boat other than the barges on the old Ohio Canal, but she had the stuff of pioneers in her and backed him in selling the tent show and building the original French's New Sensation. The craft was sixteen by eighty-five feet over-all, one deck only, with a kitchen and living room back of the tiny stage and four small staterooms, one used as a box office, at the bow. The seats were benches, the first six rows reserved at an extra ten cents and distinguished by red-and-white bedticking tacked upon them, or in the language of the river folk, "A bench with a rag on it for a dime."

There was no towboat, the boat being propelled and guided when necessary by a long sweep at each side and a steering oar at the stern. When it got into close quarters all hands, men and women, were mustered to man the sweeps. As the company of ten were paid by the performance and ice always is a possibility in the Ohio in November, with its threat of idle weeks and months, French hurried downstream as fast as the current would carry him.

The falls at Louisville were his first hurdle. The lock canal around the rapids, now government owned, then was a private enterprise and the tolls high, several dollars more in this instance than the skipper's total capital. The cruise might have ended there had not a falls pilot volunteered to take the Sensation through the rapids for five dollars. French risked his boat and got through safely, only to be overtaken by ice on Christmas morning at Caseyville, Kentucky. The floes tore him from his moorings, and boat and company drifted helplessly in the ice for 100 miles to Cairo, Illinois, where a steam tug came out to the rescue, rammed its way through after repeated assaults, got a hawser aboard the Sensation and snaked it into free water just half a mile above the mouth of the Ohio, where the little show boat unquestionably would have been ground to pieces in the dangerously swift and eddying confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi.

The frightened actors at once jumped ship and quit the river for good and all, a disguised blessing to the Frenches, for the boat was icebound for three more weeks at Cairo. French was a bit of a magician, ventriloquist and impersonator, and his old circus comrade, Frank Herbert, who lived in Cairo, was training his two young sons as acrobats. Between the skipper's versatility and the boy acrobats, the Sensation managed to give shows during the tie-up and raise enough money to stay afloat.

(Continued on Page 42)

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Early in 1879 the show boat headed down the Mississippi with a cast of three and a piano player. The performance consisted of magic, ventriloquism, banjo playing, impersonations, a stump speech by the ticket seller, and concluded with the Aerial Sensation, or Sleeping in the Air, by the two Herbert boys. With no certainty of the powerless boat keeping to a schedule, there could be no advance advertising. On arrival a drum was beaten and handbills passed through the town. Ten minutes after the performance was done the lines were cast off and the boat drifted on to make its next stand the following night, perhaps not for a week, depending on wind and weather. Many days and nights were lost lying windbound along some wooded bank.

The Sensation reached New Orleans in June with enough money to hire a tow back to Cincinnati from a Pittsburgh towboat that had brought a string of barges down the river and was going back light. Low water in the Ohio stopped both the tug and its tow at Elizabethtown, Illinois, and kept them there all summer. On October eighth the Sensation set out downstream on its second cruise with the same company of three.

Added to low water, high water, ice, wind, weather and lack of capital was the constant obstacle of the bad name of the prewar show boats. Once in Mississippi on that second cruise not a woman appeared in the audience. The captain stepped before the curtain and indignantly demanded the attention of the spectators to the fact that Mrs. French traveled on the boat and that he respected his wife as much as any man in Mississippi respected his.

"Kindly pass out and receive your money at the box office," he concluded. "There will be no performance until you return with your wives, your sisters and your daughters. This is not a men-only entertainment."

The Amphibious Frenches

The spectators clamored for the show to go on, but the curtain stayed down. A gale was blowing which would prevent the Sensation from quitting its moorings for the night. Lights were turned out and the company turned in. An hour later there was a shouting from the bank and Captain French peered out in his nightshirt.

"We've come back with our ladies; now give us our show!" was the cry from the bank.

The troupe was piped out of bed, the kerosene lights were lit, the box office opened and the regular performance given. The story of this episode traveled up and down the river and helped largely in French's battle to erase the blot from the show boat's escutcheon.

The spring of 1880, with money in the bank and prosperity just around the bend, the river struck again, and the Sensation hit a submerged check post in making a landing at Vidalia, Louisiana, opposite Natchez, and sank in six feet of water. The indomitable captain bought a barge, transferred the superstructure of the old boat to the new, and was on his way up river to St. Louis behind a tow by middle May, but with his savings wiped out. The Sensation left St. Louis on its third cruise in October, encountered ice in November, and early in December went aground on a gravel bar near Tiptonville, Tennessee. The river was falling and by dawn the boat was high and dry, to stay there, a quarter of a mile from the water, until early spring.

French carried a blind horse aboard as the motive power for a merry-go-round that was set ashore at every landing before a performance. Rigging up a sled, to which the blind horse was attached, the show trunks were hauled to Tiptonville, where the company showed in the courthouse, the sympathetic county officials waiving both rent and license.

These occasional performances in the district court room kept the troupe going until high water floated the Sensation free. But before it was far down the river it was time to turn north again, and at Vicksburg French borrowed the money to pay for a tow to Cincinnati.

There he and Mrs. French decided to try the upper Ohio for the first time, and lacking the money for a tow, they worked the awkward craft upstream with sweeps to Pittsburgh and on up the Monongahela River as boys pull a sled uphill for the ride back. Not until 1886 was he able to buy his first tug, a little steamer called the Martin J. Murphy, with only enough power to handle the Sensation downstream and make the crossings and landings. At the close of his ninth season French found his funds sufficient to build the second New Sensation, still a single-deck craft, twenty by 110 feet, with living quarters in the texas house. By now he had a first-rate specialty show, with a brass band and orchestra, a steam calliope that, unlike the modest circus affair, could wake the dead ten miles away, a new and more powerful tug and an advance man who traveled ahead by gas boat. The original boat was scrapped.

A Pilot in Petticoats

The new tug still was unequal to the job and Captain French bought the river yacht C. O. from Judge Longworth, father of the present Speaker of the House and father-in-law of Alice Roosevelt, who had built it as a pleasure craft. Knowing nothing of the history of the tug's initials, the crew called it, variously, the Cove Oyster, the Cash Out and the Cincinnati, O., until Judge Longworth told Mrs. French the story. When he was a half-grown boy he had loved a girl named Sue. At his desk in a little red schoolhouse he scribbled his love a note. It was addressed to "dear c.o.," the best approximation his orthography could make to "Sue."

The girl kept the note, and when in after years she married Judge Longworth she brought the scrawled sheet forth from the depths of her hope chest and showed it to her husband. Thus it was that the yacht was christened C. O.

French's success began to attract competition. In 1890 the finest boat yet seen on the river was built at Hawesville, Kentucky, by Capt. C. F. Breidinbaugh and christened The Theatorium. Breidinbaugh made one cruise as far as Donaldsonville, Louisiana, to poor business, and sold out to French. The Theatorium became the third New Sensation, the first of two decks, and its predecessor was sold to Orke and McNair, who operated it for two seasons under the name of The Voyageur. Two years later New Orleans capital built two large new boats at Jeffersonville, Indiana, calling them the Eugene Robinson Floating Palaces. One was a theater, the other a freak museum and menagerie, and they traveled together. The venture was a failure and Captain French opened a telegram a spring morning in 1894 at Bayou Lafourche, Louisiana, to read that the theater boat would be sold at auction from the steps of the Louisville, Kentucky, Federal building at noon the next day. He reached Louisville in time to bid in the boat.

For the ensuing six years the Frenches operated two boats, known as French's New Sensation No. 1 and No. 2. Mrs. French, who had won her pilot's license in 1888 and her master's papers in 1892, became skipper of the older boat and her husband took the newer. She was the first woman to hold a pilot's license on any river and the only woman who ever held both pilot's and master's papers. Her master's ticket reads "on all rivers," her pilot's license from Cincinnati to New Orleans, Atchafalaya River and its tributaries, Grand Lake, Bayou Teche and Bayou Lafourche. The first woman ever granted master's papers was Mary Miller. Her application so confounded the steamboat inspectors that they applied to Washington for guidance. The reply was that "Any lady of lawful age and well qualified, of good moral character, may hold any position on any vessel in the United States"—an early victory for feminism.

In 1900 the Frenches, after twenty-two seasons on the river, sold No. 1 to Capt. E. A. Price, leased No. 2 to Captain McNair and made a tour of Europe, to be greeted on their return with a telegram stating that the leased boat had burned at Elmwood, Louisiana, a total loss. The fire had started in the lighting plant, where illuminating gas was made from gasoline. Despite his failing health, Captain French built a larger and better boat at Higginsport, Ohio, in the summer of 1901, the first electric-lighted show boat, the present Sensation, operated by the Menke brothers. After her husband's death, Mrs. French and Capt. John McNair and his wife carried on the business until 1907, when the boat was sold to Captain Price.

Price, than whom the river never has known a more picturesque character, first appeared on the scene as an itinerant tintype photographer, following French's boat in its early years on a houseboat and tintyping the spectators it attracted. As soon as he had saved sufficient money Price launched a rival show boat and became French's bitterest and most successful competitor. The two boats alternately dodged and shadowed each other for many seasons. Their warfare reached the point where each would bill as many as five or six landings for the same date, letting the other go guess which town actually was to be the scene of the performance and make a dash for it at the last possible moment. Price's thrift was no mean factor in his success, where so many imitators of French had failed. To watch him passing out handbills gingerly while his band played at a landing, and snatching the dodgers back the instant they had been read, was a spectacle that still brings a reminiscent chortle to river folk.

When the show was not going well the skipper would take a place well down front, clap noisily and demand in a loud but coaxing voice of all around him, "Isn't that splendid? Didn't you enjoy that now? Did you ever see a better show?"

Aunt Callie's Boat

Mrs. French still lives in Columbia, Alabama, where she remarried and now is Mrs. Callie Tomlinson. From the farthest landing in Pennsylvania on the Monongahela to Evangeline's Oak at St. Martinville, Louisiana, up the Mississippi to Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, up the Kanawha, the Green, the Kentucky, the Miami, the Cumberland and the Illinois, she always will be "Aunt Callie French." For years after she left the river the valley folk used to demand of every show boat "Is this Aunt Callie's boat?" and reject it as an imitation if the answer was no.

In Aunt Callie's twenty-nine years on the river the French boats played vaudeville only, and the roster of the performers that came and went includes many acts that long have been familiar on the Keith and Orpheum big-time circuits. Mrs. Fuller, of Smith and Fuller, was the mother of Mrs. Charles W. Bryan. The wife of the Democratic candidate for vice president in 1924 spent two months on the Sensation with her mother, arranging her trousseau just before her marriage. McAvoy and McCoy played the Sensation in its early years. Mrs. McCoy was the mother of Bessie and Nellie McCoy, and Nellie made her professional debut on the Sensation.

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PACKARD

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AT *both* the great speedboat classics this year—the Gold Cup Race at Manhasset Bay and the 150-mile Sweepstakes on the Detroit River—Packard powered craft won *both first and second places.*

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Ask The Man Who Owns One

Watch This Column

"The Phantom of the Opera"

LON CHANEY

I am tickled to death with the reviews of the New York newspaper critics on *"The Phantom of the Opera,"* Universal's magnificent fantastic spectacle which had its premier showing at the Astor Theatre. They were not *criticisms.* They were *commendations* and enthusiastic in the extreme. Such compliments can't be bought or even influenced. They are spontaneous and sincere, and that's why they are worth while.

And so, as long as the trained observers of the Times, World, Journal, American, Sun, Herald-Tribune, Post, Daily News, Graphic and Telegraph have described this picture in glowing language, there is every reason why you should see it. Hence I suggest that you ask the manager of your nearest theatre to get it. Already it has been booked by the foremost theatres in America.

"The Calgary Stampede" with HOOT GIBSON in the foreground will doubtless prove one of the most exciting pictures of the season. The Canadian Classic was held to commemorate the establishment of the Northwest Mounted Police, and Canada and America mingled in a week of remarkable activity. HOOT GIBSON, with his entire company, had the classic, and attendant scenes, as a background for a fine picture, and I commend it to you. The riding stunts are simply great.

I suggest that when you see the manager of your favorite theatre you introduce yourself to him and hand him the following list of pictures which are making new motion-picture history: *"Siege"* with VIRGINIA VALLI and EUGENE O'BRIEN; *"The Home Maker"* with ALICE JOYCE and CLIVE BROOK; *"The Goose Woman"* with JACK PICKFORD, LOUISE DRESSER and CONSTANCE BENNETT; *"California Straight Ahead"* with REGINALD DENNY; *"Lorraine of the Lions"* with NORMAN KERRY and PATSY RUTH MILLER; HOUSE PETERS in *"The Storm Breaker."*

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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You can also have autographed photograph of Reginald Denny for 10c in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 42)

With the coming of the motor car, greatly extending the territory from which the boats may draw their audiences, the fleet has grown largely. Most of the boats have been built in one West Virginia yard, where for a period of years the shipbuilder and the local banks would finance any showman who wished to try the river and had a few hundred dollars as down payment. Captain and Mrs. French had no such dredged and lighted channel to navigate, but in their later years the coming of their boats was an event that ranked in river calendars with Christmas, Thanksgiving and Fourth of July. The levee always was thronged when the Sensation rounded the bend and motorboats and skiffs had boarded them en route to buy the best seats for the night. To be invited aboard for dinner or to have Captain and Mrs. French as guests ashore was a social distinction.

The clover patch of the show boats today is Chesapeake Bay and the rivers that flow into it, the Dismal Swamp, and Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, where the James Adams Floating Theater has fattened without competition for eleven years, playing week stands at little landings of half a dozen houses. Adams and his wife originally were circus performers with an aerial act. Later he was a partner of Johnny J. Jones, now "king of the carnival world," owning one of the largest outdoor shows in the world. Jones is several times a millionaire and Adams is somewhere in the vicinity, but the latter had to sell his home a few years ago to pay the debts of a busted circus. After the circus disaster he put out a two-car ten-cent vaudeville tent show in the South. It was the first time vaudeville had been shown at so low a price and he made a small fortune. His success was so spectacular, in fact, that each year the bulk of his company left him and started rival ten-cent shows until the golden goose was cooked.

About this time the show played Huntington, West Virginia, where Adams saw his first show boat.

A Seagoing Theater

"That looks like trouping as is trouping," he told Mrs. Adams, and the following season, as he played the South Atlantic Coast, he hung around the docks in his spare moments and talked with seamen and fishermen of the feasibility of a show boat in salt water. Some said yes, some said no, and others hedged, but Adams' decision was yes. He bought his timber standing in the forests of South Carolina, great beams long enough to run the full length of his hull without splicing. A shipyard at Little Washington, North Carolina, built the hull for him of heavy thirty-two-foot planks across the bottom, a skin four inches thick, and drift bolted every two feet with twenty-seven-inch bolts. Such construction saved the boat five years ago in a northeaster off Tangier Island. It strained at its anchors for fourteen hours, flying distress signals, and waves breaking over the roof of the theater. A fisherman crept out from the lee of the island to the rescue, but lost its wheel and had to run for it, and no help reached them until the storm had spent its fury and help no longer was needed.

Mr. Adams himself drew the plans for and oversaw the building of the theater superstructure. The boat is 122 feet long, with a thirty-four-foot beam, and draws only fourteen inches of water. Except for its much sturdier construction, it is not unlike its fresh-water cousins. The theater auditorium is thirty by eighty feet, lower floor, balcony and boxes. The stage opening is nineteen feet across. Each spring a scenic artist comes aboard for four weeks and paints a full set of scenery, the sets and drops all reversible. When not in use the property furniture is stored on an elevated platform at the back of the stage, the other props labeled and stored around the stage walls in cubby-holes. Mr. and Mrs. Adams' quarters and those of Charles N. Hunter and his wife are over the box office, business office and lobby at the bow. There are eight other living-room-dressing-rooms at the stern, back of the rear wall of the stage. The dining room, kitchen and cook's quarters are beneath the stage, the entrance through the orchestra pit.

Mr. Hunter has been with the boat from the first. He is stage manager, director and player, and brother-in-law of Mr. Adams. His wife, Miss Beulah Adams, "The Mary Pickford of the Chesapeake," leading woman for eight years, is the baby sister of the proprietor. Having added largely to their profits from the floating theater by dealings in Philadelphia real estate, Mr. and Mrs. Adams have spent little time on the boat in recent years. When they do appear it usually is on their private yacht, and the business end has been delegated to Selba Adams, a brother.

Censored in Tidewater Circles

The boat's season begins each March at Elizabeth City, North Carolina, winter quarters, where it lies in fresh water and sheds the season's accumulation of barnacles. Playing week stands at the coastal villages of Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, it works through the Dismal Swamp Canal into Chesapeake Bay and spends the second half of the season in the maze of rivers that empty into the bay, playing as far north as Port Deposit, Maryland, the head of navigation, within sight of the Pennsylvania line, but the risk of ice often leads the boat to turn back earlier and farther south.

The Adams, which never has had a losing season, began with vaudeville and drama, but drama so outdrew variety that the latter soon was dropped. The Balloon Girl is the Monday-night bill. The heroine, a circus performer, drops by a parachute trapeze upon the roof of the handsome bachelor clergyman. The immemorial costume of girl parachute jumpers is tights, but tights are frowned upon in the best tidewater circles, and the Adams' success is grounded upon its standing with the best circles. So the heroine compromises upon ballet dress. The abashed pastor offers her his bath robe to cloak her exposed limbs. She rejects the robe with a speech that will repay setting down. It is:

"Many a high neck and long sleeves cover more filth and indecency than you could scrub off in a week with the Gulf of Mexico as a bathtub."

Faint sounds of cheering on any Monday night in summer are quite apt to be traced to the populace of Deep Creek, Virginia, in clamorous approval of this sentiment.

A dramatic version of Mrs. Porter's Pollyanna, the little glad girl, is Tuesday night's bill, always accompanied by a curtain talk on playing the glad game and looking for the silver lining. Wednesday night sees that grand old veteran of repertoire, Tempest and Sunshine, a surer shot to the simple heart than ever. Thursday night brings A Thief in the Night, a mystery play built for the trade by a Chicago rep dramatist; Friday night, Sooey-San, and the week closes with a bang with The Mystic Isle, an original melodrama by a rep-show exactor in Kansas City. Two aviators are forced by engine trouble to land upon an island in the Gulf of Mexico, the haunt of an evil crew of bootleggers, Chinese smugglers and opium runners, and hell, as Homer said, starts popping. Unlike the Broadway producer, the boat showman never guesses.

"Once you know what is sure fire, you can't possibly miss," as Mr. Hunter puts it. "Some of our bills outdraw the others a bit, but we never have had a play that failed to click, and we would hang our heads if we should."

The negroes viewed the Adams with a hostile and a suspicious eye on its early appearances. Whether maliciously or as a joke, a rumor was set going that the floating theater was a diabolical invention to lure the black population aboard, lock them in and transport them back to Africa. The alarm was passed along the coast by shanty wireless and dogged the boat at every landing for a season. The 20-35-50 cent scale is a bit beyond the range of the bulk of the negro population. Most of them loiter on the wharf, listening to the music inside, and wait for the fifteen-cent concert or after-show, in which the company doubles in two acts of vaudeville and an old-time minstrel after-piece, the only doubling required of the troupe. The musicians of the singing orchestra do not leave their pit, nor do they even play on the wharf before the show. The clarinetist and the cornetist are of another generation. The former dates back to Dan Rice and was with Ringling Brothers when they had only, as he expresses it, two horses and a buggy. He has been with Adams eighteen years, the cornetist twelve. All is not well in the orchestra pit. The old-timers scorn jazz, but they have to play it. Audiences remain true to the old favorites of the drama, but what with radio and phonographs, they demand the same itchy-foot music to which the cities are dancing.

Not Mr. John Golden himself is more sedulous in keeping his plays clean than is the floating theater. Virtue achieves its just reward and vice gets it in the neck in Act Three. The low comedian is allowed a little honest vulgarity occasionally, but the villain must conduct his villainy with proper circumspection. Members of the company are as censorious of their private lives as they are of costumes and lines. The rural native American communities that have accepted them socially, inviting them into their homes, gathering on the wharf to welcome them by name on arrival, showering them with homemade cakes, preserves and pies, expect it of them. A famous American woman novelist spent a week on the Adams last spring gathering material for a book. In an ice-cream parlor on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where she sat with Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Hunter, the novelist absent-mindedly reached into her hand bag for a cigarette and was about to light it when she caught the startled look in the eyes of her hostesses and understood. Had that cigarette been lighted, its smoke would have hung thickly along the Eastern Shore for many seasons.

A Floating Gold Mine

In its early years the Adams built up business by a shrewd scheme. At every stop a list of motor-car owners was obtained from the local garages, and a complimentary ticket mailed to each owner. The recipients came, bringing with them carloads of others who paid their way in. Now the boat has no advance man and no longer even bothers to bill the country. One five-dollar ad in the county newspaper, ten dollars if there are two, is the advertising expense. There is no calliope, no beating of drums, no band concerts or parades. Playing the same territory year after year without competition, there is no need for it. There are more towns on the route than the boat can play in a season. The dates are given to those that turn out consistently in the largest numbers. Two nights of poor business and the town is dropped as a franchise is transferred in a baseball league. The boat has a record of defeating three mayors on a higher-license issue, since when there has been no trouble about license fees.

The Adamses, the Hunters and the leader of the orchestra carry motor cars aboard in which they dash off to cities a hundred miles away when and as they like. On Labor Day Sunday they were to have motored from Port Royal, Virginia, that week's date, over the mountains to the caverns of Luray, ninety miles distant, but at dawn one of the two tugs went aground on a bar in the Rappahannock coming up from Tappahannock. They did not get off until flood tide that afternoon, docking at Port Royal after dark.

Mr. Adams hired his towing until the wartime shipping shortage forced him to build his own. There are two tugs, the Elk, a fifty-foot boat with a ninety-horse-power marine engine, and the Trouper, not so

(Continued on Page 46)

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PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

Save the surface and you save all

(Continued from Page 44)

powerful. Both are needed to handle the show boat in the broad reaches of the Chesapeake when the bay starts working up. The shallow-draft show boat is safe from shoals, but the tugs, one drawing five and a half feet of water, hang upon a bar often enough to vary the monotony of dock storming. The engineers of the tugs are licensed marine men; but, oddly, the Government does not require the show boat to carry a pilot, as is the river practice.

The floating theater and the tugs represent an investment of upwards of $60,000. There was a time when Mr. Adams walked on tiptoe and talked in whispers to keep his success from the show world, but that time has passed.

"Show boating in my territory requires too much capital for the shoe stringer," he explains, "and the showman who has $50,000 or $60,000 is not going to put it into a strange game. There are too many opportunities for it where he knows the ropes."

The only competition in the Adams' history was provided by a secondhand clothing dealer in Elizabeth City. Seeing Adams' harvest in the drama, he built a boat in 1917 to play vaudeville and pictures over the same territory. The newcomer was neither seaman nor showman. A devout churchman, he would not move on Sundays, thereby losing most of his Monday-night performances. The ten-horse-power motorboat he used for towing was inadequate. On the first voyage he set out for Roanoke Island, a forty-mile stretch, much of it open water. The towline caught in the launch's propeller and put it out of business early, and a westerly gale coming up, the show boat let go its anchor. The old wire cable snapped and the theater went lurching drunkenly off before the wind.

"I reckon you were sort of scared?" the mate of a lumber schooner asked the secondhand clothing man later.

"Scared, nothing!" he retorted. "The wind was driving me just the way I wanted to go."

Sure enough, he had, by the grace of Neptune, waltzed right up to the desired landing on the old Sir Walter Raleigh homestead. The boat survived three seasons, then was sold to a logging company, which junked the superstructure and converted the hull into a barge.

In late summer, as the Adams works into upper Virginia and Maryland, it encounters a region of summer resorts, from which it attracts a sprinkling of Washington and Baltimore vacationists, with an occasional notable. In 1919 the boat played Solomon's Island, at the mouth of the Patuxent, and Secretary and Mrs. Daniels and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and party were among the spectators.

To humor the United States Department of Commerce, the boat is registered the S. S. Playhouse, port of Philadelphia, though it never has seen Philadelphia, and Playhouse has been forgotten by everyone except the steamboat inspectors. To the white population of the tidewater country it is the floating theater; to the negroes that or "the opery barge." Ask a negress in Leonardtown, Maryland, how old the child carrying a basket of crawfish is and her answer is likely to be, "Eight years come next floatin' theater." Time dates in these backwaters from the coming and the going of the Adams.

ALGERNON PERCY

(Continued from Page 25)

promised you was this—no disturbance. You've got to admit I've been as good as my word. I'll have to call you in the morning, and maybe your son will come down with you to identify, and so on. Beyond that we won't trouble you. Now I don't want to distress this girl. She's probably new at this sort of thing, or she would never have squawked out 'Rainy' the way she did. Give me a muff to put her hands in. Orton, undo that bracelet and get her coat on."

His words fairly spilled out, one atop the other. Mrs. Dunbar stood staring at the jewels in the chamois wrapper, too stunned to speak. But the woman in the maid's dress stepped back into the room behind her and returned immediately, holding out a sable muff. Orton was quite collectedly putting Miss Farnham into her hat and coat.

And Miss Farnham? A superhuman calm had fallen upon her like an enveloping garment. She wanted nothing but to get out of this house, where possibly reporters might still be dodging about. It was all a wild mistake and one that would be instantly explained and erased when she told them at the police station who she really was. It would mean a sickening hour for Uncle René, but he would forgive her. She would go quietly and as quickly as possible with Jenks, and send for René when well beyond the notebooks of the daily press. And well she knew that even in a police station René de St. Elour-Aumont could command privacy.

At exactly this moment, to her bitter chagrin, two more spectators appeared in the doorway. By no means had they come together, nor did either look pleased to encounter the other on the threshold. William Dunbar had come up in the lift, seeking Miss Farnham; Lord Dudley had come, as was his wont, by way of the stairs, with the same objective. At sight of the group in the room where each had thought to find a solitary little gray-haired amanuensis, they paused astonished. Lord Dudley's monocle reflected more light than he was conscious of receiving on the subject.

"What's going on?" he said curiously.

Orton, vested in uncommunicative authority, at this moment took the muff from the maid, and by the very simple means of threading the free handcuff through the muff before he clipped it around Miss Farnham's one free wrist, completed her toilet.

"What the devil is going on?" said Algernon Percy, much more imperiously. He had not ceased to move forward into the room.

"Look, William, just look!" groaned Mrs. Dunbar. "She stole them! She had them here in her hand! The policeman is arresting her!"

"Nothing at all like it," said Lord Dudley in his stride.

"You'd better not interfere, Dudley," said William Dunbar. "There is some mistake, I dare say. But resisting an officer in the discharge of his duty ——"

"Nothing at all like it," repeated Algernon Percy, taking the last of his approach in a light prance.

One hard Norman fist cracked upward to Orton's jaw. Orton, dizzy and taken off his guard, but with the customary response of the Irish toward a Norman fist, closed with him almost on the blow. Together they crashed against the door of the officer's long vigil. It gave under the impact, and almost immediately after was heard the unbridled racket of a peer and a policeman descending the back stairs like a falling trunk.

William Dunbar regarded this jejune defiance of law and order as profitless bravado. From his earliest years he had known better than to strike a policeman. He left it to New York's Finest to attend to Algernon Percy, and took advantage of the momentary paralysis of the others in the room to move over beside Miss Farnham. She would see that he, too, was darn sensible, and he would, moreover, put a long pole athwart His Lordship's wheels by saying the things this monocled snob had neglected to say. Miss Farnham remained motionless, listening possibly to the diminuendo of the successive crashes in the rear of the house as the combat boomed its way toward the kitchen floor.

"Miss Farnham," said William Dunbar, "of course, this is all a mistake; a very regrettable mistake for which I offer you my apologies, as head of the house. I will go with you to see that you receive every consideration until this misunderstanding is cleared up. I think you will find this of more avail than the ill-advised and quite incomprehensible conduct of Lord Dudley."

To his astonishment, she turned on him like a viper.

"If you ever speak to me again, I'll have you drummed out of town," she said with a repressed vehemence.

One would suppose she actually possessed the power to make New York too hot for him! She swung away from him toward the only other man in the room, a man it must be said that neither William Dunbar nor Algernon Percy had even seen, so much more eye filling had been the official panoply of Number 1366, now both lost and gone before.

"Mr. Jenks," she said, in full command of the situation, quite as if she were ordering her natural escort to remove her from a house in whose inhabitants she had been egregiously disappointed, "let us go at once, if you please."

Mr. Jenks accepted the suggestion with alacrity, with a touch of his remarkably hurried manner.

"Come then," he said promptly. "We can go straight down the front stairs. Nobody will notice us. Keep your hands in your muff."

Miss Farnham thought it superfluous to mention that her handcuffs made it impossible for her to get them out. She walked past the Dunbars, *mère et fils*, without speaking, and went swiftly away, with Mr. Jenks at her winged heels. At some stage of the scene the quiet woman in the maid's cap and apron had vanished, and mother and son were left alone.

"You'd better get back to your guests before you are missed," said the head of the house. He had not enjoyed his snub, if so mild a term can be applied to the outrageous facer he had been dealt by one whom he had sought to protect and please.

Mrs. Dunbar seemed at last to recover from her trancelike stupefaction.

"Oh, who would ever have believed!" she wailed. "William, you must go down and see to Lord Dudley. Why, they'll drag him off to the police station! We shall be eternally disgraced by this. Whatever possessed him to attack an officer like that?"

"He'll get six months, I hope," ground out William Dunbar savagely.

"Why, William!" Mrs. Dunbar fairly sobbed at this dreadful speech. "What on earth do you mean? Lord Dudley—you hope he'll get six months! Our guest? The heir of the dear duke? We could never show our faces in London again, or in New York for that matter. I cannot understand why he assaulted that policeman! The man was only doing his duty, handcuffing that abominable woman. To think she was a thief in a wig, William! One of Rainy Day Scofield's gang ——"

"Mother!" broke in the head of the house harshly. He took her by the arm and propelled her toward the door. "Pull yourself together and go downstairs. Gloria will be wondering what has become of you. Your guests will think you have lost your mind. Go down, and keep your mouth shut about all this," said William, with more savage force than elegance.

"But, William, aren't you going down to see what is happening to His Lordship?"

"If what is happening to His Lordship is what I hope, I should like to see it very much," said Mr. Dunbar between his teeth. "But it is probably all over by now."

"But what on earth did he do it for?" expostulated Mrs. Dunbar as she yielded step by step to his urging hand.

"He's in love with the girl," said William in a voice like midsummer thunder on

(Continued on Page 48)

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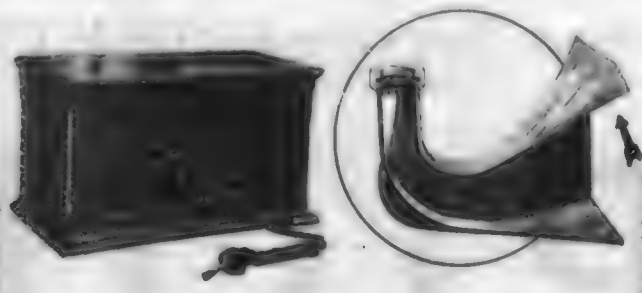

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Sonora

CLEAR AS A BELL

(Continued from Page 46)

a far horizon. "No, don't stop to argue and marvel. What good can it do? I might have known she was a wrong-un when she permitted him to pay her attention. I didn't think it of her, but perhaps she was a thief." Already he spoke of her in the past tense. "For heaven's sake, mater, stiffen up and go downstairs! You'll have to think of some way to find out which jewelry is whose and get the right things back to the right people. I would not put it past some of those swells to grab off a bit or two that did not belong to them. You'd better leave the things with me and just reassure the losers that it is all safe. Make them describe the things they miss. And for pity's sake, don't let them make a fuss."

"Leave the things with you?" echoed his mother. "Haven't you got them?"

"I!" He looked at her empty hands. "Why, you had them in that chamois rag. What in the name of seventeen kings have you done with 'em?"

At this moment Algernon Percy most unexpectedly returned. He came in at a long purposeful stride, after coming up the back stairs three steps at a leap—and came in alone. Of Officer Orton there was no more sign than if Lord Dudley had dropped him down a well. His Lordship took one look around the room.

"Where's Miss Farnham?" he asked. His voice was not raised, but it barked with a certain carrying quality that made Petrie, at the other end of the front hall, jump and turn. He had heard that tone from Lord Dudley before, notably in what has been poetically called Flanders Field. Petrie immediately closed in.

Nothing but the appalling fact that she was minus her guests' diamonds, bracelets and other detachable ornaments could have turned Mrs. Dunbar's mind from rejoicing at the reappearance of her titled guest. She fairly whimpered as she looked distractedly about her. It was William Dunbar who replied to His Lordship's question, an answer delivered for the most part toward his back, for beyond his momentary halt, Algernon Percy made steadily across the room in seven-league steps.

"She has gone to the police station with Jenks, the plain-clothes man."

"The plain ——" Lord Dudley's voice seemed to choke in his throat. "Why, you plain damn fool! Here, Petrie, get my car! Hark forward, Petrie!"

Petrie, who had no more than got his nose to the door, leaped into the room and had the telephone in his hands like a magician plucking a rabbit out of the air.

"But the jewelry is gone!" cried Mrs. Dunbar, now near the breaking point of hysteria.

"Of course! Jenks took it with him," cast back His Lordship as he cleared the threshold. "After me, Petrie. I'll get Murphy at the corner." And, with less noise, Lord Dudley took the front stairs at very nearly the same speed that he had lately descended the rear, passing through the solidly packed throng of people who had come to do him honor with no more apparent hindrance than a torpedo penetrating the waters of the deep blue sea.

VII

MONSIEUR RENÉ, as ever, reading by his softly shaded lamp, looked up as a servant appeared at the doorway to announce in a voice no louder than that of conscience that dinner was served.

"Mademoiselle is returned? I did not see her come in," said monsieur.

"Mademoiselle has not yet arrived," said the man.

Like all the household, he was aware of the late extravagant activities of their adored mistress, and there was a tone of anxiety in his voice that under ordinary circumstances would have been lacking. For, look you, mademoiselle in a gray wig and a hat and coat to make the angels weep had no reason for being late. In her own bright hair and clothed in her normal richness, she might be pleasantly detained in a variety of ways.

The matter presented itself to Monsieur René in the same light. He frowned, putting away his book.

"Tell Jules to wait dinner," he said. He rose and walked toward the mantel, a fine, slender, straightly held figure for all his fourscore years. The long fingers of one hand caressed the back of his head in evidence of his perplexity. "But what can be keeping her?" he said aloud.

The man still waited in the doorway. Monsieur's habit was never to use the telephone, he knew, but he lingered in the hope that he might be authorized to do so. Of course monsieur would know the address of this absurd house where mademoiselle could pass herself off as anything but a dazzling princess.

"It is an hour after her time, monsieur."

Putting their concern for her into words seemed suddenly to increase anxiety by leaps and bounds.

"It is long past her time," agreed his master fretfully. "You must telephone, Georges. I will give you the number. Ask if she cannot come home at once. But be sure not to alarm her. She might think I was ill. Explain to her that we are waiting dinner." He scribbled a word and some figures on a pad at his desk and handed the torn page to the servant. "It is understood that you will ask for Miss Farnham. Beg her to let me send Marcel with the car. I do not like her to be out so late alone."

Monsieur walked up and down the room when Georges had joyfully withdrawn on this errand. No, decidedly Adrienne must give up this nonsense at once, this very night. The mere suggestion of having met with some trifling annoyance was enough to cost him a year of life; and when one is eighty, one is not prodigal even of hours. He remembered now that she had told him these people were giving a reception today and that there was nothing to prevent her returning earlier than usual except his own dictum that she must do her work with honest diligence. Had she not even told him of addressing cards of this affair to himself and herself? The things must be about somewhere. But surely it was today. This unfortunate recollection merely deepened his distress.

But it remained for Georges to give him the blow direct. The man came back hurriedly, coming on into the room almost breathlessly.

"Monsieur, I am quite sure that there must be something wrong. The butler says he saw Miss Farnham leave the house with a gentleman. She has been gone two hours."

Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont stiffened under the shock. For one palsied instant he stood incredulously staring. Then twenty years rolled off his thrown-back shoulders.

"Marcel—my car—my hat and coat," his orders came like rapid blows on a gong. "Get Grégoire—he comes with me." Before the man could turn, monsieur was halfway across the room ahead of him.

Velis et remis, things began to happen in the house. Grégoire, the evening valet, came leaping down the stairs behind his master with the demanded hat and coat. From somewhere he produced his own. Georges held the front door half open, waiting for Marcel to swoop to a stand before the curb, but monsieur pushed him aside to descend the steps. He would wait on the sidewalk. A maid came hurrying to thrust something into Georges' hand, which he in turn ran down to give to Grégoire, a comfortably fat flask of cognac. Monsieur René might forget he was an old man—his servants remembered it.

"Telephone us a word if you get a chance, Grégoire," said Georges. "We are being gnawed to the bone with inquietude."

Two minutes crawled by, and then the eagerly awaited limousine turned its blazing eyes around the corner and rushed toward them like an obedient dragon. Georges had the door open before it was in front of the house. Monsieur was in, Grégoire was in, the door was, probably for its first time, slammed shut, Marcel had caught up the

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The local garageman sells a big share of those renewal tires, —to his friends and neighbors.

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Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords Regular Cords Fabric Tires

Tire Manufacturers Extraordinary to the Hardware Trade

MANSFIELD

Garages Motor Car Dealers Accessory Dealers Hardware Stores

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address, and scarcely having paused at the curb, they shot away again toward Madison Avenue.

Monsieur did not speak. He sat staring ahead of him at nothing, his hands crossed before him on the plain ivory shaft of his stick. Grégoire, on the very edge of the seat and as far from the master as he could modestly compress his own lean form, kept his eyes on the street outside. Under ordinary circumstances he would have taken his seat beside Marcel, and he was desperately afraid that Monsieur René would notice him, and guess all about the flask of brandy and his servants' intrusive apprehensions. But he might have spared himself this effort to efface himself. Monsieur did not know he was alive. Monsieur was thinking of the gold head of his darling, of her face, her white hands, her voice, her dearness. With one hand he would turn this city upside down, and shake the people out of it until he found her. Monsieur was not without power in this city, though it had been many years since he had used it.

First he would see what they could tell him at this thrice-damned house, and with what gentleman she had been seen leaving two hours ago. There must be some explanation for what seemed so inexplicable, but whatever had kept her from sending him a word? She was the pink of considerate courtesy, his beloved child. She would know that he would worry, and would have sought to spare him a moment's care. Two hours gone! He had lived a long time, and through some hours that because of their anguish had seemed endless, yet the whole sum came to less than the minutes of this ride, in reality so brief. Arbitrary divisions of time were utterly at fault. Until he should have Adrienne's hand in his again, a whole cycle of years must pass.

The limousine came smoothly to a stand at last. Grégoire was out of the car, monsieur was out of the car, the bell had been rung, and there they stood upon the exhausted white marble step that had that day been bruised by two thousand feet. The whole atmosphere of the place within was one of complete prostration. The butler who admitted them was fagged to death. The very furniture, pushed into unwonted corners, seemed to have crawled to the wall to die. Society had keyed the household to a supreme effort, from which it had fallen back, spent and disheveled.

"Mrs. Dunbar is not receiving, sir," said Appleby in a weary voice.

"It is imperative that I see Mrs. Dunbar at once," replied monsieur implacably. "Tell her a gentleman, a relative of Miss Farnham's, wishes to speak to her."

The unwelcomed visitor went forward and took possession of the reception room. Appleby was too fatigued to argue. He left the intruders to their own devices and plodded slowly away. Contrary to his orders it might be to carry the message; but besides being in no condition to put up any resistance, Appleby was vaguely conscious of having received an order from an individual whom it would be useless to deny.

Mrs. Dunbar was in better case than her butler, having been warmly tubbed and comfortably refreshed with hot food, and was now lying at ease on a couch in her boudoir, loosely but magnificently clad in a negligee indistinguishable in a masculine eye from an elaborate dinner gown. She was thoroughly presentable, but nevertheless she resented his disregard of her injunction to guard her retirement.

"I told you, Appleby, to excuse me to anyone who called—everyone."

She reflected that she would have done better to have followed Gloria's example and gone unreservedly to bed. But she had found more satisfaction in being arrayed in considerable splendor to relieve the triumphs of her afternoon, in contemplation of which she had for the time forgotten its one discordant incident. For she had accepted Lord Dudley's brief explanation of the disappearance of the packet of diamonds as an authoritative statement that they were safe in the hands of the police, and having so assured her guests, dismissed anxiety. The behavior of His Lordship she did not profess to understand in the least, but she gave little time to thinking of that, and less to her late amanuensis.

Not so William Dunbar. Impounded as chorus for his mother's soliloquy of satisfaction, he sat, morosely and inattentively agreeing with everything she said, and thinking of nothing in the world but Miss Farnham and her outrageous repudiation of his considerate kindness. Who would have thought the mousy little gray-haired secretary could have become so suddenly a very spitfire, threatening him with ostracism if he ever spoke to her again? Well, let her paddle her own canoe. He would be pleased, on the morrow, to testify against her, with all cool detachment.

At the butler's announcement, he paid his first tribute of interest to the conversation of the hour.

"A relative of Miss Farnham," said Appleby, who, knowing nothing of the affair involving Jenks and Orton, was unaware that this statement would do more than complete the message with which he had been dispatched.

It effected considerably more, however. William Dunbar sat up, and his mother turned her head suddenly to give Appleby her entire attention.

"What does he want?"

"There are two gentlemen, ma'am. At least there are two of 'em." This was obscure, but the Dunbars let it pass. "He didn't say. Only that he must see you most particular."

William, after his momentary pause in a listening attitude, rose and walked over to his mother's couch.

"I should see them, mater. But be very careful. There may be blackmail in this."

"Why, how ever can there be anything to blackmail me about?" demanded Mrs. Dunbar sensibly. "The girl's arrested and her family have come to beg me to let her off, of course."

"A girl who runs with a bunch of crooks has no family to come pleading her cause. This must be one of Scofield's crowd, and it may be something tricky."

"Don't be a goose," said his mother as a less imaginative grown-up. She put her slippered feet to the floor and rose. "The quickest way to get rid of these men is to go down and tell them that the whole matter is in the hands of the authorities."

"Do you wish me to come with you?"

"Certainly, you would better come. You are the head of the house, and your presence will show them that they have nothing to gain by pursuing the question."

It is extremely doubtful if Mr. Dunbar's presence showed anything of the kind. He stalked into the reception room in the wake of his mother, with an eye on the erratic oscillations of her fish-tail train. When she halted and he looked up he was slightly shocked to find himself looking at a man whose appearance certainly suggested that nothing less blue than the blood of monarchs, heroes and archangels flowed in his veins. The tall commanding presence, that for all its great age evoked more respect than pity, fronted them with the poise of habitual superiority. Several paces in the rear stood a more modest figure, too evidently a satellite to require explanation.

"Mrs. Dunbar?" said the visitor, and bowed. "I understand that my niece left your house more than two hours ago with a gentleman. She has not returned home and I am exceedingly uneasy about her. I hope you can tell me with whom she left here."

It was a most succinct statement of the situation and one that would seem ill calculated to produce mystification. Yet Mrs. Dunbar looked utterly bewildered. As for the darn sensible William, it was such a facer for him that he looked like nothing at all, certainly not like a fountainhead of information.

"Your niece has not communicated with you?" asked Mrs. Dunbar blankly. "Miss Farnham is your niece?"

"My niece," repeated her caller impatiently.

"Well ——" said Mrs. Dunbar, and stopped, rather appalled by the announcement she was called upon to make.

"Do you not know the name of this gentleman, madam? Does your butler know? What were the circumstances of her leaving under his escort?" Nobody knew better than Monsieur René that these circumstances cried aloud for explanation, since in her masquerade she would be quite unlikely to have been in the company of any friend of her own. "If you please, Mrs. Dunbar, answer me."

"But I do not know—if your niece has sent you no word ——"

"Please disregard that inexplicable fact," snapped the other sharply. "Tell me what you can without delay, Mrs. Dunbar. To the point!"

Involuntarily his hand lifted the ebony-and-ivory cane he carried an inch or two from the floor and drove the ferrule downward again to emphasize his request. It was the gesture of the lord of the high justice and the low. He was so entirely unlike what she had expected that Mrs. Dunbar seemed unable to center her wits on this simple demand. William came forward to her assistance, and became articulate.

"Miss Farnham left here in the custody of a detective from Police Headquarters," he said doggedly. "A considerable amount of jewelry was stolen from my mother's guests today and it was found in Miss Farnham's possession."

"She had it in her hand," said Mrs. Dunbar flatly.

In spite of the fact that Grégoire could not have experienced a sensation of greater intensity if the terrestrial globe had suddenly shrugged him off into eternal space, his loyal mind concerned itself instinctively with the well-being of his master. In one movement he had swung a chair behind Monsieur René, posted himself at his elbow and laid a hand to his hidden flask of restorative. But, as Grégoire might have known, the blood of St. Elour-Aumont was not of the craven quality that deserts the heart under the assaults of staggering adversity. For one instant monsieur stood like a stone pillar, life, breath, speech and sight suspended. Then two words cracked out from his lips like shots from a revolver:

"Your telephone?"

"There's a phone here," said William Dunbar, and opened the door of a seventeenth century sedan chair which stood, poleless, in a corner with its lid folded open. This irrational contrivance had been one of the pet glories of the unconscionable decorator who had expended his not inconsiderable inventiveness on original and utterly mad absurdities in a house where he had been given carte blanche, and it was now to allow the Dunbars to overhear the opening sentences of their social doom.

In two strides Monsieur René was within this padded relic, seated, and holding its anachronistic mechanism to his ear.

"Give me Police Headquarters," said he. Grégoire stood watching, the breath which had gasped out of his body slowly coming back. He had no look for these unbelievable idiots, mother and son. In a moment monsieur said sharply, "Give me the boss." The phrase sounded oddly enough on his patrician lips. Another pause. "Hello," said monsieur. "This is St. Elour-Aumont speaking."

A respectful murmur over the wire scarcely interrupted him, but the name he had spoken blanched Mrs. Dunbar's face to a gray white.

Her suddenly agonized eyes turned upon William Dunbar with the expression of a dying doe.

"A young lady who might give the name of Farnham, removed from the house of one Mrs. Dunbar," said monsieur distinctly. He went habitually to the point as if he thrust a rapier into a heart.

"Not there? Another gentleman on the same business? I am coming down at once. Understand me, Riordan, one word of this leaks out and you go with it."

He cut off a further reassuring murmur as he hung up the receiver.

"Grégoire," he said peremptorily on his march toward the door. For one moment he paused, hardly intermitting his stride. "Madam," he said, "you are not wholly to blame. But you have made a mistake, a fatal and egregious blunder. How came this detective here?"

"But he was sent by headquarters," babbled Mrs. Dunbar. "He showed his badge. He had a policeman with him."

"His name?" Monsieur was across the threshold.

"His name is Jenks. Oh, Mr. Aumont, if I could only say ——"

Her words were addressed to empty space. Her face underwent a grotesque contortion and tears burst forth to an accompaniment of unchecked sobs. She cast herself into William's arms. And William, catching her handily, supported her with complete inattention. He, too, knew the puissant name of St. Elour-Aumont, and was further aware that "the other gentleman on the same business" who was or had been with the boss could be none other than Algernon Percy, heir of the dear duke. It was too incomprehensible for even a darn sensible 100 per cent American, this enigma concerning Miss Farnham and Jenks; but one thing stood clear in the fog of mystery: "One Mrs. Dunbar," her son and her daughter, her manservant and her maidservant, and everybody with the maddening exception of the stranger within her gates, had gone crashing down to the bottom of the social ladder.

VIII

THE groundwork of the St. Elour-Aumont influence with such as Riordan had been laid long before that worthy's day, when Monsieur René and his brother, Adrienne's grandfather, had been notable figures on that meeting ground of widely separated cliques, police, politicians and polite society—the race track. The Aumont stables, colors pink and gold, had owned such horses as Barleduc, Rigoletto and the world-famous Harlequin. Monsieur René still took an interest in the races and maintained his string of equine favorites in the

(Continued on Page 54)

PHOTO. FROM IAN PATTON

Consolation Lake, Alberta, Canada

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. . . on the hill . . . in traffic . . . for emergencies

YES, there are times when you want *all* the power your engine was built to deliver. *Do you get it?*

Many a shiny young car runs around with its power weakening and its engine much too far along the path to old age. Cylinder walls already scoring—long before they should. Piston rings already seriously worn. Bearings already loosening.

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At least half of all automobile engines develop the noises of wear long before they should. The common cause is not reckless driving, but reckless lubrication. The oil was incorrect, or ordinary in quality.

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The Vacuum Oil Company has specialized in lubrication for 59 years. The Mobiloil engineers have studied every detail of the design of *your* engine. In many cases they have experimented side by side with the makers of your car to make sure that their oil recommendation was correct.

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That is why three out of every four who ask for oil by name specify Mobiloil.

HOW TO BUY:

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For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

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All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

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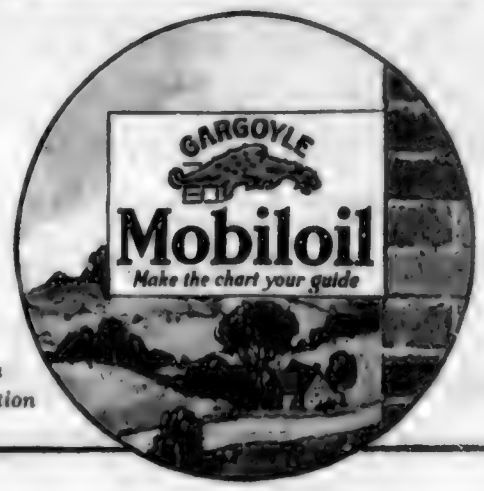
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet HB	.	.	.	.			A	Arc
" (other mod's.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	.	.	.	.
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4			.	.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	.	.	A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	.	.
" (other mod's.)	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	.	.	.	.
Star	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	.	.
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc	.	.	.	.	.	.



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In one beautiful Credenza cabinet you now can have:

The new 8-tube Radiola Super-Heterodyne
The new Orthophonic Victrola
The music of all times
The events of the day
Records played acoustically or electrically
Albums for records
Unmatched performance and tone quality
The entertainment you want when you want it

Special features

No aerial. No springs to wind
No batteries—operates from light socket
Uni-control—tunes with one hand

Note:—When 60-cycle alternating current is not available, this instrument can be operated by dry batteries and a spring motor.

We also offer the new ELECTROLA, which plays and amplifies records electrically by the use of Radiotron vacuum tubes and the latest cone-type loud speaker.

This wonderful instrument is also combined with the new 8-tube Radiola Super-Heterodyne.

It can be completely operated from a light socket or by means of dry batteries and a spring motor. Requires no aerial and is uni-control.

Other combinations—a 5-tube tuned radio frequency antenna set and two models of 6-tube super-heterodynes with concealed loops, dry-battery operated, combined with spring-driven Orthophonic Victrolas, complete the line.

Price range—$300 to $1000

Radiola combined!

The instrument shown, a form of medieval credence, is designed to bring into American homes a touch of old-world beauty, of old-world tradition and romance.

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Look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
Victrola

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.
Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal
Canadian price-list on request

(Continued from Page 50)

manner to which he was accustomed. The stables on Long Island had never suffered a diminution of éclat, despite the changes that had come in the sport.

But far back in the unwritten annals of Manhattan's officialdom, there were unforgettable things that begot a loyal affection handed on from one generation to another; there had been favors granted and odd friendships cemented. And queer as it might seem to a powerful press, the police of New York would no more have thought of double-crossing Frenchy Aumont by giving out a word where he had enjoined silence than of asking to be transferred to Hayseed Corners.

Consequently Riordan had uttered no word at his end of the wire which began in that metamorphosed sedan chair that could give a listener any inkling as to the nature of the shock he had received. Riordan had been interested if not stimulated to excitement by this Englishman's story of a bogus arrest and the subsequent disappearance of both captor and accused. But when the St. Elour-Aumont privilege was invoked, though what connection that family had with the object of His Lordship's anxiety Riordan had no clew, he very promptly killed the Farnham story.

Pressure, possibly unscrupulous, certainly effective, was brought to bear, and neither the tongues of gossip nor the columns of the newspapers were like to mention the mystery.

Riordan furthermore retired to a more private room with Algernon Percy, who restrained his mad impatience in the hope of getting some helpful information from this powerful and secretive principal now on his way to the conference.

If Riordan had been inclined to be prejudiced against Lord Dudley, which he was not, Officer Murphy's brief word with the boss over the lamp-post phone would have put him to rights.

"It's the fine lad he is," had said Murphy hastily, while His Lordship had been occupied with Petrie and the arriving car. "Sure he's just fought a crook all the way down three flights of stairs and never lost his eyeglass."

But Riordan was not one of those who cull their ideas of Englishmen from the comic strips of an Anglophobic press. He knew a man when he saw one.

It was at Murphy's urging that Dudley had gone down to the mainspring of the works, while he and Petrie went on the forlorn hope of chasing a car with a start of several minutes. Murphy had seen the lady and gentleman enter a taxicab, conspicuous among the expensive motors at that gala corner, and had marked that a block farther on it had paused to take in a hatless and battered runner whose clothes looked to the overdriven Murphy familiarly blue. In the press of his augmented duties he had been unable to investigate. But he knew which way they had gone. Luck would have to be on their side for picking up the trail around who knew how many dodged corners. He and Petrie had gone off on the chase and Dudley had been shot downtown in the Subway to see that every wire around New York hummed helpfully in the campaign.

Riordan now sat with the impatiently pacing Dudley in this private room.

"There's more in this than you and I know, if Frenchy Aumont has a finger in the pie. A gang? No, bless you! Frenchy is his pet name in this neck of the woods, though little he knows it. He's a top-notcher, the button on the mandarin's cap. They don't come any higher. Wait till you see him."

He put forth a hairy paw toward his ringing phone and listened with sundry monosyllabic assents. When he hung up he turned to Dudley.

"That's from Giordano, Long Island City. Murphy gave him the office to call me. They think they're going strong."

"I wish I'd gone along and let Petrie come to you," said His Lordship. "I'm not much good at doing nothing."

"Sure, I know," said Riordan soothingly. "But it's well you came. I couldn't see anything in this when you first spilled it, because I couldn't see why they wanted to frame the girl. But if Frenchy Aumont is in this, he knows her, and she must be of some consequence. And it looks to me like our old friend, the bold kidnaper. They'll ask for money. And you can put it in your pipe and smoke it that they'll treat her well. She's so many gold dollars in their feverish imaginations, and they'll take care of her like she was their roguish right eye." He touched a bell under the rim of his desk. "When Mr. Aumont comes bring him in here," he said into a mouthpiece.

"Just coming in, sir, I think," was the reply.

"Tool him in," said Riordan, and rose. His Lordship turned expectantly to face the door, and the topnotcher a moment later appeared, with Grégoire faithfully following in his steps.

"Riordan," said the newcomer, managing to convey a greeting in the speaking of the name, "who is this other gentleman?"

Algernon Percy stepped forward.

"My name is Dudley," said he.

"It's Lord Dudley," said Riordan in the same breath.

Monsieur René put out his hand.

"I know your uncle very well," said he. "I understand, Lord Dudley, that you are here on this same matter about my niece."

"I am," was the prompt answer. "It doesn't seem quite the time to mention it, but I have had the honor to ask her to marry me."

Monsieur René looked rather startled. He took the chair that Grégoire pushed up behind him and cast a somewhat bewildered look at the two men facing him.

"I don't get you, Mr. Aumont," said Riordan blankly. "Is it your niece? Lord Dudley here said Miss Farnham; and you did, too, for the matter of that."

"It is my niece, Adrienne. Farnham is a name she—er—used in business. Now where is she?" he demanded. "What is it all about? What on earth is this story of an arrest at Mrs. Dunbar's?"

"It looks to me like a kidnaping," said Riordan. "These men posed as police officers and they framed her with the jewelry. I don't mind saying it was neatly done."

"I don't understand," said Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont.

"Don't you see," said His Lordship, "she thought she was being arrested. It made it possible for them to get her to go with them. How else could they have taken her away? Undoubtedly she thought that the sooner she got out of the house and to the police station, the sooner she could tell her story to someone higher up."

"Do you mean they have got her?" cried René, springing up again.

"Mr. Aumont," said Riordan quickly, "they have. But we're close on their heels. Every policeman on Long Island is on the job."

Monsieur René's fourscore years set him back into his chair with some roughness. And at this opportune moment Grégoire, who had been making free with the office water cooler, presented him with a tumbler of slightly diluted brandy.

"Oh, if you please, monsieur!" urged Grégoire, the hand that held the glass shaking.

Monsieur took it inattentively and drank. Riordan went on with his tale, mercifully without prompting.

"Lord Dudley here came in just as they were making off. He saw right away that it was a plant of some sort and he went for the man in police uniform. Wait till we get that bird!" he interjected with some enthusiasm. "What Lord Dudley didn't see was that there was a man in plain clothes there—the Dunbars thought he was a detective. He faked up that officer to make it look like the real goods. I have an idea it was a smooth mug named Scofield, but His Lordship didn't see him, and the man I just sent up to get a description hasn't reported yet. But he took your niece with him while Lord Dudley was trying to put the policeman to sleep—you see? Now His Lordship's valet and the officer on that beat were off in his car in two jerks of a lamb's tail after their taxi, and they're following what looks to be the trail down through Long Island City. They'll never get away with this play in the world, the dirty crooks, thanks to Lord Dudley here. If they'd had the long start they expected, they might have given us a long chase."

"But ——"

"They won't hurt her." Riordan guessed at the nature of the protest. "If she keeps in good health, the quieter they can keep it. They'll put her in some place of theirs, safe, and ask you for money. That's their game."

"Money!" said Monsieur René. "They can have all I have got."

"And all mine," said His Lordship promptly.

"Well, gentlemen," said Riordan, "I understand exactly how you feel. But I'm constitutionally averse to their getting one phony nickel, and it's my job likewise to prevent it."

He caught up the telephone again as its bell tinkled out on this declaration. For a moment, as he stood listening, the others watched him. Then the eyes of Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont and Lord Percy met.

"You'll pardon my unceremonious announcement of my having proposed to your niece, I hope," said Algernon Percy anxiously.

"This is no time for ceremony," said Monsieur René. "I am afraid I am confused by the multitude of things that need explanation."

He looked back at Riordan, as if to learn whether this message concerned their business. But the boss was sitting on the corner of his desk, with his telephone in his hand, and did not receive this mute question. Grégoire again advanced the chair to his master, and Monsieur René seemed glad to sit down.

"It's driving me dingo to hang around here," said Lord Dudley. "I'm going to get a line on my man from this chappie here and go after them."

"We can go in my car," said Monsieur René, while Grégoire cast his arms in the air as a protest against the madness. He'd give the whole world, would Grégoire, to have mademoiselle back again, but must his master kill himself? Would he never take into consideration his eighty-odd years?

"Look you, monsieur, ten thousand pardons," said the good fellow, humbly and yet in some pride at having thought of a way to deter this old fire eater. "If all these police are after her, would it not be better for monsieur to be in his own house, where they will send their demand for money? Monsieur could then assist the police to entrap the brigands. Or suppose this very night itself they should send word 'Pay us so much,' monsieur could say 'I give it,' and we could have mademoiselle at home again immediately."

Monsieur was not even listening to him. He had caught a tone of finality in Riordan's last answers, and waited for him to hang up.

"Well, it's not so good," said Riordan at last. "They seem to have trailed 'em pretty well down so far as Greenbrook. Somewhere the others have shifted to another car. Makes it harder to pick up. But they think they've stuck to the right one down to East Norwich. Just now the scent's cold. But they're nosing all along the line."

Monsieur de St. Elour-Aumont sat up erectly in his chair.

"Now, Riordan," he said, "I'm putting this up to you. Lord Dudley and I are going after your men. Send someone with a spirit-level head up to my house and authorize him to take any messages that come in, and pick out a Class-A man to go with us. Grégoire, take that other phone and tell Georges that someone will come. You must do as you please with any information that you can get, Riordan, but I want it distinctly understood that this man is to agree in my name to any demands for any amount of money. The only way you can stop their getting it is to land them in jail, when my niece is safe. Is that quite clear? So far as I am concerned, I will not delay her release ten minutes."

Riordan made a wry face.

"I don't know that you're being quite fair to us, Mr. Aumont. I guess I'd do the same in your place. But just how you can pay them in good faith and still play with us, I don't see."

"I would cheerfully take the whole thirteen thousand of you with me to a traitors' hell, to get her back," said monsieur dryly.

"Well," said Algernon Percy suddenly, "as a free lance in this affair, I may be able to help you both, you know."

The two men turned and looked at him. Riordan grinned.

"I can guess which side your help will be on," he said.

"We'll keep in touch with you all the time," said René. "And don't you leave this wire if the place burns down around you. Now get us some revolvers." Monsieur lifted himself out of his chair and stood waiting for this peaceful order to be filled. "Grégoire," he said as the man turned from the telephone, "call up Claxton 500 and tell them I may be coming down—with guests. Could I ask you, Lord Dudley, to step outside and see that my chauffeur has plenty of gas for a long run?"

He began buttoning his long coat with fingers that never shook, not even with excitement. His Lordship almost gave this amazing autocrat a military salute as he hurried out. This was a man after his own heart, asking nothing but a revolver in each hand and gas in the motor! Matters would now move with the speed he had been craving.

One last phone call came in before they left, not from Long Island, but from the man sent up to Mrs. Dunbar's for a description of Mr. Jenks, and if possible of the missing jewelry.

"It's Rainy Day Scofield, sure as sunrise," said Riordan. "Burgess says he's got a pretty good description, considering the fact that Mrs. Dunbar is having whooping hysterics. Scofield gave her the jewels and then took them away from her again, as easy as lifting a sandwich off a plate." He turned to the policeman who had just laid Frenchy Aumont's requisition of lethal weapons upon the table. "Get me all the dope on Scofield; particularly any Long Island dumps of theirs. I want to know where he's heading."

Monsieur René was loading pistols with the swift precision of an expert factory hand on piecework.

"Why Rainy Day?" he asked, without looking up.

"It's a name his own bats give him," said the other. "He's been snitched on more than once. I guess he's apt to hold out on them, and they figure he's salting away more than they know. Where can I phone you?"

"Claxton 500," said Frenchy Aumont, making an arsenal of himself as he put revolvers into most of his pockets. "Grégoire, here is one for you, and for Marcel. Take these boxes of cartridges out to the car. You may not remember, but my own place is down on the North Shore. I shall perhaps not go there, but I can get messages. However, we will call you, every hour. See that you send a good man to my town house."

"I told Burgess to go on there at once," said Riordan soothingly. "And you've got Flackson, our best bet, sitting by your chauffeur now. When his teeth take hold his jaws lock. Don't get me in Dutch by letting off guns unless you have to. You got a license?"

"Don't be an ass," said monsieur calmly. "What's the last point you heard from—East Norwich? Thank you, Riordan. Stick!" With which final definite instruction, Frenchy Aumont walked out to divide his revolvers with his ally.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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Valspar is heat-proof, waterproof and accident-proof. Washing powders or hot, soapy water will not spot or mar it. Neither acids nor alkalies will spoil its lustre or turn it white.

Anyone can apply Valspar. It brushes easily and flows evenly, and dries hard overnight.

Valspar is also made in beautiful colors—

Valspar Varnish-Stains in transparent wood colors such as Light or Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Cherry and Moss-Green.

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Valspar Book . ☐

S. E. P.—10-31-25

HOT WAFFLES!

(Continued from Page 15)

"Oh, I know," she tensed under the savagery of his tone, "it isn't the money, it's"—barytone mimicry—"the principle of the thing! Goodness!" A sniff rushed her to the table where she extracted from the waffle iron its contents. An oblong of golden, crenelated crispness.

"No. It isn't the principle of the thing; it's the interest of the thing. Look!" Her husband strode across with an outheld paper. "The same thing advertised at Stacey's for seven-ninety-eight."

Though well aware of the male's unreliability in comparative analyses, she nevertheless inspected the pictured model, only to have her facts confirmed. "Why, it's not the same at all. In the first place, it's round ——"

"Twenty-two dollars for an article retailing at seven-ninety-eight! D'ye know how much interest that is? About 300 per cent!" As his eyes dropped to the waffle, his voice lifted to a higher indignation. "There oughta be a law against these robbers!" He started pacing the floor. "The Interstate Commerce Commission oughta get after them. Allowing the banks only 6 per cent and letting these ——" As if overcome by such economic atrocities, he sagged into a chair.

After a barbed glance toward the table, he turned his back, lit a cigarette. There ensued Homeric puffs through which his wife ate her waffle in silence. But presently she looked around. For an instant, her face betrayed that nervous irritability which Havelock Ellis feels is characteristic of all women.

Mr. Hollister, as if conscious of her regard, had abandoned smoking for whistling. Something that sounded like a chilled air from a Norwegian funeral suite. A performance that pouched out his mouth in profile like an excrescential deformity. Yet gradually in his wife's wide eyes as she studied him there grew that homage given to Greek statuary of the noblest period. Swiftly considering the easiest terms for buying back the favor of an outraged god, she chose: "Stevie-Peevie, come on over like a nice boy and eat your waffle."

"I don't want any waffle."

"But you know you love waffles, dear."

"You're entirely mistaken. Waffles always give me dyspepsia." The liar!

"But these won't, lovie. Best waffles I ever tasted."

"Huh! They oughta be. Twenty-two dollars"—crushingly—"on time."

"But don't be unreasonable, Steve," she frowned impatiently. "Every woman I know gets things on time ——"

"Sure!" A bitter laugh. "That wisecracker who said the woman always pays, and pays, and pays was an installment man." A pause. "A dollar a week for the weak-minded! Easy terms for easy marks. But not this easy mark. D'ye understand?" He rose to deliver this last so menacingly that his poor wife shrank back.

"But, dearest ——" After a long period, the nestling instinct revived in her, and she fluttered toward him with a wheedling "If you'll just sign this time, I promise I'll never buy ——"

"Listen!" He sharply halted her. "You'd fall for anything you could get on time, from a strait-jacket to a cremating outfit. Look at this place!" His arm made a dioramic fling around the charming room, gala with those feminine touches whereby the domestic scientist transmutes a house into a home.

"Here's one of your dollar-down-falls!" A vicious thump on a sewing machine, followed by a sardonic "Which you used once to hem a tea towel."

"That isn't so, Steve Hollister," she protested hotly. "You know darned well that I turned the cuffs on your gray shirt."

This testimony might have tempered his Draconian severity, perhaps, but just then a clock began striking. A grandfatherly clock which, though purchased on easy terms, seemed to feel no obligation whatever about being on time. Despite frequent and thorough overhaulings, it continued to play fast and loose with its owners. Usually about five hours fast; and then as an added ill-timed piquancy, the hour it struck never showed the slightest deference to the numeral it tried its hand at. So now, as it chimed four and pointed to 1:30, Carol, glancing at the eight o'clock accuracy of her wrist watch, blushed. Then quickly, she turned to waffle-ironing activities, hoping thus to distract her husband into other moods. But he was already at the clock, glaring into its innocent face.

"As for this noble stem-winder," he sneered. "Nothing need be said! It speaks for itself."

After Mrs. Hollister had entered another waffle into the griddle, she turned quietly. "Are you through?"

"Oh, dear me, no." He went to a row of books on the buffet. "Here's our History of Human Culture!" Then, jerking up a book, "And not a leaf cut."

His voice was cutting enough to atone for the defection, and at the tone, Mrs. Hollister leaped up. For now she was good and mad. The motive prompting this purchase, you see, had been so sterling. Convinced by the advertisements that success in human relationships depends upon enriched interests; recognizing marriage, too, as not only the most important human relationship but one quickly deadened by that limited outlook uniquely known as kitchen-mindedness, she had bought these books as insurance policies against just such deadening—not realizing, the poor little thing, that a choice of John Stuart Mill's Subjection of Women would have been far, far wiser! And was it her fault if grubbings imposed by the rooftree had delayed her short cuts into culture? Certainly not!

"Maybe if you'd cut a page and read some, it would improve your disposition ——"

"It would improve my disposition a darned sight more if you'd cut out this installment stuff." He flung the book in a chair as she advanced upon him, flushed and trembling. "Then, Mr. Stephen Hollister, if you want to run the home ——"

"Home!" He groaned. "Why, my dear Carol, this isn't a home. It's a zoo full of white elephants. It's ——" A door bell stopped him.

Carol started, smoothed her hair. "I wonder who that could be?"

"Probably an installment collector," she was assured, as Mr. Hollister left the room. Yet outside, his jovially surprised, "Why, Mr. Willetts," annulled the prophecy. Presently he returned with a caller, a fleshy gentleman with white hair who exuded a lush, lusty paternalism.

"Well! Well! Well!" He beamed upon them collectively, then went on to say he'd been called to Washington, and happening to be motoring by with old Judge Sloane, you know, he'd taken a fool notion to drop in and meet the wife.

Which naturally brought on the desired presentation and a "Well! Well! Well!" of bass admiration as he clasped his hostess' hand. "Now, wouldn't I just know this fella here," a smile at Steve, "would pick out a little peach!"

For an instant the little peach gave frostbitten indications, yet when a rotary survey of the room brought from him, "And maybe you think it don't do an old hotel hound like me good to get a look in on a cozy little home like this," a smile ripened on her face.

"Then it doesn't remind you of a zoo, Mr. Willetts?"

"A zoo?" He gave the quip a laugh which sounded like a series of long-winded hiccups humored into the services of merriment. "Well, not unless a zoo's a place where you park turtledoves." After a wink at his host, he started to sit down. Noting the book in the chair, however, he picked it up to read, The History of Human Culture! An almost reverent respect lowered his voice, "By Harry, Hollister, speaks mighty well for a young fellow to find him reading stuff like this."

Here Mrs. Hollister's, "Heavens! The waffle!" distracted him from her husband's equivocal expression. Approvingly he watched trim ankles speed to the table; then as she forked forth a crisp oblong, he exhaled an ecstatic, "Hot waffles! Good Lord! I haven't eaten a home-grown waffle in thirty years."

Which evoked, naturally, an invitation to repair the omission; and two minutes later, he was being served generously and graciously.

"Absolutely best waffles I ever ate!" This, of course, flushed the waffle ironer in triumph. Its effect upon her husband, however, was problematical, since behind a newspaper he preserved an Olympian aloofness. Only once did he look up. This in response to Willetts' later "Better come on over, kid, and have some more." But in lieu of speech, he gave the hospitable invitation a twisted smile. It was not until his guest rose with "I'll say any wife that can make waffles like that is worth a million dollars," that he spoke. Something about, "Yeah, a dollar down; a dollar a week."

Yet this remark the other must have missed, because he merely reported a desire to talk over that little deal. Then a fear that the missus would probably be bored by shop talk and —— Here the missus took the hint. She had her dishes to do, and if they would excuse her. . . . Why, certainly.

Out in the kitchen, she closed the door and in a minute had forgotten everything save the joy of polishing glassware into vapory thinness and cutlery into platinum brightness. So complete, in fact, was her domesticated absorption, that she started violently at Mr. Hollister's summoning, "Carol!"

Entering the living room it was Willetts' "Well! Well! Well!" however, which welcomed her. "Just been broadcasting some facts to your husband, little lady, and be glad to have you in on the last installment."

Without noticing her start at the last word, he began his parable, a bedtime story which most of us have learned at some promoter's knee. Beginning with the sage advice of Russell Sage counseling investment in infant enterprises, since if one waits till such mature into demonstrated money-makers, it is only possible to buy in at a 5 or 6 per cent earning basis. Then a flash light exposure of that wise wag who, investing a lone dime in a camera concern, collected forty dollars yearly from the bus fare. Then the plumber who, deciding to put $600 in a gas-mantle company, realized $500,000 from the bright idea. The hundred which extracted $250,000 from a typemachine business whose dividends aggregated $231,181,057.

These and many more were elaborated into a homily of silken, sinewy periods. As convincing a talk as that which sold you on the rat and cat farm where the rats were fed to the cats, the cats killed for their skins and fed to the rats, thereby insuring profits of a Belgian hare fecundity.

"So that's that!" The historian lit a cigar. Through the spiraling smoke, he watched his hostess, waiting for the facts to sink in. But that poor little thing, having no head for facts and consequently no place for them to sink, stared at him blankly. So presently he filed his statistics and drifted into personal reminiscence.

"D'ye know, Mrs. Hollister, tonight when I saw you, I said to myself, there's a little girl who ought to be"—with a kind of exquisite wistfulness he glanced from her to the sewing machine which abutted her chair—"to be wearing Paris frocks, instead of making her own. And I said to myself, by Harry, I'm going to see that she does.

(Continued on Page 61)

THE phrenologist estimates your ability by the bumps on your head.

The palmist predicts your future from the lines in your hand.

The astrologer tells your fate by the time of your birth.

All the rest of the world judges you by your face—its character and grooming.

Assuming that you use Mennen Shaving Cream, I can predict that your face is closely shaved, free from cuts, and devoid of blackheads.

Now Mennen offers the final touch—something to make your face feel like a million dollars and look better than ever before. The name is Mennen Skin Balm—three magic words that open a new era of after-shaving pleasure.

Squeeze a little of this magic balm from the tube. Rub it in for half a minute. First you feel a man-size bite, then a wave of refreshing coolness. Revel in the subdued, refreshing odor.

No trace of Skin Balm remains, yet it has given you antiseptic protection and a look of good grooming—plus the pleasure.

For ten years Mennen Shaving Cream has held the world's record for quick sales growth. Mennen Skin Balm is now shattering that record. Both come in tubes—50c each. Money back if you say so, but you won't!

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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MONARCH
MONARCH
MONARCH
SWEET
RED RASPBERRIES
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Everything for the Holiday Menu
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Sweet Peas
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Quality for 70 years

(Continued from Page 59)

When she lets her old man sign this contract ——"

Up to this time Mr. Hollister had left the situation to his merchandising betters, but now he came forward to explain nervously, "He means sign for a block of oil stock, dear."

"Oil stock?" Bewildered, she rose to find herself the target of an excited sales talk. An antiphonal performance which yielded such *disjecta membra* as "Thorough investigation . . . one thousand acres . . . Inter-continental holdings." Before their animated gesticulations she backed off, step by step, until the divan halted her. Then at Mr. Willetts' climactic "Anticline!" she flopped down into it. The suddenness of which yanked that gentleman back to normalcy. "Well! Well! Well!" A chuckle of embarrassed self-reproach. "Seems to me an apology's in order; stampeding a little lady like that."

Instead, however, he sat down beside her and lapsed into brooding abstraction. The grandfatherly clock began striking. He roused.

"But here's my excuse, child," he began, then after a second went on to amplify. It seemed that from the first he'd taken a strong, strange fancy to her husband. Possibly because the latter reminded him so much of his own lad. The one who—his voice broke—had met a hero's death at Vimy Ridge. And that was why he'd wanted to get the boy in as an original investor, before the shares jumped sky high. Which they would, of course, as soon as the well was finished.

He paused as Steve seated himself on the arm of the divan; then went on simply, "I'll tell you, my dear, it wrings my heart to see bright young chaps like this one"—a hand capped Hollister's knee affectionately—"throwing away their best years for a miserable sixty a week. It means a bondage to routine which not only wears them out spiritually, physically and mentally, but an economic pressure which squeezes from their brave little wives—God bless 'em!—not only youth and health but all their flowerlike beauty." His head sank. "Why, it's tragic!"

Behind them, the clock finished striking thirteen. Then a long silence, broken by Carol's sigh. Desolately she looked up to face her husband.

"And that's why, dearest, we mustn't pass up a chance to put fifteen hundred into this thing. As Mr. Willetts says, opportunity never knocks at the same door twice."

"Fifteen hundred dollars?" Her face betrayed the befuddlement often found in the mentally sheltered woman; then she brightened, "Oh, you mean a hundred and fifty. Well, maybe ——"

"Well, hardly." An indulgent chuckle from Willetts as he twinkled at her. "I'm not running a raffle on a bottle of castor oil just this minute."

"No, Carol. It's fifteen hundred dollars."

"Fifteen hundred dollars!" After she'd digested the figures, "When it's taken us two years to save two thousand for a home!" A frenzied laugh sent her striding across the room, pursued by her husband.

"But, darling, Mr. Willetts is kind enough to let me in on the ground floor, and ——"

She whirled upon him. "Yes, and Uncle Joe got in on the ground floor of a gold mine, and his family spent the rest of their lives in a basement."

This was such a typically illogical inference that her husband smiled wearily. So wearied was he by it, in fact, that he failed to notice the change taking place in her. In her bearing, a new dignity. In her face, a new awakening. No longer a Penelope, but an Andromache who has found the Appian Way that leads from sex enslavement to dazzling heights of self-realization. A decided change, certainly, and one which registered upon the older man. For his expression just then was the sort Walpole must have used when he called Mary Wollstonecraft a hyena in petticoats.

"But see here, Carol." In Hollister's voice a domestic animus revived as he presented new arguments. These, however, were rejected so stormily that Willetts stepped forward to pour high gravity oil upon the troubled waters. Gently he confronted the new woman. "Then you're willing, child," he asked sadly, "to let your husband lose out on making two hundred per cent ——"

A laugh as gay as carnival balloons and the clink of bangles on a gypsy's bracelet halted him.

"Two hundred per cent! Oh, then, that settles it, my dear Mr. Willetts. You see," creamily, "Mr. Hollister feels that making more than 6 per cent is really criminal. In fact, his conscience wouldn't let him sleep nights if ——"

"Now, look here, Carol ——" Swift footsteps toward her; but turning her back, she lost herself in a magazine. Soon she heard a whispered colloquy. After which she became aware of the older gentleman, to her left, studying her musingly.

"Well! Well! Well!" She turned to find his face agleam with a bright idea. "Little lady, knowing how womenfolk hate seeing money leave home in a big lump, I'm going to make a concession. Some arrangement for easy terms."

"Easy terms for easy marks, eh?" Another carnival laugh which the other chose to ignore.

"Say, seven-fifty down and so much a week."

"So much a week for the weak-minded!" This time the slogan reduced her to helpless merriment. This Mr. Willetts appeared not to hear. Yet at some time or other he must have heard of that anti-feminist who labeled woman a capsule covering utter emptiness. At last his look attributed to the bobbed head opposite, an absence of inner substance comparable to carnival balloons, pneumatic tires and soufflé potatoes. A look repeated on Hollister's face as he advanced with "But, my dear Carol, this is different ——"

"It may be, my dear Stephen, but let me tell you this." Her eyes dropped to the contract in his hand. She started, then recovering herself, announced, "If you sign that paper, I'm through." Then turning on her heel, she left the room.

Flinging herself across the bed, she fumbled feverishly into the woman's rights question. Certainly that fifteen hundred was as much hers as his, by virtue of the thrift which had subserved its accumulation. Yet apparently she had no right to veto authoritatively its disposal. Oh, to be sure, this might be effected by tears and sex appeal. Yet through some newborn pride she spurned this anti-Wollstonecraftiness of the parasitic female. No. No! From the other room came the sound of Willetts' oily tongue, running from flat statements to sharp gibes. Tensely she listened. And suddenly into her face came a look which might have persuaded you that Mr. Lombroso was right in assuming that there is a half-crimaloid being in even the normal woman. She started for the door. As she opened it the lights went out. "What's the matter?"

"That damned waffle iron!" Steve shouted. "Tripped over the cord. Must have blown out a fuse."

Her eyes, now accustomed to the darkness, could make out the two at the table. It was Willetts who asked: "Any extra fuses in the house?"

"No." She moved to the buffet, accompanied by the rattle of a match box.

"Oh, heavens! Steve!" Her cry silenced the rattle. "The kitchen. I smell something burning. Please, quick, Mr. Willetts."

During the ensuing confusion, she rushed to the table; then a call to them, "No. All right. Just crumbs from waffles, I guess." After which the ring of the phone sped her across the room.

"Hello. . . . Yes . . . Mr. Nichols?"

"Here. On the dotted line. Quick." Willetts' voice synchronized with the sputter of a match as Carol went on in the phone. "Steve? Yes ——"

"Nine-twenty." Mr. Willetts at the table. "Train. Rush. Fly," he panted; and as she suspended the receiver, Mrs. Hollister felt the wind of this gentleman's haste past her.

"Fred Nichols for you, Steve," she called, as she left the room.

Two minutes later she was standing on the bathtub where her manipulations in a box above resulted in instant illumination. Five minutes after which she entered the living room, to find her husband crouched on the divan. At her approach he looked up to ask dully, "The lights ——"

"I fixed them with a hairpin." She proceeded to the waffle iron to test its serviceability. Unimpaired, thank heaven!

"Oh, Carol. We're ruined." She wheeled. Under rumpled blond hair Greek tragedy was written on her husband's face. "That was Fred. Been interested in this oil scheme with me, you know. And this noon he found out the hole they've been sinking is a duster. A dud." A groan. "And I've signed away nearly all our savings."

Carol said nothing, so he went on to say that though he hadn't given a check because of the delay necessitated by a savings account, Fred thought the signature on the subscription blank would hold him. He couldn't prove actual fraud, you see. The leases were authentic, and—another groan. Then, "It's not a case of being a sucker, but just out of luck."

This was not so much a prop to a tottering self-esteem as a bait to draw out that compassion supposed to be instinct in the womanly nature. His wife's face, however, suggested a sentimental education advanced beyond the ethical normative of femininity which fetters individuality because of its teleological limits. That is to say, she looked so darned snooty that the poor fellow broke down. Incoherent hysteria.

But, of course, Willetts was a crook. Everything proved it! And if he—Steve—didn't come across, the swindler would probably garnishee his salary. Or failing that, Mullins would get wind of it and fire him, Mullins being dead set against speculation, evidently not yet exposed to Russell Sage's counseling. Anyway, they were ruined! Oh, why hadn't he listened to her! Of course he didn't expect her to forgive him. No. He'd take his medicine like a man—he would! Here a sob broke from him. Just why blond despair should be so much more affecting than brunet desolation is as tempting to speculation as most oil propositions. But suffice it to say that Carol's eyes softened as he finished, "Oh, if I had that contract, I'd tear it in a million pieces."

"Well! Well! Well!" For a second she smiled; then taking from her bosom a paper, said, "Well, here it is."

Startled, he took it. "The —— Producing and Refining Company." As he read, bewilderment ceded to elation. "Why, this is it. But ——" He stiffened, victimized by new misgivings. "I signed something! Maybe I signed for two thousand shares. What did I sign?"

"You signed a contract for a twenty-two-dollar waffle iron."

"What?" He fell back. His mental processes seemed so dislocated by the statement that Carol sat down and began explaining patiently, as one does to a child.

What she tried to make clear was this: That as compensation for the inferior size of woman's brain there had been given her a trick mental apparatus. Flashes of intelligence which in emergencies, for instance, bring a swift remembrance of the deceptive similarity between two legal papers. Also the quick wit to stage a confusion—*vide*, something burning in the kitchen—whereby a substitution of documents may be easily effected.

"So you saved us!" Admiration lowered his voice to a whisper.

"No. It was really the waffle iron," she fair-mindedly insisted. "Your blowing out the fuse." Of course privately she was willing to concede the complicity of Providence in the other fortuitous ifs. If Steve hadn't withheld the check—if Fred hadn't

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Tip-Top the octagon pocket watch
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found out and phoned just when he did, and so on. Still, she saw no value in calling the other's attention to these minor instrumentalities. He had plenty of food for thought as it was. Wonder about Mr. Willetts' expression when he read the contract, for instance. As for herself, this didn't interest her, being part of the past. Like all emancipated women, her eyes were upon the future. The glorious tomorrow! Right after breakfast, she'd send to that installment house for another contract.

"Darling!" She turned to meet her husband's gaze, and behold, she witnessed apotheosis. His look enthroned and deified her. Gladly, unreservedly, it acknowledged her divine descent. Suddenly a bell rang and he seized the telephone receiver. The next moment came a loud knock on the door. "D'ye suppose," he said, "that's Willetts coming?"

"No, dear," he was assured as Carol crossed toward the hall. "Opportunity never knocks on the same door twice." With that, she went out, to reappear in a minute. "It's Tommy Boyce. He's taking subscriptions on a gardening magazine, so I ordered one. It's to help him through college and they're giving a book away with every order. Have you any change? It's a dollar down."

This with frank, fearless directness. An expression which indicated a state of mind which, if universalized, would bring about a state of matriarchy in no time. Without a word, her husband handed over a dollar bill.

Again she left the room, returning presently with a small book. This she extended to Hollister. The clock began striking.

"The Diseases of the Cucumber," he read aloud, as the clock finished striking six. "Well! Well! Well!" A grin bared strong white teeth as he approved, "Fair enough." Then meekly, "Oh, but lovie, could the old man please have a waffle?"

ROUGH AND RAH-RAH

(Continued from Page 21)

For the first week Harvey gets the thorns and I pluck the rose from the Mehaffy bush. He gives me no trouble at all, sticking close to himself in and out of the rub room. Besides, Plug surprises me by getting all wrapped up in the bee course, talking as affectionately about the little cusses as if they was more stinged against than stinging.

It's funny about some of those rough natures. I used to know a lad that regularly got tanked at barrel houses, licked three or four of the patrons before closing time, staggered home, bashed his wife over the head because the hot roast beef was hot and then spent the rest of the night cooing with the canary bird.

On the field Plug continues wild and vicious, and it takes all the ten days before the game with Applejohn for Joe to pass the idea to him that the other ten men in the line-up were friends of his, and that it wasn't clubby for him to kick them in the shins, cave their ribs in and knock their teeth down their throats.

"If the Gladyses are afraid of getting hurt," I hears Mehaffy yelping to the coach one afternoon, "why do they get in my way when I'm running with the ball?"

"They're not getting in your way," explains the coach. "That's your interference and ——"

"What business they got interfering with me?" cuts in Plug.

"They're not interfering with you," returns Harvey patient. "They're interfering with the fellows trying to down you."

"When I get started," growls Mehaffy, "I don't need any help. Besides I'm too busy to pick friends from enemies. Anybody that gets near me is going to get a walloping. Tell that to your Myrtles."

"Never mind," says I to Joe, after Plug trots away, "he'll be different when he's up against another team and can tell the players apart."

"I hope so," grunts Harvey, "but I can't just get the notion of teamwork into his dome. I'd like to use him at full against Applejohn but he'll just gum the works if he's going to insist on playing a lone hand. Anyhow, signals don't mean any more to him so far than knock-knees do to a snake. I'm about ready to send him back to the mines."

"Give him a chance," I advises. "If he can bang up the opposish the way he's been butchering your second eleven, Highgate won't have anything to do toward the end of the game except hurdle to the goal over a row of hospital cots. If all the bandages I've used the last week were placed end on end they'd stretch from pole to pole with an eighty-mile bowknot at the equator. Leave him to me. I'll do an irate parent on him for you."

I have a few talks with Plug, explaining the purpose of signals in football and also the necessity of treating your teammates more like sweethearts than wives, winding up with a threat to send him on his way.

"And," I finishes, "what'll your poor bees do then, poor stings?"

That gets under Mehaffy's hide and he promises to change from being good and brutal to brutal and good. However, Harvey takes no chances of using him as a back and spots him at left guard in the game with Applejohn. What I expected happens. Plug just splinters the whole right side of the other eleven into matchwood. The hundred and sixty pounder opposite him has as much chance of holding him back as a dog house has in a cyclone. With a bull plunge and a sweep of his arms he drills hole after hole for our halves, but it all goes to waste. The whole gang's got the fumbling fever and perfect opportunities for long runs and even scores are thrown into the ash can.

On the defensive Mehaffy's the four aces in the deck. He's through the line and on top of the bim with the ball before that lad's got his arm wrapped around it, and when Plug sends a guy crashing it's time out and plenty of it. Of course, he gets us penalized for some off-side plays and a couple of times for the kind of rough work you couldn't overlook even in those days, but Harvey's more than satisfied.

"He's worth a whole army of the kind of butter-fingers we got," snorts Joe. "I could drive a coach and eight through the garden gates he's making in Applejohn's line."

"Give him the ball," I urges. "You're just wasting him where he is. You might as well have him back in the coal mine for all the good he's doing here today."

"But he hardly knows the signals," protests the coach. "He's already balled 'em up half a dozen times. Did you notice him on that end run?"

"He only needs one signal—right through the middle," says I. "Let him get the ball far enough in back of the line to get a running plunge and if Applejohn doesn't crack wide open at center five minutes after the second half starts, I'll eat your other shirt."

The first session ends with the score nix to nix, and it's a sore and weary bunch of Applejohnnies that drag their dogs from the field. The Highgate crowd's not so festive and fresh, either, with the exception of Plug, who's not even breathing heavy.

"Fine work, boy," I tells him with a pat on the back.

"What's the use," comes back Mehaffy, disgusted, "I make it rain for those Claras but they haven't sense enough to get wet. Why don't they let me run with the ball?"

"They're going to, bo," I informs him, "and you've got to make your own holes. I'm betting on you for two touchdowns. Do I get 'em?"

"You bet," snaps Plug, baring his teeth, "and one for each of your sisters."

The first few minutes in the rub room are devoted to some choice and chaste remarks by Harvey. I don't know what kind of speeches coaches make nowadays after a bad quarter, but if any of the Highgate boys couldn't have walked under a dachshund with their silk hats on and with room enough to spare after Joe's vitriol shower, they must have had cotton in their ears.

"I really ought to forfeit the game," concludes Harvey, "rather than have the college disgraced any more by such white-livered rabbits, and the only reason I don't is that we have one man on the team with a little nerve. I'm sending him back to play the second half single-handed. On account of the rules calling for eleven men I got to hide my disgust and send the rest of you out to the field, but it's Mehaffy that's carrying the honor of Alma Mater."

"What's that?" grits Plug in my ear. "I thought I carried the ball?"

The new signals we fix are simple enough. They call for steady plunges by Mehaffy through the center of the Applejohn line with few variations. A row of zero-ending numbers call for dashes around the right end; numbers ending in five, around the left end, but the line smashing is to continue as long as the yardage is made.

"In case you get tired," says Joe, "you ——"

"What's 'tired'?" cuts in Plug.

"Listen," I cautions Mehaffy, as we pass out, "that Applejohn gang's going to lay for you and they'll do anything to put you out of the game. Watch yourself."

"What a chance they got!" sneers the husky.

"Don't be so darn sure," says I sharply. "It's no trick at all to break a guy's leg, if you get after him right, and you got to remember the Highgate crowd won't go into mourning if it happens either. They might even give it an extra twist. You're about as popular with them as a double mastoid."

On a fumble Plug gets the ball at the kick-off and runs it back about fifty yards with most of the Applejohn team hanging on to him at different stages of the dash. Mehaffy lashes out at friend and foe alike, and when he's finally pulled down, time has to be taken out for two of the opponents and one of our own men who got too close with his interference. When play's resumed Plug's at full, and I'm on my toes for the first crash at the line.

And what a crash it was! Head down between his concrete shoulders, Mehaffy rips into center, but the Applejohn wall holds pretty well. Plug's caught in a crush and lifted above the jam of players like the top of a wave that's smashed against a rock. A second of that—then he kicks and butts his way loose and throws himself over the far side of the line. Applejohn's right after him, but Mehaffy's snaked off ten yards before the whistle blows.

"Ten or twelve straight smashes like that," says I, gleeful to Harvey, "and he won't have a line to go against. It'll be a sieve."

It didn't take as many shots as I thought. Six successive charges at center, with the whole Highgate layout playing some real football for a change and Plug's planted the ball between the posts.

From then on it's a parade. Applejohn keeps dragging men off the field and sending in new ones, but it makes no difference with Mehaffy. With the session a little more than half over and with three made-by-Mehaffy touchdowns in, Plug breaks through center again, shakes off four or five hangers-on and hotfoots for the goal along the left sideline where the scrimmage had started this time. It looks like a clear field ahead when suddenly Tobin, the one-hundred-and-thirty-pound Applejohn quarter and ten-flat swifty, cuts through the Highgate interference and starts after Mehaffy.

(Continued on Page 64)

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(Continued from Page 62)

About twenty yards from the posts, where I happen to be standing, Tobin catches up with Plug, makes a high flying tackle and gets his arms around the runner's waist. Mehaffy struggles viciously to tear himself loose, but that Tobin baby's a Boston bull of a sticker and Plug's best is not good enough to rid himself of the gritty quarterback.

All at once he stops short and I hears him snarl, "Come on, if you want to go along."

He reaches back with his left hand, hooks it between Tobin's legs and swings that lightweight clear off the ground. With the signal shouter wriggling around his waist, Mehaffy staggers to the goal and goes over, Highgate having done a great job of blocking the Applejohn pursuers in the meantime.

"Does that kind of score count?" I asks Joe Harvey.

"What's the difference?" grins the coach. "The game's on ice and I'm taking Plug out, anyways, before he gets thrown out."

Mehaffy makes no holler about being benched; in fact, he seems pleased. Five minutes later when I looks around for him he's gone, and after the game I finds out that he hasn't been at training quarters for a shower and a change. I got a hunch where he is and I make a bee line for the bee joint which is right in back of the football grounds. Sure enough, there he is in his muddy, torn uniform and scratched-up face, kneeling in front of one of the hives.

"What you doing?" I asks. "Telling the bees the score?"

"Poor fellow," says Plug gentle, nodding to a bee in the palm of his hand. "One of his little wings is broke."

We win the next three games by top-heavy scores, practically all the markers being made by Mehaffy with crushing plunges through the center of the line. The toughest job I have is getting him to agree to play in the out-of-town tussles. Over at the cow college he's been put in charge of a bunch of hives and he doesn't think any more of leaving them than a one-eyed guy does of his good lamp.

One day while we're preparing for the mix-up with Clifton, the big game on our schedule, Plug doesn't show for practice and Joe sends me out to round him up. I know just where to find him.

"Come on," I yelps, "let the bees bee."

"No," says Mehaffy, "I got to be with 'em. They're kind of restless and I'm afraid they're going to swarm and I ——"

"I suppose," I cuts in, sarcastic, "they won't if you sing to 'em."

"They're getting to know me," returns Plug, "and they get sore if I ain't with 'em a lot."

"Forget it," I yelps, impatient, "and come on to practice."

"No," comes back Mehaffy, dogged. "The bees need me more than the football team. I'm not going to play any more."

"Not going to play any more!" I exclaims. "Not going to play against Clifton?"

"I'm through," says Plug, and turns to his hives.

"What do you think you were brought to Highgate for?" I shouts.

"Because a rich bird wanted to give some poor boy an education. Isn't that it?" asks Mehaffy.

"Sure, sure," I agrees hurriedly, "but he wants you to play football too."

"I've played enough," says Plug. "From now on I'm going to stick with my bees."

I argue for half an hour, but it's no use. The best I can get out of Mehaffy is a halfway promise that he might get into uniform again if his bees tame down and there's no danger of 'em swarming, whatever that is. Joe tries his hand with Plug, but has no more luck than I had. A bunch of the college boys attempt to appeal to his college spirit, but you might as well try to get a patriotic rise out of a bunch of deaf Swedes by singing them the Peruvian national anthem.

We figure out all kind of schemes to get Mehaffy back into harness, such as burning down the beenery, having the dean of the cow college pry him loose from his job, offering him a wad of jack, and so on, but pass 'em up.

What can you do with a bim that's gone barmy over bees?

The morning of the game, which is to be played on the home lot, I drifts over to make a last appeal to Plug. There's a thousand bucks in my pocket for emphasis. As usual he's around the hives, his arms and hands covered with bees—he's that sting proof.

"Well," I remarks, for an opener, "they look pretty tame today."

"They've settled down a lot," agrees Mehaffy, "and if you want me to I'll play this afternoon."

Oh, boy, wasn't that Clifton crowd surprised when Plug showed in the line-up, and what a hand the stands gave him! College enthusiasm meant nothing to Mehaffy. Cheer after cheer from the students brought scowl after scowl from him.

"What a bunch of silly Susies!" he growls. "I hope all that nut racket doesn't stir up the bees again." And I sees him look anxiously over the short fence at the end of the field, toward the hives just beyond. "They ought to move these grounds," he adds.

"Why not move the bees?" I suggests.

"One bee," says Plug, "is worth all the football in the country."

In eleven years Highgate had never won a game from Clifton, and even with Mehaffy in the line-up our chances were not terribly bright. Plug's two hundred pounds don't prevent Clifton from outweighing us about ten pounds to the man and they had at least four men—suspected of being ringers from boiler factories and iron foundries—as big and as husky looking as our ace.

It doesn't take Mehaffy long to see that he's up against something else again in the Clifton line. Plunge after plunge is stopped short. On the other hand no one man can stop Plug, and he's through the rival line time after time to break up Clifton plays. Throughout the first half the ball zigzags up and down the field, with neither team coming within twenty yards of pushing the ball over.

Our prospects in the second half look a little better. Three of the toughest eggs on the other side were so roughly handled by Mehaffy in the first session that they're through for the day. Plug himself is badly cut up and limping, but still full of fight.

"We'll get those Berthas this time," says he to me after the rest spell.

"Go to it, kid," I encourages. "Make the bees proud of their keeper."

Mehaffy goes right ahead with his crashing tactics in the second half. For several minutes the Clifton line holds as firmly as ever, but the strain begins to tell. Plug's drives gain more and more ground—ten, twenty and then thirty yards—but at the critical moments Clifton always stiffens sufficiently to prevent a score. Offensively, the opposition is nowheres, the entire energy of the eleven being devoted to holding Mehaffy safe.

"Looks like nothing to nothing," I remarks to Joe, when the half's about over.

"Wait," cries the coach, "Clifton's going to pieces."

"Maybe," says I, "but there's only a minute or so to play. Look at that!"

On our twenty-yard line Plug's taken the ball for a fifteen-yard plunge through center. A quick line-up and he's through for another twenty yards.

"We got 'em, we got 'em!" shrieks Harvey, and I can hardly hear him for the din the rooters are making. I call over to the timekeeper.

"One minute," he yells back.

Plunge, plunge, plunge and the ball's on Clifton's five-yard line, first down.

"Do we score?" grins the coach.

"We do," says I.

It's a cinch. The Clifton line's shot to pieces and helpless and a child in arms could have made five yards through them in three tries. Victory for the first time in twelve years! My job and Joe Harvey's safe!

I see the quarter reeling off signals. Snap! The ball zips into Plug's open arms. I await the crouch and the crunch through the line—and I'm waiting yet.

Mehaffy stands still and straight for a fraction of a second. Then he throws the ball from him and runs around the end toward the low fence.

"What's the matter?" gasps Harvey.

"What's the matter?" I gasps back.

Plug hurls a couple of would-be tacklers out of the way, reaches the fence and hurdles over it. The crowd is dazed and dumb.

"Clifton's got the ball!" grits Joe, white and atremble.

And then the whistle blows. The game's over.

I don't wait for more. Through the crowd on the sidelines I mill my way to the end of the field, dash out of the gate and spurt to the beehives. Mehaffy's there. His face is contorted in rage.

"Curse those rotten rah-rahs," he barks. "I knew they'd make 'em swarm. Look."

On the branch of a tree not far away millions of bees are hanging on in a clump and millions more are buzzing around trying to get a foothold.

"Howling goldfish!" I moans. "And you had to see this happen from the five-yard line!"

Plug nods dumbly.

"I'm through, I guess," he mumbles. "I'll bet that guy'll be sore."

"What guy?" I asks. "Joe Harvey?"

"No," says Mehaffy. "The rich bird that put up the dough to send me here. What a flop he'll think I am as a beekeeper!"

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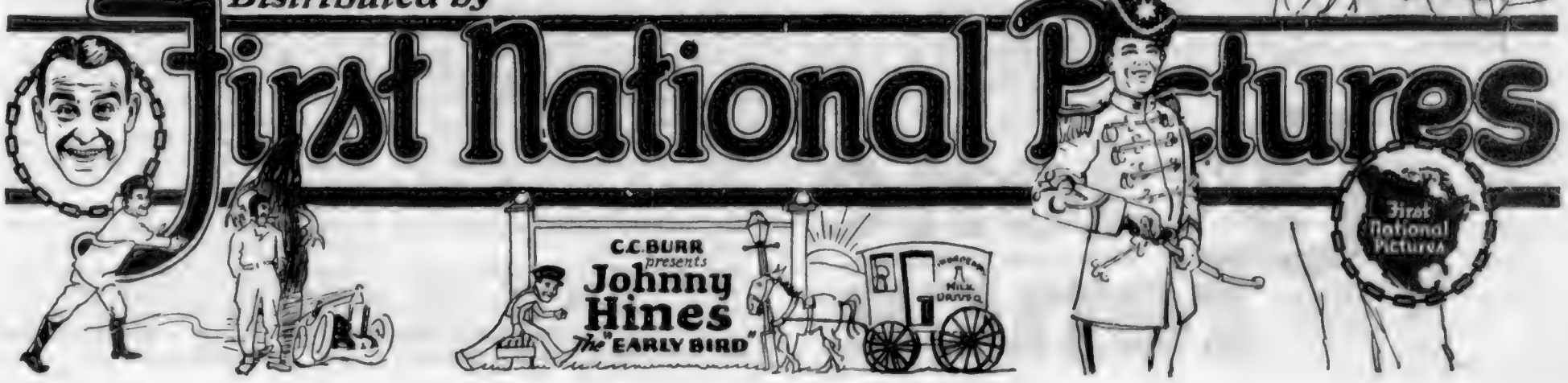

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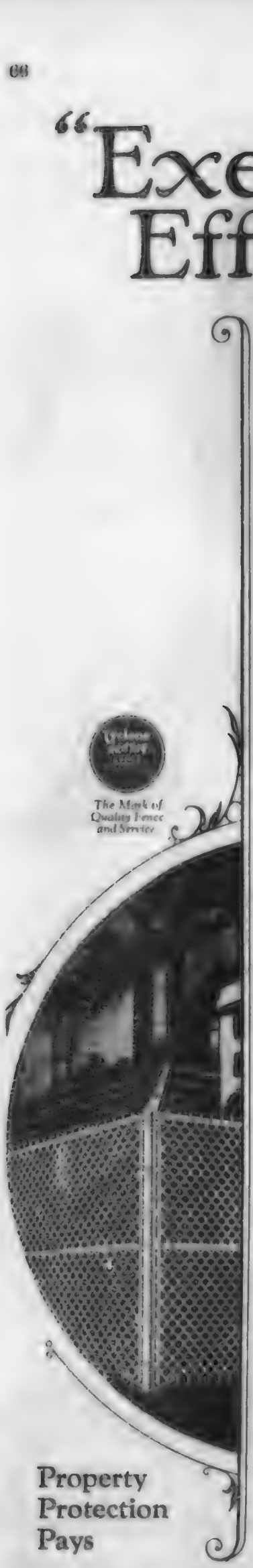

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THE GEM OF THE ROCKIES

(Continued from Page 23)

"poor man's chance"; when land was free and the Government begging by every possible form of propaganda—although it wasn't called by such rude names then—for hardy souls to settle it; when a man worked at labor for a dollar a day, and when ten times that much meant that one was well-to-do. Hence the popularity of mining, once the secret of Messrs. Jackson and Gregory became known to the world. The chance of big money!

It wasn't a matter of riches. The persons in the old days who really became immensely wealthy from gold or silver were not numerous. But there was the chance to become comfortably fixed, to gain perhaps a stake of a few thousand dollars—and the flood ran on.

Such things couldn't happen today. For one thing, ten or fifteen dollars a day, gained from living in a hovel, grubbing at the earth and rock from sunup to sundown, forgoing conveniences and even suffering privations, isn't the popular thing that it once was. For persons can make ten or fifteen dollars a day by easier methods, and even if the reward were twice as great, the god of convenience has slowly but surely taken America within his grasp. One does not like to leave the motor car, the railroad, the drug store, the grocery, the moving-picture theater and the push button. Over under James Peak, for instance, the state of Colorado is financing the building of a six-mile tunnel through the Rocky Mountains to facilitate transportation to a rich and fertile country now served only by the tortuous climb of the Moffatt Road, which, writhing and twisting through tunnels and snowsheds, around the sides of mountains, up gulches and along cañons, finally reaches the very top of the Continental Divide and goes down the other side—for the Moffatt Road was built in those days when an impediment such as a range of mountains meant very little to a pioneer, when the lessening of grade was not the fetish which it is now and when ——

Or as Jack Nankervis and myself pictured it one day on Rollins Pass, long disused, filled with dead fall, and with grades so stiff that the muscles stood forth upon our horses like whipcords as they struggled to surmount them. In the old days a stagecoach ran over that road, and as we fought its grades we strove to visualize the crossing of the continent by such precarious means. At last, however, we struck a slight stretch of road where a cut had been made, lessening the grade slightly, and as we rode along it Jack turned with a laugh.

Making the Grades of Yesterday

"Can't you see old Rollins when he ordered that cut?" he asked. "Probably hollered his head off. Came out to the workmen and let out a growl like a she-bear with two cubs and jammed his hands in his pockets. Then probably told 'em: 'This here country's gettin' so full o' tenderfeet there ain't no use livin' in it. Been kicking again on this grade. Guess we'll have to humor 'em. Cut it to 35 per cent!'"

For grades meant little in the old days, and inconvenience meant less. Things have changed now, with the result that the people of the northwestern part of the state objected to the fact that snow and winter and a Continental Divide sometimes closed down the railroad for days at a stretch, and now and then for several weeks. It's not in accord with present-day standards to start home with a week's shopping under one arm and get there fourteen days late. So the state of Colorado is remedying the mistake of Dave Moffatt, the empire builder, and is prosaically cutting a six-mile tunnel through the Rockies.

To do this it must have men. Men to whom it will pay the highest wages, for whom it has built a little town at each portal of the tunnel, with bunk houses, bathhouses, moving-picture shows, radio and every possible convenience that a frontier town can afford. But there's the trouble.

A frontier town. Without the pavements, the lights, the ready conveniences of the city. With bitter weather. Without homes as people of today know homes. With present-day comforts put up in the packages of yesterday, and as a result, the trucks run often to Denver, bringing forth new men to take the places of others who would rather have the softer life of the present day than the money which goes with the discomforts of a time departed.

The old incentive is gone. The flag waving has departed. Now to live the life of the frontier one simply puts up with privations and gets little glory. In the past it was different, with the result that towns popped into existence overnight, and departed almost as readily. But while they lived they were as important as New York or Paris or London. Were they not the gems of the Rockies, with the greatest future that ever a little town of their kind had known?

For there was the thing that followed on in these queer little spots of habitation which now, in varied degrees of desolation, spot the Rockies from Carbonate, far in the western part of the state, to Nevadaville and American City in the east, from Pearl and Lulu and their companions in the north on down to Vulcan and Tincup and Gothic in the south; deserted gems in the priceless diadem—gems which turned out to be glass.

A Mine-Rush Formula

But as long as they glittered, so long did the pride gleam in the eyes of those who formed their population. Nor mattered it that they had been founded overnight—all that was forgotten. Forgotten entirely the fact that a rumor had gone forth, drifting upon Western winds; that men who followed mining as a livelihood had heard that rumor, had looked upon an equally priceless gem with fading love, had pulled up stakes and gone forth to a new diggings and to a new civic pride which would bloom and blossom until some other charmer took it away. For those towns of the early days were affairs of deadly seriousness as long as they lasted.

So was a mine rush, for that matter, running almost to a formula. First the discovery. Then the visit to Denver, or the nearest town where life ran swift and crude. The imparting of the secret. The spreading of that secret by the gamblers and hangers-on—for they, too, continually wanted new fields in which to work. After a town grew to a certain age some soul was always getting a wild idea about the abolition of gambling, the closing of places of illicit amusement and the general curbing of the lawless element. But in a new town it was always possible for the saloon keepers to run things, for a while at least. Hence new towns were popular.

And new towns were fostered, with the result that the announcement of a strike meant immediately a rush of miners, followed almost as suddenly by a heavier rush of hangers-on—saloon keepers, traders, women, gamblers, peddlers, dance-hall proprietors, and, in short, an entire coterie of camp followers, who could be counted upon to furnish the general population until things became more tame and miners sent for their families. And, of course, the sawmill.

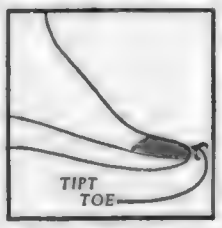
The sawmill was inevitable. One sees its mark everywhere about the deserted towns of the Rockies today. One gauges his approach to such a spot of desolation by the desolation he strikes, running mile upon mile before ever he reaches the final scene—the desolation of the sawmill. Wood meant nothing then, and wood meant everything. The first cuttings of pine boughs to form the shelter for the first

(Continued on Page 68)

. . THE BOOK . .

THE MAN who brings his foot down hard is quick to appreciate this remarkable Phoenix silk sock, the famed number 284, which now retails for 75 cents a pair. *A super-sock.* And here's why:

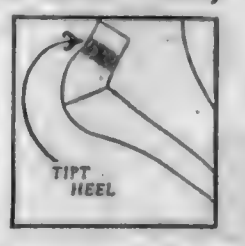
Tipt-toe. Stout and fine reinforcing strands are skillfully



woven across the top of the toe, where the stub and the pound are hardest. A toe hole eliminator—an invisible strengthening that has added miles of additional service to this most popular of men's silk socks.

. . OF HOSIERY . .

Tipt-heel. The extra band that has been woven across the heel, at the very place where the rub is most severe, especially when low shoes are worn, can hardly be seen. Yet the strength of the texture at this vital point is greatly increased. Well heeled!



Extra mileage foot. And now Phoenix master-weavers have

achieved a triumph. A sturdier sole and one which has no loose threads inside to catch and ravel! It means smoother and more comfortable support for tired pavement-pounding feet. Extra stability and better looks have been added by this remarkable improvement. It is "the sole of honor," on a sock of distinction.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

The Liquid
floor-covering
for wood or cement-inside or outside
Waterproof *Resists Hardest Wear*
Easiest to Clean

KOVERFLOR is a radical departure in floor protection. It creates a sanitary surface, tile-like in appearance. If you are bothered with dust from your concrete floors, Koverflor will stop it. Koverflor is used on the floors of Cellars, Garages, Porches, Kitchens, Bathrooms, Public and Industrial Buildings, and on the Decks of Ships and Yachts.

S V W
KOVERFLOR
TRADE MARK

Prove the Merits of KOVERFLOR *Yourself*

If your dealer hasn't it, send us $1.40 for a quart or 75c for a pint can. Sent postpaid. (Pacific Coast Points—quart, $1.60, pint, 90c.) State color desired: Cream, Spruce, Tile Red, Dutch Blue, Dust, Linoleum Brown, Mahogany, Green, Gray, Russet.
A practical booklet on Koverflor sent free on request. (S. E. P.-10-31)

*Amount enclosed*_____ *Color*_____ *Check here for booklet*____

*Your dealer's name*_____

*Your name*_____ *Address*_____

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS—443 Fourth Ave., New York
San Francisco, 562 Howard St.—Grand Rapids, 506 Oakland Ave., S. W.—London, Eng.
STANDARD VARNISH CO. *of Illinois*—2600 Federal Street, Chicago
Licensee and Western Manufacturer

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saloon; the first slabs to form the bar—and after that the building of the city.

Lumber for the houses; lumber for the sidewalks; lumber for every conceivable purpose—even for the fuel of the smelters, which seemed to trail the mining camp of the old days with almost as much persistence as the gambler and the saloon keeper. Lumber and wood for this and that and the other thing, until the forests crumbled and until today, with whitened stumps, with bare reaches where once the needles of pine and spruce lay like a downy carpet beneath spreading branches, these barren fields stand like so many graveyards, heralding the ghosts which wait a few miles farther on.

However, denuded forests and general desolation made little difference when there were gold and silver and a new town—with all its possibilities—in the offing. A new town. A new gem of the Rockies. To be regarded seriously; to be worked for, labored for, even fought for! Even as Teller fought for her life and Grandlake fought for hers, and men died that ——

Some say that it was because Teller people just didn't like the Grandlake county commissioners. Others, like Sam Weed—who attended the conferences which went before and who paused in the midst of his haying, up Elk River, to tell me about it—say that it was because Teller wanted the county seat. Teller was an important town, resting as it did in North Park, advantageously situated, with good ore practically at its town limits, the promise of a railroad and the hope of becoming a gateway of commerce; so important and with such tremendous problems constantly confronting it that for a time there was a dead line, and those on each side of that line carried guns, loaded for but one purpose—to kill their neighbors on the other side.

"And the only reason they didn't have a regular massacre," said Sam Weed, as he forked another load of alfalfa upon the waiting hayrack, "was that everybody knew that the minute a shot was fired everybody in town'd be killing somebody else. Lots of times a hand would go to a holster and stop there because that fellow knew that if he'd ever pull his gun somebody else would pull one too—and he'd be killed with the rest of them."

Towns That Have Died

So with all this importance, and with the seriousness of the town's future at heart, there arose a quarrel with Grandlake, the county seat. That quarrel grew, for here was a matter of right and liberty and justice, and the future of a gateway of commerce. One night armed men left Teller and went to Grandlake. Armed men of Grandlake met them. When the shooting was over, eleven men were dead, with the honors about even, men who had died that the future of their beloved towns might live. While today ——

Grandlake is a little summer resort, hibernating in the winter. While on the rutty road of the Grand County side of Willow Pass, Jack Nankervis and myself paused one day to gaze at a Forest Service sign—a sign which told its story simply and plainly as it marked the beginning of a meandering and little-used trail. It said:

OLD TELLER—NINE MILES

Back in other days it might have been the cause of a shooting to have referred to such a city of opportunity as "Old Teller." But today it doesn't make much difference. No one is there to object.

Dead. As others have died. And yet why should a town die if the gold is there or the silver still lies in the veins, and as the prospector, stage and real, so often proclaims:

"Them hills is still full o' gold, pardner!"

For many reasons. One is, of course, that gold isn't the precious thing that it once was. True, it still will bring twenty dollars an ounce, month in and month out, at the United States Mint; but then, twenty dollars isn't the same old twenty dollars that it used to be. It won't buy so much, and it costs more to produce, at least in mining. Twenty dollars' worth of gold has not increased one cent in value since the days when George Jackson first found the yellow metal in his pan—while the coffee cup in which George did his panning would cost from three to four times as much today as when he set forth upon his expedition back there in 1859. That's one reason why hills can be full of gold and yet not be worth the mining; why shaft houses often are deserted, mills idle, houses and towns deserted, when there is still the vein in the faithful old mine, the timbers still firm, and perhaps a tramcar full of gold-bearing ore still standing on the track at the ore bins—not worth dumping and hauling to the sampler.

The Romance of the Boom Days

The explanation lies in the simple fact that mining isn't all romance; and that gold mines are rarely things which are struck, gleaming and Croesus-like at the grass roots, just in time to lift the mortgage on the dear old farm. Instead, mining, whether it be for iron, for copper, for silver or for gold, is just a commercial proposition, like the raising of potatoes or the selling of dry goods, with a margin of profit and loss as in any other business. When prices of labor, of powder, of freight, of smelting and the other ingredients which enter into mining rise to a point where it costs more to produce a ton of ore than one can get for it, then mining stops. And since most mining towns live on mining alone, the population cannot simply sit there and wait for mining to open up again—because mining has a habit of lying dormant for years at a time. So the outward trek begins—always, however, with the idea of coming back, perhaps in a month, perhaps in a year.

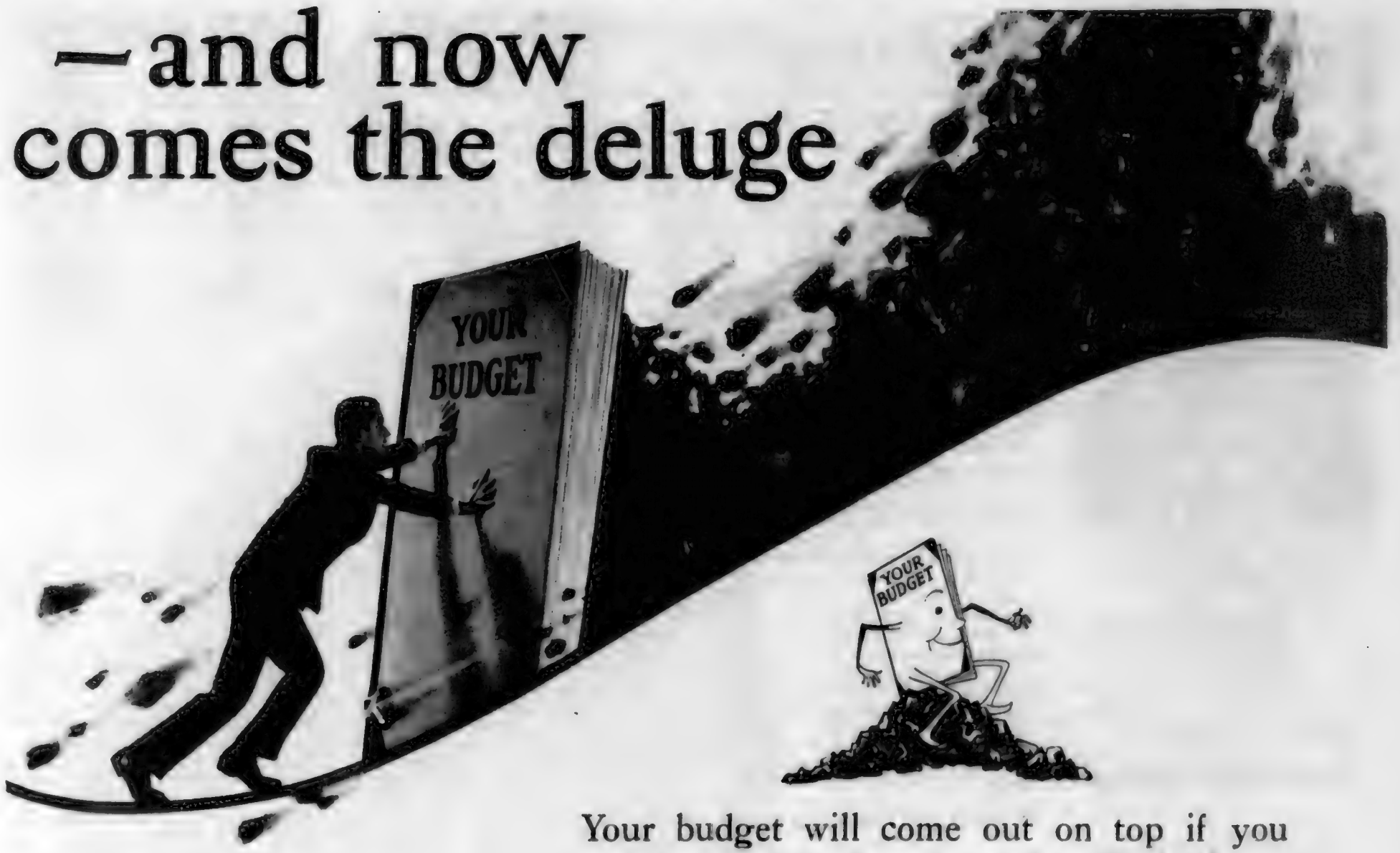
I know a man, for instance, who owns a mine. Not so long ago he took me down into it and showed me seventy-five thousand tons of ore, "blocked out" as they say in mining communities, which means that it is within easy reach. That man was not so rich as he was in other days, when his mine was running. He'd be bankrupt if he should ever take out that seventy-five thousand tons of silver-bearing ore and send it to the smelter. The ore is worth about eighteen dollars a ton. According to his figures, it would cost him $18.50 a ton to produce it. That seventy-five thousand tons, if he mined it, would mean a straight loss of $37,500. Of course if times should ever change, and one little detail drop in price so that he could mine that ore for $17.50 a ton! It is upon such things as this that the success of mining often hinges, not upon the bonanza strikes that one so often reads about in the come-on advertisements of crooked mine promoters. Those are fiction things, and they should have their place in fiction—they happen so rarely.

So it is the commercial angle—in spite of all the romance of the boom days—which so often accounts for the fact that one wanders a rutted road in the high Rockies, a road disused for years, finally to see, resting in a gulch, a tatterdemalion collection of buildings, surrounded by mines from which the smoke and steam no longer issue. The gold may still be there, or the silver may still lie in the rock, but times and costs have changed, and mining in that particular district is no longer profitable. More than one millionaire of the old days was made by the simple fact that his ore ran in wide veins and allowed him a profit of two or three dollars a ton—far more millionaires than those who were made by fabulous strikes. When the profit departed the mine shut down, thus concluding another chapter.

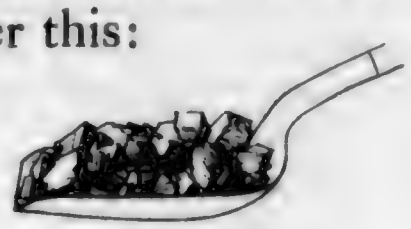
Then, too, methods have changed in mining since the days when boom towns were bursting upon the horizon every few months. No longer are the hills filled with prospectors willing to give years of their lives for

(Continued on Page 70)

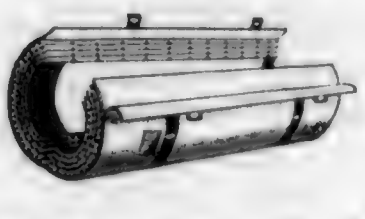
—and now comes the deluge



Your budget will come out on top if you can save two or three tons of coal. And you can. Consider this:



This much coal costs ***seven*** cents.



This three-foot section of Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel pipe insulation should save 70 cents' worth of coal in one winter.

If all pipes and heater are insulated, this means from one to several tons, depending upon climate and size of house; so Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel usually pays for itself in a short time.

Free!—a book that tells how to get the most heat out of every shovel of coal you put in your furnace.

Send for it!

JOHNS-MANVILLE INCORPORATED
292 Madison Ave., at 41st St., New York City
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Asbestos
and its allied products
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Improved Asbestocel saves coal

Drink it through Stone's Sanitary Straws

Of course she keeps them handy!

Hostesses the country over, keep Stone's Straws on hand. Dainty, delicate, golden tinted, they add to the charm and good taste of every cold drink. They are used in the best homes everywhere.

Even the best drink tastes better through a straw. Always use Stone's Straws in serving milk to children. They prevent gulping, thereby aiding digestion. Made and packed entirely by machinery, they are absolutely sanitary. Also be sure to use them at the Soda Fountain and with bottled drinks.

Get a convenient Home Package —several weeks' supply—at your druggist's, 10c. If your druggist cannot supply you, send us his name and address and 10c. and we will see that you are supplied at once.

The Stone Straw Co
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS
GENERAL OFFICES—WASHINGTON, D. C.
FACTORIES
WASHINGTON, D. C. BALTIMORE, MD.

Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

(Continued from Page 68)

the thrill of finding a new vein. The cheap-stock public—meaning that wonderful army of suckers that has contributed to every confidence game, from the old army game to the patent automatic sewing-machine adjuster, got a bit fed up on mining some years ago. There even came into being the stock joke about papering houses with mining stock, with the result that professional boomers—and they were responsible for much of the early-day excitement—found things not so good as they had been and stopped boring holes in the ground. With the result that another shaft house closed its doors and men looked elsewhere for work, leaving their houses unlocked as they trekked onward.

And besides all this, there just isn't the spirit of the old days, there isn't the excitability, the gullibility. The country has become more stable. When the boom towns that are now the ghost towns of the Rockies came into being, there were various things to make men want to wander. There was the instability of Government, for instance, due first to the slave question and the Civil War growing out of it. There was the pioneer spirit. And above all this there was the knowledge that a great part of Western America had not been thoroughly explored, and it was quite the fashion and quite romantic to be one of those who had gone into far countries and seen strange things. Now a few adventures rarely cause a ripple; there are too many hints in the paper on how to take a vacation without ever moving off an automobile cushion for the business of roughing it to occupy much attention, to say nothing of changes in the systems of mining themselves.

Blasé in the Face of a Boom

There are no longer the boomers. There are no longer the long-shot men, striking it rich and spending their money as fast as they get it. Slowly mining has become a business, with a dozen or more colleges turning out embryo mining engineers, with cost sheets and trial balances and auditing systems and all that sort of thing, with profits and losses figured just as the profits and losses of any other business would be computed—and one cannot very well become excited about such things as that. It would be as difficult in these days to start a real mining rush, such as was a common occurrence fifty years ago, as it would have been difficult fifty years ago to use the same business methods that now are employed in getting ore out of the ground and to the smelter. Nor does that apply only to gold and silver. Even the most unusual of things hardly causes a ripple. As an example:

A friend of mine, a mining man, sat in his office in Idaho Springs one day last summer, very well satisfied with life. Sometime before he had taken a lease upon an old mine in which he had faith, and with some friends had worked it through to the vein. Then he had taken a few sacks of samples and brought them down to the assay office, placing the best-looking—and the least valuable one—in his window, merely because it was pretty. Now he had received the report of the assayer and sat with his feet on his desk, reading the little telltale sheet and puffing contentedly upon his pipe with the air of a man who owns the world. The assay had shown that the vein ran in the neighborhood of $128 a ton in silver and lead, which meant that he had found a paying proposition in a mine, and that, in spite of the excessive costs of this particular hole in the ground, there would be a good profit in working the property.

The world was good. The mining man puffed more and more contentedly. The door opened. A stranger entered.

"What's that stuff you've got in your window?" he asked. The mine owner turned lazily.

"Oh, some lead ore from my mine," he answered. "Won't you sit down?"

"No, thanks." The stranger seemed slightly excited. "I'm from Los Angeles. In the radio business. Mind if I take a little piece of that stuff down to Denver and test it?"

The mining man laughed. Lead ore at the sampler was bringing eight cents a pound.

"Take the whole thing," he announced, and against the other man's protestations forced it on him. "I've got a whole mine full of the blamed stuff. Pretty, isn't it?"

The visitor said that it was and hurried away. That night there came a telephone call from Denver, to which the mining man listened with popping eyes. His "lead ore" had tested out, and would he make a contract with the visitor to deliver him ore as needed at $2000 a ton?

When the haze had cleared, the mine owner, with that trading instinct which all mine owners seem to possess, had refused the offer, and was gasping at the possibility of a young fortune. His "lead ore" was in truth lead. But it was a peculiar kind of lead, that which is known in the radio industry as steel-silver galena, being exceedingly fine lead crystals mixed with silica and held together by sulphides; its place in the radio business being that of furnishing the crystals upon which the small boys—and the rest of the family—tickle the cat's whisker and receive radio reception of near-by stations for a few dollars instead of the hundred sometimes expended upon an expensive set. But when the news became known in Idaho Springs and drifted to the other mining camps of the state, that a high grade of steel-galena ore had been discovered in my friend's mine, was there any rush of frenzied galena seekers tramping the hills in an effort to find the same kind of stuff? Nary a rush!

In more ancient times it all would have been different. The mine owner, if he had been of the old stock, would promptly have rushed to the bank, procured a double handful of currency, stuffed bills in his hat band, his buttonholes and affixed it in protruding fashion to every pocket of his clothing. Then he would have made the rounds of the saloons, buying drinks for the house, the procession gradually resolving itself into a parade in which the whole town joined. Following which there would have been a keg party, with the happy discoverer of riches in the rôle of chief bartender. And after that a grand concerted rush to the region of the mine, with every grocery store of the town grubstaking wild-eyed prospectors who announced to the heavens and everyone else who would listen that they were the only real persons on earth who could tell steel galena when they saw it, with a stock-selling bee bursting immediately forth on every hole in the ground within three miles of the discovery hole, and with excitement in general. But such things don't happen today. The mining man announced his good luck. Some congratulated him and some didn't. He investigated his markets, sold his ore, took his money—and that was that.

Mining in a Calmer Vein

So, in this calmer day there is not the incentive for the birth of the boom town, nor for its continuation, though there is plenty for its demise. Not that mining is dead. Instead, within the past year it is showing signs of becoming really healthy and sturdy for the first time in a decade. But it is a different mining, a calmer mining, a saner mining, and there isn't room for the dance hall, the boom stock seller and the wild-eyed enthusiast, looking for riches in every discolored stone.

Therefore when the new era came boom towns died. True, some of them departed because the ore actually did not pan out, such as Carbonate, which once wanted to be a county seat in Western Colorado, and which now stands upon the flat tops of the Rockies near Glenwood Springs, merely so many rotting logs and caved-in buildings. Even the stream which once served it as a water supply has changed its mind and tumbles along in a different direction. The cutting of the forests to build this wonder town of the Rockies changed the direction in which the snow drifted during the bleak winter months, with the result that even July finds the remains of a priceless gem half hidden in the tremendous banks of white which refuse to yield even to the suns of midsummer. The wagon road which once ran in tortuous fashion across the hills, and over which the commerce of a budding metropolis was to have traveled, now is not even a double rut. It is a single filmy line, running plain and clear at times, indistinct at others, then fading completely—only a trail to be followed by fishermen invading by pack train the recesses of the White River National Forest, the hunter in pursuit of his bear or his annual buck, the plodding sheep herder trailing out his lazy life in the wake of his dirty, vociferous flock as it travels voraciously onward, cleaning the ground of grass with the efficacy of a mowing machine to the accompaniment of a continuous blatting which, from a distance, sounds for all the world like an excited World's Series grand stand with the winning run just starting.

In a Company of Ghosts

Such is Carbonate, because the ore wasn't there. Deserted, rotting, with the weeds growing through the floors of the buildings. With the wild flowers clustered in the fertility of the decomposing logs. With not even a shred of habitation, a printed word, a tin can left to tell the story of its population. And there are others. Others, like Nevadaville, where the ore remained, but where the water seeped into the mines from beneath and the margin of mining profit did not appear to allow the digging of a tunnel to drain the hill; or Teller, where hopes did not pan out. But there are many more which died simply because they couldn't keep on living.

All with their element of tragedy, for it is not a pleasant thing when a town dies. Higher and higher it goes, in production and in excitement. Then suddenly a mill shuts down. The ore which it has been running, hundreds upon hundreds of tons that a general test may be made of a certain vein, has not paid. The doors close. Then a mine stops, but of course it is only for a short time. Nothing ever stops forever in a mining town. The tramcars still stand upon the track where they have been pushed for dumping, and left there by the final shift, because the mine is always going to open again in a few days or perhaps a month. Just a shutdown until the price of powder goes down, or the smelter reduces its treatment charges, or ——

There is always an excuse. And the aerial tram hangs halfway between the mill and the mine, hangs there week after week and month after month. The ore wagons stand in the open where their teams have left them, as though they were to be used anew tomorrow. Not so long ago Jack Nankervis and I stood by the ruins of an ancient smelter in the deserted log-cabin town of Vulcan. The roof had caved in places from the terrific onslaughts of storms which seem a requisite of the weather in that mesa country. The stack leaned eerily. The corrugated-tin sidings of the smelter house scraped and shrieked and clanged with the action of gusty wind. But out on the dump, rusting now from their exposure, stood the slag pots, half turned and with their contents only partly dumped, where a work shift had left them years before, knowing full well that the shutdown was not of a permanent nature.

Always the hope—like the gambler who borrows one more chip for a final whirl at the roulette wheel. Always the knowledge that everything will be all right, that "she'll open up again." But a family leaves for another camp and another job, to be followed by twos and threes and then by scores. Day by day and week by week the dwindling process continues, while, paradoxically, the population of burros and goats roaming the streets now where once they were in quarters seems to increase.

(Continued on Page 72)

FISK TRANSPORTATION "Fillerless" CORDS

The Royal Blue Line, conducting motor tours in Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington and Montreal, writes this about Fisk Transportation Cords:

"For the past six years the major part of our tire equipment has been Fisk, and the uniformly high mileage as reported to you has not been confined to our New England tours, but has been equally satisfactory to us under entirely different operating conditions in other sections of the country.

"You, no doubt, will be interested to know how we appreciate your service on Fisk Bus Tires and that this service does not cease when you have taken the order.

The Royal Blue Line Co., Inc.,
(signed) W. F. Smith, President"

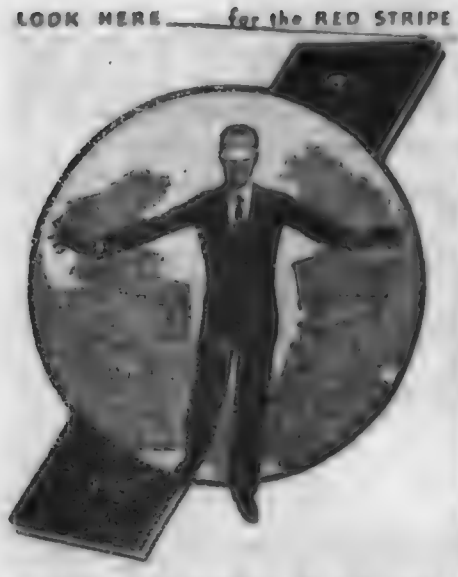
These Transportation Tires are made by the Fisk "Fillerless" method of construction which eliminates cross threads or fillers, controls the spacing and tension of cords and uniformly surrounds the cords with rubber.

All Bus, Truck and Commercial Sizes

A Royal Blue Line Bus

Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK
Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LOOK HERE—for the RED STRIPE



THE RADIO MAZE
this way out

OUT of the welter of conflicting opinions and exorbitant claims there is one clearly defined way of selecting a reliable radio—"Look for the Red Stripe".

When a radio set manufacturer uses a Dilecto panel—the panel with the red stripe—you can depend on it that he has used the best material possible in the construction of his entire set.

Dilecto is the preferred radio panel, by experts and amateurs alike, and it has been used over eight years by the U. S. Navy and Signal Corps.

THE CONTINENTAL FIBRE COMPANY
Factory: Newark, Del.

Service on Contex (also Dilecto, Conite and Vulcanized Fibre) from:

New York . . . . 250 Park Ave.
Chicago . . . . . Wrigley Bldg.
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San Francisco . . . 75 Fremont St.
Seattle . . . . 1041 Sixth Ave., S.
Los Angeles . . . . 307 S. Hill St.

(Offices and Agents throughout the world)

Dilecto
Look for the Red Stripe

(Continued from Page 70)

At last the houses stand empty, perhaps with a few ancient pieces of furniture left behind and the inevitable calendars which seem to thrive in mining camps as nowhere else—usually a chromo of a beautiful Indian maiden attired in a sort of aboriginal teddy, spearing fish at twilight. The calendars and the broken furniture and the newspapers nailed to the wall, flaunting at one the happenings which were quite exciting fifteen or twenty years ago, but which don't seem to amount to much now. The door unlocked. The last bit of coal scooped from the shed, as though the family had waited only until it was gone before the departure. The roulette wheel, careening on one side in the back room of the saloon; the stud-poker table leaning drunkenly beside it. The beer ice box with its sawdust and its hundreds upon hundreds of empty bottles, but never a full one; they were frugal even in those days. After that the staring windows, the feeling as one wanders the silent streets that it must be a dream, that this place cannot be deserted—here are houses and stories and the feeling of a companionship. But it is the companionship of ghosts, of days and people that are gone; only the wind whines through the loose boardings of eroding roofs or clangs the tin of a side wall. As one halts instinctively upon leaving a house which he has entered merely from curiosity—halts with that innate feeling of having broken the law and entered that which did not belong to him—there slowly sifts through his mentality the fact that the moving thing isn't a policeman after all; only a vagrant burro or a goat leaping from shed roof to house roof in his loneliness. The house is no longer a possession. Taxes have lapsed on it long ago. The county owns it now, and the county doesn't care. There's no one to buy it and it therefore has no value.

Waiting for a Town to Come Back

Deserted, except for the burros, for the goats, for one other being—a lonely man, stuck away up on the hill in what seems to be the worst cabin of the lot, a patched, decrepit creature; the one remainder of all the town, still faithful, still waiting for it to come back. And it seems there is always one—why I do not know. The town seems to mean nothing to him in its intrinsic sense. He offers no good reason for remaining. He might as well not be there as far as the standpoint of desertion is concerned—one rarely finds him until he is searched for.

But there he remains, even after the burros and the goats are gone, waiting "for her to come back."

And after all, there's a certain reason for it, a certain fascination, a certain dream world about it all—this desire to see a town come back. Years ago, when I turned from the city to the hills, there was little in my mind save the desire to get away and to be in the mountains, with their quiet and their peace.

But once the novelty of this was gone I looked about me.

Things didn't seem so alluring as they had appeared at first flush. True, the town was not dead—strangely enough, the place where gold was first discovered and where the first camp was made never had a boom or even the appearance of one. It had grown steadily upon a certain amount of mining profit and at the time of my entrance it still remained alive, although it was running a daily temperature and had every other appearance of being a rather sick community. Mining was down. Prices for everything except silver and gold had reared skyward with the war. One could not mine at profit, even in a town only thirty-eight miles from Denver, and there was the reflection of this condition on every side, in spite of the aid of a certain ranch and tourist business which at least kept the wolf from the door.

It made no difference to me personally how sick that town was. My living came from other places. Yet I found myself standing in front of the deserted houses, wondering how they would look if folks lived in them. I finally reached the place where I made feverish efforts at bringing that place back—by celebrations, by a hundred and one other devices by which something else could be made to take the place of mining and fill those houses once more. The valleys in the hills would raise lettuce of a high-paying order. It was a spot where money could be made from the development of a tourist business, according to ideas used in other communities. But the people only stared.

It wasn't mining! Of what use would all those things be—when it wasn't mining? That was what counted—the ore in the hills, the miners coming down the street at four o'clock with the muck on their clothing and their lanterns on their caps. Mining—clean money, as they called it, coming out of the hills—that was the only money worth while. And while they bewailed their fate and the sickness of the community they waited—for mining. And the time came when I admitted the thrill of it.

The Gold Seeker's Funeral

Strange, the hold of it, the sensation of it. High in my back yard is what is supposed to be a silver mine. I've been in it once—from curiosity. As for seriously owning one of the things, I wouldn't have one on a bet. Yet when that first flush came, when the news was out that the first mine was working, another one starting up, and still others clearing their shafts and ordering timber and tools and machinery, I stood one day with a genuine lump in my throat, watching a dozen ore wagons with their four-horse teams come lumbering slowly down Virginia Cañon with their shipment for the sampler.

A thrill like the return of someone lost, someone long searched for. To see the dirt come from the show windows of deserted stores, and a truck backed up, unloading a supply of merchandise. To see the dandelions fade from neglected yards and lawns take the place thereof. To listen to the thud of heavy boots upon the sidewalks in the steady swift tread of the miner as the shifts change.

Which is not even a remote possibility for many of the priceless gems of the Rockies. Towns that have gone are gone for keeps—except in extremely isolated cases. The boom days are done, and with them the boom towns; year by year they become more decrepit, then slowly they rot. For today is a different day—a day in which established towns which have suffered from a drop in mining can return with its greater or lesser degree of revival, but which gives little hope for anything else. A day as different in its methods as in its customs, as conservative as other days were wild. Less eventful in a way, and less novel. For at least the old days had the advantage of being unusual and of doing things without much regard for the rule books. Today, for instance, a funeral is pretty much of a cut-and-dried affair. They've gotten it down to a science. But back in the sixties ——

It comes from the pioneers around my home town, that story of the first funeral in Idaho Springs. And it happened back in those days when gold was a thing to cause excitement and to send men far from their homes so that they might grub it from the ground.

There were no houses; there were only a few huts. Men were too busy with pick and pan and shovel at the mouth of Chicago Creek and in the various gulches to think of much more than sleeping in a tent or under a tree. Besides, there were the saloons, standing at intervals of about half a block; so many lean-tos of spruce boughs sheltering a slab counter which held the stock in trade, a keg of whisky. At such places one could become thoroughly warm before retiring and equally warm upon arising, which was sufficient unto the day. And in the midst of this state of affairs an inconsiderate gold seeker turned up his toes and died.

For a time after the discovery it was a very casual affair. Someone had died, which was a common enough occurrence, certainly not of momentous concern where men were busy with real things, such as the search for gold.

But as suddenly there arose a new angle, that of the sentimental.

"Just to think of it!" said a grizzled being to a bartender as he took another drink.

"To have to die way out here in the wilds, away from home an' all that. Somebody ought to do something about it."

"Somebody sure ought," agreed the bartender, and bought a drink on the house. "Maybe a committee might help."

It was a great idea. After numerous other gold seekers had been assembled and more drinks taken and more conversation indulged in regarding the misfortune of dying away off from home and civilization, a number of committees were appointed. There was the committee on grave digging, for instance, which, having been appointed, bought a drink. Then there was the committee on the building of the casket, which also did the honors. Followed by the committee on pallbearers, which purchased a round, followed by one on the house and a speech on how terrible it was to die away off here from civilization, and the work of the day was on.

The Little Brown Jug

The committee on grave digging had to go to the far end of town to assume its labors, so it took its refreshments along. The rest were handy to the source of supply, so they moved straightway to work. After a time a funeral cortège started gravely up the street with the town falling in, at least such of it as was not busy with the chores of grubbing gold. Onward, onward—and then a sudden halt. They had reached the first saloon and the committee on pallbearers suddenly had remembered in a hazy sort of way that something was missing. So they set the homemade casket in the middle of the street, assembled the committee on casket making and the committee on mourning, which had been an afterthought, and went to the nearest pine-bough emporium and got what they needed. A half block farther on they did the same thing, and continuously up the street, the silent object of their consideration waiting patiently in his box in the middle of the street until more important details could be attended to and the cortège allowed to proceed.

At last the cemetery—so named that morning when the grave-digging committee began its work. The assemblage at the grave. A heavy pause, with blear-eyed miners looking from one to another as if for a signal. At last a suggestion:

"Less have a shong. Shomepin of a hymn."

But nobody could remember a hymn beyond the first line, and after three attempts, in which the music trailed off in various discords, that flopped also. At last a voice from the rear, husky with thirstiness:

"Less shing shomepin we all know," he shouted, and followed it with a certain refrain which rose higher and higher through its verse into the highly reverential finish:

"Ha-ha-ha! You and me, Little brown jug, how I love thee!"

It was something they all knew. Back in town those pine-bough emporiums were waiting with refreshments for tired committeemen. Husky voices bawled to the towering mountains. Chests expanded into greater roaring on through the entire refrain, even to that verse:

Had I a cow and she gave such milk,
I'd dress her up in the finest silk.
Ha! Ha! Ha! You and me,
Little brown jug, how I love thee!

Then, in the language of the miner, they gave the late deceased two bells, lowered him away, and went back to the more important business of the day with the full and complete knowledge that they'd done their durnedest!

For Jolly Hallowe'en

Cinnamon Roll—a gorgeous surprise for a party

Still another delicious recipe created by Miss Crocker in the Gold Medal Kitchen. New ones constantly. Don't miss these delights. Send for the Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Box. Read Miss Crocker's offer.

Corner of Gold Medal Kitchen—where Miss Betty Crocker and her staff Kitchen-test samples from each batch of Gold Medal Flour.

Half your baking success depends upon the way your flour acts!

And that is why we "Kitchen-test" every batch of Gold Medal Flour before it goes to you. To make *your* baking perfect every time you bake

HERE is something every housewife should know. It may save many bitter moments:

More baking failures are due to *the way flour acts in the oven*—than to everything else combined.

The quality of a flour may be excellent. It may never vary chemically. And yet it may act differently almost every time you bake. Hence so many baking failures.

There is just *one* way a miller can make sure his flour will always act the same in *all your* baking. By baking with it first himself.

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How this test means your success

We have a kitchen just like yours. Each morning we receive samples of each batch of *Gold Medal Flour* milled the day before. My staff and I bake with them.

If a sample does not bake exactly right—that batch of flour is never allowed to reach you. Each sample must bake in the same perfect way as all the others.

Now you can bake with a light heart. Sure of success! Every sack of this fine flour acts the same perfect way in your oven. And we guarantee it.

Why Not Now?

Our guarantee—make this trial

If at any time Gold Medal Flour does not give you the most uniform good results of any flour you have ever tried—*you may return the unused portion of your sack of flour* to your grocer. He will pay you back your full purchase price. We will repay him.

Eventually—every woman will use only *Kitchen-tested* flour. It is the one way you can be sure every sack will always act the same way in your oven. *Why not now?*

My Special Offer of Kitchen-tested Recipes

AS we test the flour in our kitchen, we are also creating and testing delightful new recipes. We have printed all these *Kitchen-tested* recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. A quick, ready index of recipes and cooking suggestions.

These Gold Medal Home Service boxes cost us exactly 70c each. We will send you one for that price. *And as fast as we create new recipes we mail them to you free.* Just think—new *Kitchen-tested* recipes constantly!

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, just send us 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Check the coupon for whichever you desire—the sample recipes or the complete Gold Medal Home Service box.

Betty Crocker

Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you

MISS BETTY CROCKER
Washburn Crosby Company
Dept. 114, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find 70c for your Gold Medal Home Service box of Kitchen-tested recipes. (It is understood I receive *free* all new recipes as they are printed.)

☐ Enclosed find 10c for selected samples of Kitchen-tested recipes.

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Address .....

City ..... State .....

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MILLED BY WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., ALSO CREATORS OF THE WASHBURN'S PANCAKE FLOUR, GOLD MEDAL CAKE FLOUR, WHEATIES AND PURIFIED BRAN

Tune in on Gold Medal Radio Station (WCCO—416.4 meters), St. Paul-Minneapolis. Interesting programs daily. Also WCCO GOLD MEDAL STATION 416.4m cooking talks for women. 10:45 each morning. By Miss Crocker, Home Service Department.

"Service to the Northwest"

COUSIN JANE

(Continued from Page 36)

emphatically from cable cars shuttling back and forth under the window. Far across the square and on either side were shop fronts before which crowds passed or loitered. She stood thus a long time, the dulled noises lulling her to a sort of trance.

She turned away at length and lost herself in another survey of the rooms, trying the chairs, lolling on the upholstered couch, switching on lights above the desk and exploring its drawers and pigeonholes that held stationery and telegraph blanks. She paused before an ornate cabinet with glassed doors, opening its lower compartment to assure herself that it was quite empty of the bibelots it should have held. Then she returned to the bedroom and systematically pulled out all the drawers of the bureau and the tall chiffonier. This was an agreeable diversion to which she was led by discovering that the drawers didn't stick and creak as those in the Tedmon house did, but slid back and forth in easy silence.

After again experimenting with the half-opened mirrored doors, achieving a number of most gratifying and quite unprecedented views of herself, she returned to the front window and was a little aghast to discover that night was falling. She must have been here for hours, as a glance at the mantel clock assured her, though she first made certain that the clock was actually going. She had idled away time that should have been spent about her business with G. T. Maltby.

Suppose Mr. Maltby should die this very night! She saw people coldly saying they knew nothing about any goods she had sent him in a moving van. But she banished the odious thought. It was extremely improbable that Maltby wouldn't survive, anyway until tomorrow. She was drawn back to become again entranced by the world beneath her window. Shop fronts were showing points of light, an electric sign twinkled at her from across the square, high above the street, and bells on the cars played a little warning tune as they wove past one another.

She came to herself only when it was quite dark, and began to be troubled by the certainty that she must have food. To get this she must venture alone into the turmoil below. But she smoothed her hair, adjusted the hat, gained assurance from a final inspection of every side of herself, and set forth with her tremors hidden. In the crowded elevator, she was struck by the look of her own face in a mirror, an unfamiliar face, stiffly guarded.

The elevator sank noiselessly to eject her into the same milling throng she had been led through by Front. She made her way from the thick of it to a backwater and accosted a tiny plump page with chubby pink cheeks. His dark uniform was profuse with little staring gold buttons and his round, flat-topped, brimless cap gave him an incongruous air of official severity. He was only a baby, Jane thought, but he proved to be maturely competent and struttingly led her to the portals of a restaurant that dazzled her with vasty splendors.

She was ceremoniously received by a suave gentleman in evening attire who, ahead of her, breasted a sea of white tables laden with flowers and silver, and found her a place at one of the smallest. When she was seated to his satisfaction, her host spread a menu before her and hovered attentively with suggestions.

Jane had been able to think only of fried oysters, and the menu did nothing to dislodge this picture, because it became a mere blur of print. Her tenderly solicitous host suggested a bit of melon, a clear soup, a breast of chicken under glass and a salad, to all of which she gave assent as if he had clairvoyantly divined her intentions.

She was presently glad so many things had been ordered. They gave her more time than would mere fried oysters, to watch the spectacle beginning to glitter all about her. Proud men came in the train of beautiful ladies, exquisite in choice frocks and alight with cunningly placed jewels, to be seated at tables about her and to be hovered over by hospitable attendants. Waiters arrived, noiseless but swift, bearing trays from which wonderful foods were taken. There was a constant hum of talk above which little bursts of laughter would peal.

Jane found the men were only men, but the women, flashing their smiles in the ruddy glow of shaded candles, were infinitely more than women. She was delighted when her thoughtful host returned to suggest a sweet. She hoped the waiter would be gone a long time for it, because she was educating herself. The sweet proved to be a slender glassed monument of chilled pink stuff surmounted by a white capital with a strawberry at its center.

By the time she had finished it some important truths had illumined her. She should have dressed for this repast, and not worn her hat; she should have put the conventional rouge on her cheeks; she should have had her hair cut; and she should have brought a cigarette to smoke between the courses of her dinner—or at least after it, with her coffee. All these oversights, she reflected, could be rectified very soon.

She was oddly shocked at the thought of cutting off her hair—it had always seemed so much a part of her—but she saw it to be imperative; and perceived, moreover, that the effect would be what Marcy Tedmon called youth-giving. Some of these shorn ladies couldn't be so girlish as they looked. She was more disquieted by the equally imperative cigarette. But surely she could manage one in a pretty holder, at least for a moment now and then—long enough so that she wouldn't be conspicuous among other smoking ladies.

Just as she rose an orchestra blared into a dazzling sort of tune, and couples from the tables rose to dance on a cleared space of floor. She felt herself a drab, somber note in the festival as she edged her way out through rapt pairs slowly circling to the music. But this caused her no distress. She was merely piqued. She couldn't all in a moment take on the wonderful ways of life. Of course, it seemed an interminable time ago that she had breakfasted in Chong's kitchen, but it was only a matter of hours.

Unlocking her door in the corridor above, she was oddly seized by a vision of little yellowed Marcy Tedmon back there, at this moment dining alone in his worn evening clothes. Was he thinking of her, she wondered, picturing her as she at last triumphed over the old life—so neatly cleft asunder by her quick wit in the presence of G. T. Maltby. She wished he could see her in this regal setting which, she was persuaded, became her so admirably. She went in to push an emphatic thumb against all the electric-light buttons she could find. Afterward she tried the evening effect of mirrors that repeated her to infinity.

A maid, she found, had chosen for her the bed she would occupy, turning down the covers of the one next the wall. She went to it at last, having regretfully extinguished her multitude of lights and stood at her window for a last exalting contemplation of the city beneath her. There were fewer people in the streets, but more motor cars, closed and mysterious, humming by on unguessed missions.

In the soft, smooth bed she made an effort to tranquilize her reminiscent sensations of light and color, of sound and scent. She had forgotten scent until now. It was another item her equipment lacked. From all directions in the restaurant exciting perfumes had been wafted to her, the air saturated with them. She must have a perfume before she would be attuned with her sisters of light who edified the world as they were followed to tables by meekly proud escorts.

From her first sleep she was shocked by a clamor of the world being shattered. She recalled only then that Seth Hacker had specifically warned her to beware of earthquakes. At the time, she had been merely amused, wondering how, precisely, one did beware of earthquakes. The unbelievable clatter was repeated, and she ran to her window to discover serenity below, marred only by cars crossing one another's tracks. The earth still endured. She slept again until it was near dawn, when the noise once more wrenched her from dreams, and again she went to look out over a sleeping city.

The streets were empty, but an occasional car stole along them, furtive and silent. She was amused by the electric sign that still winked its message to her from across the square. It had the odd effect now of seeming to be confidentially alone with her.

At eight o'clock she was back at the window, watching a little old man with a gray beard who stood on the grass just inside the square and crumbled bread for the sparrows that crowded about him, pecking crumbs at his feet or flying up to take them from his fingers, perching on his hat or his shoulders. A few interested pigeons would alight to regard this feast from a little distance, but they seemed doubtful about the company of sparrows and made only half-hearted attempts to join them. Jane wondered about the donor; he, at least, unlike the crowds she had observed, seemed to be detached from the city. Perhaps he didn't want life.

At nine she was at breakfast and wondering how she had so long endured Chong's coffee; how even Chong himself could endure it. This hotel coffee was not the least of life's revelations to her. She wondered if poor Marcy Tedmon recalled its flavorous blandness and accepted Chong's subterfuge for coffee in mere desperation.

At ten o'clock she thanked her cab driver for finding the office building that housed G. T. Maltby, and five minutes later she was relieved to observe that no disaster had overtaken him. He volubly welcomed her to his sumptuous private office beyond another office where hirelings toiled, and where he sat behind an immense desk, altar-like in its wide beauty. He drew a chair near the desk, begged her to be seated and became almost gruffly businesslike.

He was reluctant to believe, Jane divined, that she had found his offer for the goods ample. It was plain that he had expected a bargainer, not a mere delighted woman who wished to have a certain joyous detail quickly over. Twice he reminded her that the goods in barrels had shrunk amazingly and were tainted by tannic acid, and that he sincerely believed she couldn't get more than three thousand dollars for that whisky from anyone.

Jane so ardently protested she wouldn't think of trying that he at length appeared convinced, and at a measurably greater length became assured that she questioned none of his prices—not even those offered for the superb port and brandy. She vaguely scanned the typewritten sheet he handed her on which quantities and prices were listed, but she was so patently bored by it that Mr. Maltby could no longer suspect her of any wish to haggle.

His manner grew more cordial as he withdrew from a drawer of the splendid desk a check book and took a pen from its rack. When he had dipped the pen in ink, he poised it above the book a moment in odd hesitation, seeming to be bathed, as he regarded her, in great waves of benevolence that were going to submerge him in no time.

"Little girl," he said, his pale eyes beaming upon her, "for the sake of old associations between our families, I'm going to do better than my offer. I'm going to make this little check for a flat eight thousand." He beamingly awaited her acknowledgment.

"Oh, that's better!" she said. "Eight thousand is so much easier to remember than whatever it was you said in your letter—seventy-six something, wasn't it? I'd much rather have it seven or eight."

He was writing the check, signing his name with a flourish almost athletic.

"There!" He tenderly employed a silver-mounted blotter and applied a perfumed handkerchief of fine linen to his brow. "Now wouldn't you like one of my young men to step down to the bank with you so this can be safely put away?"

"Oh, thank you, yes."

She had been wondering what could be done with the little check. Mr. Maltby pushed a button on his desk and one of his young men entered.

"Miss Starbird, this is Mr. Berry." The young man bowed noncommittally. "Berry, just step downstairs with this young lady and put her through at the bank. Tell Hicks, or whoever's there, she's an old friend of mine and wants to open an account." Mr. Berry only nodded this time and Mr. Maltby rose. He shook hands warmly with Jane and begged her to call upon him for any possible service he might be able to render, now or at any time in the future. "I shall never forget you," he assured her, and Jane felt that he was sincere.

"Thank you so much," she told him, and started off without her check.

When he had called her back for this, he decided that Mr. Berry had better carry it. They went out, and Mr. Berry hummed in a bored manner, even after he scanned the figures on the check. They entered the bank from the corridor of the building and Jane was presented, through a window, to a grizzled man who seemed as bored as Mr. Berry, and requested her signature. She wrote this for him with some difficulty, after which she indorsed her check and received, from another busy man, a bank book, together with a book of check blanks.

"But I want some of my money now," she told this man in a tone of mild expostulation. "Two or three hundred dollars," she added sharply.

"Write your check and present it at the next window," he coldly directed her.

She botched three of the blank checks before she achieved one that elicited her three hundred dollars after no more than a moment of startled scrutiny from the man at the next window. She took the notes, debated a moment, then crumpled them into her hand bag, because a bank lobby was not a place where they could be more secretly cached. Besides, she was going to need them at once—all of them. She paused on the bank steps, tolerantly regarding a world that was hers at last.

So many people were passing who, she was sure, didn't have eight thousand dollars and couldn't do what they wished. She smiled pityingly upon these hurrying, absorbed unfortunates and plunged into a day of sensational activities.

Before half a dozen shop windows she loitered appraisingly, studying their displays of women's wear—gowns, slippers, stockings, hats, and those more intimate sheathings of which one should wear but a few—with the calculating eye of assured ownership. All those choice garments were her very own. But from them she must make a selection for immediate use.

Reminding herself that practical measures should be taken, she decided that a trunk ought to be the first purchase. Then she would buy things to fill it. She began to see a perspective of filled trunks extending indefinitely, as if between opposed mirrors. She entered one of the vast shops, inquired for trunks, was directed to the third floor; and then, beguiled by counters she had to pass, so richly laden were they with spoils of beauty, she forgot trunks for a delirious interval and had to be told again that trunks could be found on Floor Three. This time she reached a spreading floor

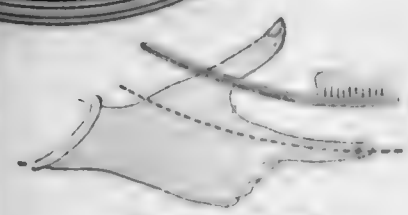
(Continued on Page 79)

Get EVERY tooth clean with a brush that reaches EVERY tooth

Is your brush hitting on ALL 32?

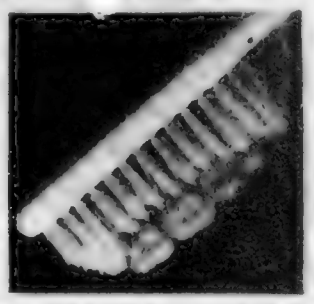
free–

to one lucky reader each month—free tooth brushes for the rest of his or her life.



Test this yourself

The index finger in the picture above shows you how your jaw is curved. If you place your finger in your mouth against the outside curve of your teeth, it will come out as you see the finger in this photograph. Your teeth grow in this curved formation. Note in the diagram how the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, both in the curved tuft of bristles and in the curve of the handle, conforms to this formation. With Pro-phy-lac-tic you can easily reach every tooth and brush every part of every tooth thoroughly.



Above—This picture shows how the Pro-phy-lac-tic tuft reaches around the ends of the teeth. You can see how much more the molars are the inside surfaces even the inside curve. The Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the prominent curves of each tooth and penetrates deeply into the crevices between. Note how the large end tuft goes around behind the rear molar. When the teeth are brushed correctly, vertically away from the gums, the bristles clean every curve and crevice between.

A good brush cleans your teeth thoroughly. It reaches all your teeth. It sweeps off the film of germs and mucin from every tooth. It leaves no tooth endangered by the acids of decay.

SKILLED men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to fit. The bristles of this brush curve; the picture shows you how. Every tooth along the length of the brush is reached and cleaned.

They put a cone-shaped tuft on the end of the brush. This helps you reach your back teeth. They curved the handle. That alone makes it easier for millions of tooth brush users to reach and clean every tooth in their mouths.

Think of what help these features of the Pro-phy-lac-tic could be to you. No more trouble trying to make a flat brush clean a curved surface. No more awkward stretching of your mouth by brushes with the wrong shape of handle. No more fear that ALL your teeth may not be thoroughly clean.

Consider that tooth brush of yours. Is its bristle-surface concave? Does it fit the shape of your jaw? Does its handle curve outward? Is it easy to reach your back molars with it?

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets in between teeth. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice, break up and sweep away the mucin, and dislodge food particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

The big end tuft helps in this work and also performs another very important task. With it you can easily reach and clean the backs of teeth, even the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. It pries into all the depressions and crevices, no matter how deep.

There isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't clean, and its scientifically arranged bristles are of such resilience that the film of germs and mucin is quickly swept away.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

free Tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for our advertisements. The headline of this advertisement is "Get EVERY tooth clean with a brush that reaches EVERY tooth." After reading the text can you supply a new headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted each month four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be awarded. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires April 30, 1926.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass. Dept. 1-C-4
Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this

coupon was clipped .....

.....

Name.....
(First name in full)

Address .....

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A new lubrication service

THE FILM OF PROTECTION

Thin as Tissue
Smooth as Silk
Tough as Steel

Winter Lubrication

If you drive your car where winter means freezing cold, you particularly need the added protection that complete Veedol lubrication service gives. At low temperatures ordinary lubricants have a tendency to stiffen and channel so that vital parts of your car are directly exposed to destructive friction. Veedol lubricants are designed to retain their free-flowing lubricating qualities even in the coldest weather.

Between your car and ruinous repair bills stands the Veedol "film of protection"—
THIN AS TISSUE SMOOTH AS SILK
TOUGH AS STEEL

that wards off Repair Bills

The "FILM *of* PROTECTION" for every part of your car—*motor. . . transmission. . . differential. . . chassis*

TOUGH MONTHS—November, December and January! Months when the automobile repair business grows fat and the car owner's pocketbook lean.

Yet you can easily keep your car trouble-free this winter. Take the few minutes needed to have your car completely Veedol-lubricated. Then the "film of protection" will stand steadfast guard over every vital friction-spot. Your car will give you summer performance and the first of each month will dawn without ruinous repair bills.

ORDINARILY when you have your car "completely" lubricated, you get a motor oil of one make, a gear-lubricant of another make and a chassis-grease of still a third. Instead of driving away from the Service Station with complete lubrication, you leave with *assorted lubricants*—good, bad or indifferent. And the protection these miscellaneous lubricants give your car may be very far from complete.

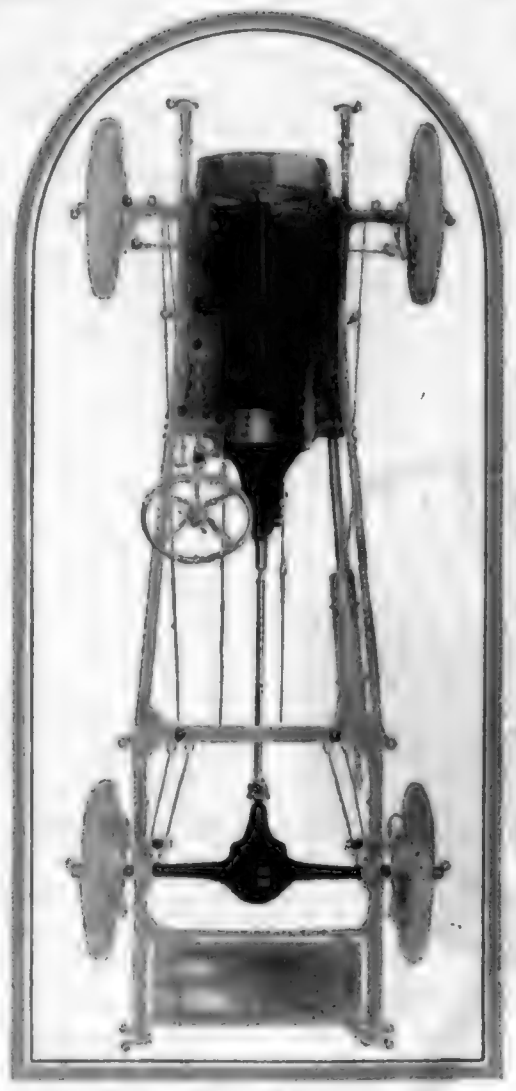
Yet even a rabid lubrication engineer could hardly expect you to ask by name for *each* lubricant used in your car.

To make it easy for you to get correct high quality lubricants for your transmission, differential and chassis, as well as for your motor, the new Complete Veedol Lubrication Service was perfected.

It eliminates the old haphazard methods. Car owners tell us that it is a great step forward in the care of their cars.

What this new service is

Complete Veedol Lubrication means that every single friction spot on your entire car is correctly lubricated by a Veedol lubricant of the highest quality. Each of these lubricants was designed for its particular job by Tide Water lubrication engineers. Each is made in Tide Water's own refinery. Each is the result of years of careful study and experiments made by the Tide Water technologists, with the chemical and physical characteristics of oils and oil films. Each gives a fighting "film of protection" that masters deadly heat and friction.



Complete VEEDOL LUBRICATION SERVICE

This service consists of three steps:

1. ***Motor***—Your crankcase will be drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil, specified by the Veedol Motor Protection Guide, a lubrication chart at your dealer's.

2. ***Chassis***—At the same time your chassis bearings will be lubricated with Veedol High Pressure lubricant or Trans-Gear oil.

3. ***Transmission and differential***—Then your transmission and differential will be cleaned out and refilled with Veedol Super Gear or Heavy-Duty Gear lubricant.

With the Veedol "film of protection" guarding every vital part, your car receives maximum protection. You will discover a new ease and economy in the operation of your car and a new freedom from repairs.

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FURNITURE is finished with genuine du Pont DUCO by many manufacturers, among whom are the following. For information, address E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., or Everett, Mass.; Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto, Canada.

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There is only ONE Duco — DU PONT Duco

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space on which hundreds of trunks stood, trunks hungry for those things displayed below, their jaws wide open.

"Something in a steamer trunk?" inquired the clerk, laying an affectionate hand on the varnished top of one. But the capacity of this seemed absurdly inadequate.

"I think something in a train trunk," Jane decided.

It proved eventually to be one of the largest, formidably armored and of a delightfully complex interior. She wasted no time after she once visioned its extensive assortment of hangers supporting new gowns, its numerous drawers stuffed with silk or muslin dainties. This being her first purchase, she was a little aghast at hearing its price. But what was money for?

It was by accident she got out of the descending elevator on a floor where the gowns were, but she rejoiced at her mistake when she saw the henna-colored sports dress with yellowish transverse stripes worked on a ground of dull blue. She knew this instantly for hers, and swiftly conducted its purchase. Other sports dresses beckoned her vainly at the moment. She went instead to the evening and dance frocks. Again she was quick to detect her own in a black georgette with square neck, a severely plain front, the skirt pleated in long lines.

"You're perfectly right, dear," said the saleswoman when Jane firmly refused to consider the printed chiffon submitted with the other. "Black will be stunning with your fair color, and you're simply meant for those straight lines. My, I wish I could keep my hips down the way you do! You're just going to love that little creation."

"I do already," said Jane.

"Can I show you some of the others?"

"Why, of course."

She had been shown all the others, and not in vain, when she left the floor an hour later. She left it, meaning to hunt another shop; but was delayed by hats, three of which she acquired because there was a special compartment for hats in the new trunk. They were delectable morsels for the maw of that trunk.

Then when she had almost escaped from the shop she became aware of a milling throng over at one side. She ventured near its uneasy edge and found it composed of wild-eyed women who fought one another with vicious elbows and clamored shrilly as they ravished a counter. She was alarmed by this rank disorder—like the vandals looting Rome, she thought—and stood to watch from a safe distance the frantic and disheveled women.

"But what is it all about?" she asked of a man who stood near her with the shifting intentness of one who watches a fiercely contested sporting event.

"Our July lingerie sale," he proudly told her, not taking his eyes from the scrimmage.

"Oh, my!"

She was glad not to be in it. The roughness terrified her. She wanted lingerie urgently, but she could never brave that venomous tussle for it. Yet she watched, fascinated, and even drew nearer, feeling something strange and sinister stir within her, some brute impulse surviving from a ruder age.

The end of a counter became exposed as the combatants surged to its center, drawn apparently by a fresh exposure of loot. She timidly approached and began to examine the garments left there. A harried shop girl, muttering and writing on a pad, glanced up at her once with hard, repellent eyes and observed her no more, continuing to mutter as she wrote feverishly.

But here were things Jane wanted, though not her size. She cast them aside impatiently and glanced along the counter to where the right size would doubtless be found. She edged toward the crowd that seemed to be composed of arms reaching up and over shoulders to a babbled accompaniment of protest and pleading. A frail little old lady was an outpost, raising her voice on a querulous note, clutching a tender bit of muslin in a weakly uplifted hand. But just beyond her lay a pile of the things Jane wished, a pile into which frenzied hands were dipping—grabbing garments all her own.

Instantly, with a fresh surge of that brute impulse, she became ruthless. Without conscious intention, she ferreted a way to the counter beyond the first little old lady, thrust her back with a deft shoulder, and found her hands in the pile. She had come into her own and would fight for it. An arm came over her shoulder; she blocked it without looking up, and edged farther along, skillfully dislodging a stout opponent who had unwisely looked away. She had gained a yard already and the battle lust swept her on. She used her elbows with telling effect and was conscious that even the fighting demons who had won their way to the front were beginning to regard her with a certain respect.

Not once did she lose ground; her advance was slow, but as little to be arrested as that of a glacier. Though by now far out of herself, so that she couldn't have told her name, she was cool, unhurried, smooth-toned, her shoulders playing with effortless, passionless efficiency against obstructing shoulders, her competent elbows capably goring, without emotion, the sides of less puissant barriers. Not once did she lose any silk or muslin confection which her implacable hands had clutched, and when at last a glint of resurgent reason warned her that she had as yet but one trunk, the guerdon of her prowess was rich.

With a rather contemptuous swagger, she emerged from the mêlée, flushed, disheveled like her fellows, by no means unscathed, but serene in the knowledge of her proved competence. She stood off, looking back happily upon the warfare that still raged. Then she went to restore her fallen hair, to efface the battle stains and make minor repairs in her armor. Never again could she be appalled by crowds. And she had been but twenty minutes in the thick of that joyous fight!

She found the shop's restaurant and ordered chicken salad and a chocolate éclair. Refreshed by these, she went to buy, sedately as a gentle lady now, shoes, slippers, sandals, and silk stockings of a luring pale radiance.

At five she entered the crowded lobby of her hotel, but how tame the crowd! She sauntered through it, tranquil, valorous, a little insolent. She had come from her baptism of fire, and not again could she be dismayed by any crowd where elbows weren't used seriously. In her new boldness she coolly explored the lobby and its charming environs, wandering down a marbled corridor past a flower stand until she came to a nook reminding her of a purchase overlooked.

"Cigarettes, please," she said to the man.

"Yes, lady; what kind?"

"Oh, I see; you have all kinds, haven't you?" She opened a new bag with a jeweled clasp and took from it a long pink cigarette holder banded with gold at one end. She extended it to the man. "Something that will fit this," she told him.

After that she calmly idled to a news stand, where she bought a magazine; one with pictures. While getting her change, she noticed the small page who had directed her the day before. He waited below a grilled window for something a woman was making ready for him. He stood stiffly at attention, his chubby round face bleak with an official austerity. She smiled at him, wondering with a quick pity how the baby in him could have been so utterly smothered. Then she noticed his eyes shift swiftly about him, coming to rest on the woman back of the grilled window, still engaged on some matter he waited for.

Suddenly he turned away from the window, his face to the wall. A hand darted from behind his back to his mouth; it had long held in crushing secrecy a huge chocolate cream, now a shapeless, sticky lump polluting his white cotton glove. He engulfed this with one swift jaw motion; the hand returned to his back, he stood once more at attention, his jaws set, his face immobile, his blue eyes officially severe. The woman handed him an envelope and he marched stiffly off with it. Jane, laughing, oddly discovered she was laughing with Mr. Mead, who, standing unnoted by her, had observed this reversion to the primitive.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she said. "I was just thinking how he still ought to be a baby; and so he is."

"I saw it," Mead told her. "I only hope he doesn't have to talk for a bit; he couldn't now. And his glove was ruined. Suppose," he continued, quite astonishingly, "you and I go have some tea together."

"I'd love it," she said.

He led her down the corridor and into the restaurant, his tall, slightly stooped figure making a calm way through the crowd. He found a table in the crowded room where people were having tea and dancing to the light, winding rhythms of the orchestra. Jane was diverted from the spectacle long enough to discover that she was hungry. The waiter brought sandwiches for her in addition to the toast and jam that appeared to suffice her host.

"You are still doing what you wish?" he asked.

"All day," she smiled. "Such a day I've had! I wish you could have been there——"

She broke off, realizing that frail Mr. Mead was better for not having been where she had been.

"I thought of you," he said, "when I saw our little page snatch at his melted chocolate."

"Why?"

"It's what you're doing—snatching at delights, pretending you're grown up, when your chin is still young. Did you know you have a childish chin? It trembles so freshly when you're carried away by something."

"I'm over thirty," she told him.

"Statistics about you are meaningless. They're irrelevant with all people who think they can do what they wish."

"I can," she insisted. "Haven't I done it all day?"

"Really—for a whole day! You confound me. I'm beaten." He smiled a winning humiliation. "Of course I couldn't ask it, but you can't wonder if a well-wisher would like to know how you plan to pass other delightful days and years; if you have a definite program or merely—wild, unshaped desires."

"But I haven't thought," she told him.

She felt a little prick of disquiet, knowing all at once that she hadn't definitely planned for years, or even for many days. She was conscious of a mild irritation with Mr. Mead, and turned again to the dancers, hoping he would talk of other things.

"Life is still going back from you," he said; "swiftly, the way it did on the train."

"Yes, isn't it, I'm sure!" she replied absently, trying to follow through the dancing maze a henna sports dress that she hoped wasn't like hers.

Then she was back in her suite, thrilling at sight of the piled boxes. There were so many, and the trunk waited to snap its jaws on them. She began ecstatically to snip at cords with her scissors and bring forth treasure from the husks of wrapping paper. The bedroom was soon alive with silken trophies of her valor. The other bed was covered, and chairs, bureau and table held a frothing overflow.

She was a long time at this, and at last went to bed in the litter, forgetting until she was there that she had eaten no dinner. She forgot even to turn off the light by her head, so that when the cars at crossings awoke her in the night she looked fondly out over a shining disorder of enticements.

XX

WHEN she woke for the last time there was gray dusk of morning in the room. She rubbed the sleep from her eyes and raised on an elbow, blinking at her riches, hearing the muted whir of life outside beginning another perfect day. She crept from bed, pushed buttons and returned to lie another interval, charmed by silken surfaces that here and there caught the light. Life was a fantasy of film and gossamer—all hers.

Lying there, she recalled the casual remark of Mr. Mead that he took his meals in his room. If that could be managed, what better place to breakfast than in her own sitting room? With diffidence, she attacked the telephone beside her bed and discovered that such a proceeding was here commonplace. After a lingering survey of her richly strewn surroundings, she ran a bath and was soon gravely pondering a choice of garments for the day.

There was a too-happy difficulty about this, so she resolved it, with a little smile, by trying them all on; combinations, slips, step-ins, vests, bloomers; and stockings cunningly hued to look like none at all. The complementing mirrors were made to regale her with endless views of the slenderly rounded patrician who posed with such pleasing intimacy in the best lingerie circulars. She had chosen for the day a combination of glossy pink and was thoughtfully approving this from informing angles when her breakfast came. As a final timely triumph, she slipped on a lavender negligee of thin silk with shrewd touches of gold, and had the mirrors reveal how its folds clung acceptably to her, voluminous but telling.

She put up the thick coils of pale gold hair, securing them with a jeweled comb of amber, and went rustling out to her perfect coffee. From her window she noted that sparrows were already fluttering about the dull old man at the park's edge who seemed not to suspect that life could be more than crumbled bread for little birds.

Her own breakfast over, she sent for a morning paper, though she gave but a bored glance to its shrieking first page—Man Slain in Love Row and Probe Launched were its dominant notes. She wondered idly about love rows, briefly strove to picture a probe being launched, and turned hastily to the more intelligible advertising pages, musical with clarion calls to the day's strife.

As she read she became newly conscious of the lameness in one shoulder and recalled a spot of rich purple on her side, discovered in the bath, where an enemy elbow, steel-shod apparently, had gone home to her ribs. But she was keen for the fray. She remembered the last reading Marcy had done, all about old vikings whose post-carnate abode had been a valhalla where each day they clashed in battle, only to have their wounds healed at night.

Carefully noting the location of the day's most promising combat area, she resumed her fashion parade, trying on her new gowns after the underthings had been tenderly bestowed in the bureau. Although the printed chiffon was sightly in its bepetaled, flowerlike fullness, she especially liked the black georgette with its plain front and straight lines. She had always liked dresses that weren't fussy down the front, and skirts that didn't too laboriously disguise the lines of the figure. The black, as she surveyed it, was attuned to her almost solemn exaltation. Yet it emphasized her pallor. It was well that the shoulders were white above it, but her cheeks and lips needed the conventional glow. Today she must have that. She posed briefly with a cigarette in her pink holder. It went well with her white arms, against the black of the gown and not too far from the yellow hair.

She put on pointed patent-leather slippers with buckles of cut steel—over the stockings that looked like none at all—donned the sports dress of henna with notes of dull blue in the transverse stripes, and fixed on her head the hat chosen for it, a brown with a bluish rosette at the side. The hat was bell-shaped and had been meant, she knew, for the modishly shorn head. She must remember that too. Hair, in quantities like hers, wasn't being worn any more.

She knew where this could be rectified. The day before she had listened while a group of women in the big store's dressing room had repaired damages suffered in the recent fight. One of them was going

(Continued on Page 81)

The sign of a Lifetime

The swift conqueror—a white-dotted green pen has won America

Not only did it bring a new kind of beauty to the hand that writes, but it put therein a better tool for easy and skillful writing. And that is the reason our busy factory can now hardly keep pace with the speedy demand. A light, graceful pen, and an infallible performer, the Radite Lifetime is made of a new and almost indestructible material of jewel-like brilliance. Its ink supply is both large and positive. Its iridium tipped nib is guaranteed for a lifetime. Its *dependability* has made thousands of new fountain pen users—and has helped it to conquer America.

Lifetime pen, $8.75 *Titan pencil to match, $4.25* *Others lower*

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W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA

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straight off for a facial to a beauty parlor she named—it rested one so. Jane had later taken pains to pass this shop and had observed in its window a placard picturing the various styles of bobs to be had within. She could find the place again. And there were cosmetics in the window. All the women she had seen, she thought, must have been to that shop. Although of every age and size and shape, they were not only dressed pretty much alike but their hair had been cut in the same way, and their cheeks and lips were colored all to one hue and pattern.

This reflection brought her the further reminder that she must have a vanity case, to be deposited on the restaurant table beside her cigarette holder, where at intervals she could lay back its cover, and with careless absorption, holding close the mirror, touch up with rouge pad and lipstick the picture it revealed. She doubted if she could at first, full in the public eye, perform this rite with suitable aplomb, but she was learning—already unafraid of crowds.

Fully accoutered at last, she paused only to scent her presence discreetly with two drops of the Mon Plaisir essence that had been almost dismaying in price, and went out to her bank, wondering if anyone there would demur at giving her more money. She thought of the newspaper headline—Probe Launched. If someone didn't like her check, she would instantly have G. T. Maltby launch a probe. But the man at the bank seemed not to care how much money she took, at least after he sent her back to correct a disharmony between the three hundred dollars and the three dollars her check had first variously called for.

With this fiscal discrepancy adjusted, notes again lading the new bag, she strolled up a sunlit street in a luxury of mere contemplation, pausing before shop fronts or eying the crowd with a little pleased, confidential smile. The radiant effect of this, perhaps combined with a certain welling consciousness of her perfect attire, at length brought results quite unforeseen. She was delicately accosted, before shop windows, and in quick succession, by two gentlemen who, quite insincerely, even to Jane's understanding, professed to have met her before.

She wouldn't at all have minded being friendly with the youngish one if he hadn't a little too cordially insisted that she was Miss Cameron when he so obviously knew she wasn't. He should merely have said it was great fun to be sauntering through a street, or perhaps a few words about her dress and hat, which she was herself brazenly admiring in every plate-glass window. As it was, she looked quite decisively past him, not even troubling to disclaim the falsely imputed "Miss Cameron."

She was still more abrupt with the oldish man, richly attired, who carried gloves and a yellow stick in one hand as he lifted a superb hat, and he said "Surely, we've met before, Miss—uh ——" He was too offensively foolish with his plump jowls, his little, pale, fatuous eyes, and his minutely finished look of having just come from a beauty shop himself.

"Impossible, I'm sure," she chillingly said, and continued her sauntering gait, not quickening it until she was certain he must have moved on from the staring posture in which she had left him.

It was apparent now that an unsmiling, incurious aloofness of manner was required in a city street by one so likely to be mistaken for Miss Cameron, or another. Thereafter she proceeded less negligently and was at pains to moderate her frankness when she encountered passing eyes. She was still conscious that sauntering men observed her with glances of oddly lighting interest; more than once she was aware of being what she had read of as "ogled" with a definite intention. But she managed so forbidding a demeanor at these junctures that she was not again compelled to rebuff any professed acquaintance.

All this was annoying, she thought, yet she conceded, in a shamed glow, that the annoyance was not, as it would have been with a normal girl, quite wholly unpleasant. She was still the monster who had coolly trifled with Elmer Dorcey.

She entered a shop that, in her newspaper, had confessed a catastrophic compulsion to dispose of choice wares at one-third their cost. The advertisement, so abjectly pleading in its disclosures, had rather won, as she conned it, a sympathy for the shop's proprietor in what must be a humiliating crisis. But no trace of this vibrating sentimentality remained as she went in to take advantage of the unfortunate man's plight. She was ruthless again.

Mid-afternoon found her before the window of the beauty shop. She spent but a moment there studying its array of cosmetics. Inside, a large, almost too perfectly coiffed woman, armored in a cuirass of black satin, heavily escorted her through a portièred doorway to the seclusion of a narrow booth, confusingly elaborate with electric and nickeled devices of intention quite occult to Jane. She was cordially received here by a sprightly dark girl with short curling hair that had also received the most careful attention, and who was addressed by the escort as Claudine.

"A facial—certainly. Good for tired faces!"

Jane relaxed in the operating chair, wondering if, after the facial, she could bring herself to leave the most of her hair in this place. Despite the edifying examples hourly before her, she hadn't been able to rid herself of scruples. The hair had so long been a part of her very being.

As Claudine kneaded her subject's face with delicately strong fingers, she cheerfully talked, first of skin foods and the urgency of frequent treatments for the face she worked on, and at length of human existence in its larger aspects. Jane liked her at once, because her views of life's amenability were directly contrary to those of the only other philosopher she had talked with since gaining the world. She was no somber deterrent like Mr. John Ryland Mead, and Jane was presently responsive; warmly so after Claudine led the talk to moving pictures. Jane thrilled the girl to a momentary cessation of her labors when she told of her recent companionship with Sumner Gale and his associates. Sumner Gale was Claudine's favorite screen actor; on her bureau was his signed photograph sent at her request. Jane spoke of her intention to meet him again very soon, and Claudine's expert manipulation became a mere caress as she exclaimed over her subject's good fortune.

"Say," she ecstatically murmured, "couldn't I just marry that man if I had to live in only one room and do all the cooking? That's how simp he's got me."

Jane was still not nerved to bobbed hair when the facial was through. In compromise, she demanded a marcel, resolving to have the other done tomorrow.

"What lovely old-fashioned hair! Dearie"—Claudine was no longer formal with this privileged subject—"I ain't seen a wad of tow like this in a month of Sundays. But it's a mite dry. How about a nice oil shampoo before we wave it, and a golden-glint rinse?"

The oil shampoo went forward. Talk was now of shops, and Jane prattled of the bargains she had secured. Claudine stood back to reveal the run in a black silk stocking bought at a bargain. She was beginning to distrust bargains. If these shops always sold their stuff at a loss of 50 per cent, how did they pay rent? Claudine would tell the world that rent was something you couldn't side-step.

When the shampoo was done, the golden-glint rinse and the waving under way, Jane tactfully led the talk to cosmetics. From that window out front she wanted rouge, a lipstick and plain powder.

"We got in a dandy new blond powder for your type," Claudine told her. "My Cherry, it's called."

With some hesitation at first, but at last frankly, since Claudine was so unaffectedly cordial, Jane disclosed her deplorable lack of training in cosmetics. After the hair was done, would Claudine bring the things and show her just how they should be applied? Claudine would certainly do that little thing. She was glad to help any girl along.

"The most you got to watch out for is not to get it on in gobs," she explained, "and not get the lips so gummy-red till you look like you been in a cutting affray or something. Of course, that's all right if you want to get men to speak to you."

Jane told of her encounters that day, of the tributes she had won entirely without cosmetics. Claudine shuddered pleasantly.

"Ain't life terrible nowadays?" she wanted to know. "They say it's because of the war. I want to tell you, any girl that gets into a strange car ought to take down its number first, and at that she'd better be fond of exercise. And mind you"—she stood off to level a crimping iron at Jane in friendly warning—"it ain't only the boys you pick up on the street that insult you; it's boys that you've known them and their family all your life."

The cosmetics were brought, and Jane produced her new vanity case in which to secure them after Claudine had demonstrated their correct usage. The lips were delicately penciled—"A regular, lovely kid's mouth you certainly have got," murmured the operator—and a delicate flush began to suffuse the pale cheeks, a flush of high plausibility, Jane considered, elatedly surveying herself in the glass. Her hair, with its rather mathematically repeated wave and its rather insistent yellow from the golden-glint rinse, was remarkably unlike her old hair, and she wasn't sure that it framed her face so desirably. But it was impressive, and at least she would be conventional—no longer conspicuous, especially with the overlaid cheeks and unhuman looking mouth.

Claudine warned her that only constant treatments would preserve her hair and skin; and Jane, promising to remember, lavished a five-dollar gratuity upon this mentor. She walked to the hotel through the late afternoon crush, going with a new serenity, knowing that she now resembled, in the significant essentials, every other young woman she passed; and there was always a warm secret consciousness of those correctly few sheer things beneath her smartest of sports dresses. Her springy step and confident bearing testified that she felt herself to be at last within the sisterhood of light.

Then, as she strode the pavement, a man's voice shocked her into the fear that Claudine, with all her preachments about moderation, had been too lavish with rouge and lipstick.

"What's all the mad rush, girlie?" it genially demanded.

She quickened her pace, keeping her eyes fixed ahead. The man who had fallen into step beside her must be of an effrontery not easily blasted. Again came the voice, loudly genial, while she observed with relief that she had only to cross a street to reach her hotel.

"Hey, girlie, is this a race, or what?"

This time a sickish memory of the voice overwhelmed her and left her weak. Her step faltered and she turned to stare blankly at Gus Pedfern.

"Oh, my!"

She put her limp hand within the one Gus jovially extended and let it be shaken while they stood there, a snag in the pavement traffic that had to eddy around them. Gus jubilantly ignored this.

"Well, well! I thought for a minute you were trying to upstage an old pal, but I see different. Where you bound? Explain yourself!"

She indicated her hotel; they crossed the street while Gus told her she was the last person on earth he would have expected to meet here.

Jane was troubled by the encounter. Gus Pedfern was of an old world from which he could never extricate himself, and to which she was now forever alien. To her first thought there was something absurdly unreal about their meeting. They had gone so far apart the thing was impossible; what seemed to be speech between them was only a make-believe delirium. But when they had entered the hotel and found a couple of chairs away from the milling lobby crowd, she lost this sense of unease. Here was merely the droll playmate of her childhood, amusing to remember now, and of course she was glad to meet him in a strange city.

"Welcome to our city!" he greeted her as they sat, and she smiled comfortably at him, telling when she had come and about her shopping.

Beyond being an acquaintance, he was someone with whom she would like to talk over old times. She used the phrase when she said he could take her to dinner—in where they danced—"Then we can talk over old times." It seemed to prick Gus.

"Where do you get that old-times stuff, girlie? What do you mean—old times? Was it old times that last night when we sat out in that arbor place of yours till twelve G.M.—sat there and counted the moonlight like a couple of daffies? If you ask me, it's less than six months ago."

She could feel her cheeks grow hot at her own recollection of that last meeting, and was glad of the permanent glow that hid the transient, for he was scanning her face shrewdly. There would be no more of that between them.

"Anyway, you can take me to dinner. And it was old times, because then I didn't dance, and now I do. I'll dance a lot with you."

"Says which?" he replied with enthusiasm.

"I'll put on a new dress I haven't worn," she told him.

He passed an appraising hand over his heavy dark jaw.

"In that case, I'll go get me a new shave." He walked with her to the elevator, a hand under her arm. She resented this and resented her liking it there.

At seven o'clock her telephone jocularly announced, "The mayor of Union Hill," and she went down expecting to be looked at. She was in the dull-black evening dress with its plain front and straight lines; her hair was meticulously waved and resplendent with a new yellow; her face opaquely suffused with the permanent flush decreed by her world. She had liked the whiteness of her arms and neck against the black, but she was still in disquiet about the hair. It seemed so precise and a little loud.

Gus met her, and his second look might have meant that he noted her change of costume, but she wasn't at all sure he did. She was to enter, however, an apartment thronged with acuter observers, and was pleasantly aware, as she followed the waiter to a table, that her efforts at conformity had not been in vain. Men, of course, turned to regard her. She had learned to expect that. But now their women favored her with that hard, calculating stare which she knew was more to be cherished.

Gus called the man who seated them captain, and declining the proffered menu, ordered rare roast beef, mashed potatoes and a pot of tea. He refused to make a ceremony of the ordering, and seemed glad to have it over. Jane was rebukingly more leisured. She wished a slice of melon, a thin soup, a breast of chicken under glass, a salad and a sweet. She was happily placed where she could manage a side glance at herself in a mirror in moments of feigned abstraction. Also in this glass she could observe certain of her sisters turn to regard her.

After the chicken, she left these observers in no possible doubt that she was rightfully among them. Beside her plate she had laid the vanity case and the pink cigarette holder. The case was comprehensively fitted for her sex's commoner emergencies, having a compartment to hold six cigarettes. She fitted one to her holder and the waiter lighted a match.

Gus noted the brand of the cigarette and idly asked, "You like that kind?"

"I never smoke any other," she said, and emitted a thin trickle of smoke from her pursed lips.

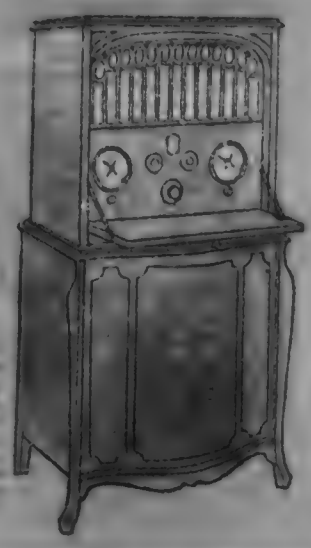
(Continued on Page 85)

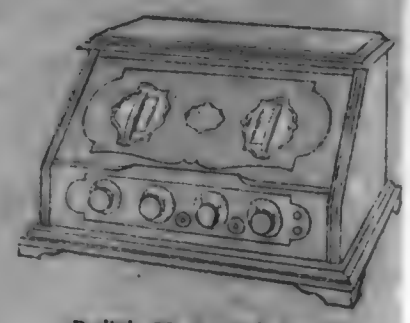
Radiola 28, eight-tube uni-control Super-Heterodyne, extremely selective. It gives tremendous volume on dry batteries, or if used with the Model 104 Loudspeaker, all batteries can be replaced by A. C. lighting current. With 8 Radiotrons **$260**

Radiola 25, (pictured above) a six-tube uni-control Super-Heterodyne, that uses the new power tube. It has space in the cabinet for dry batteries, but can be used with Loudspeaker 104 without batteries. With 6 Radiotrons **$165**

Radiola 30, an eight-tube Super-Heterodyne, with uni-control. It contains Loudspeaker 100, and a loop — needs no antenna or batteries, but operates on the A.C. lighting current. Entirely complete. . . **$575**

Radiola Super-VIII, the famous standard six-tube Super-Heterodyne, in a cabinet that encloses both loop and doublette loud-speaker. With the new dry battery power tube. Entirely complete except batteries. . **$340**





Radiola 20, an entirely new five-tube tuned radio frequency set, antenna type, with the new dry battery power Radiotron. (Without accessories) **$102.50**
With 5 Radiotrons . . **$115**

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

New principles in radio *developed by* RCA

The new Radiolas herewith presented by RCA have behind them the research facilities—the engineering and manufacturing skill and experience—of General Electric and Westinghouse. These Radiolas embody new principles of radio reception—achieve new standards of performance—fulfill the responsibility which America places upon RCA for leadership in radio.

The new Radiolas meet the requirements of *all five fundamentals* of good radio reception.

1. *Quality of Tone*—*Faithful reproduction of tone* is the most important element in the enjoyment of radio. Now by the development of new Radiotrons, together with loudspeakers built on an entirely new principle—and by the *acoustical synchronization* of all elements from the broadcasting station to the receiver—RCA has brought quality of tone to a perfection never before possible. The new speakers are capable of tremendous volume *without distortion* and achieve faithful reproduction in every range of tone, high or low.

2. *Volume of Tone*—Even the most perfect tone, to be fully enjoyed, must reach your home with sufficient volume. The new Radiotrons give greater volume on dry batteries than storage battery sets give today—and they make possible amplification up to tremendous power. The new loudspeakers give forth this increased volume of sound *without distortion*.

3. *Selectivity*—The most perfect reception can be destroyed by an interfering station; therefore selectivity is tremendously important. The Super-Heterodyne has been positively demonstrated to be more selective than any other radio set on the market. The new Super-Heterodynes carry this selectivity to a still further degree of exactness.

4. *Distance Range*—In these modern days of broadcasting, you should be able to listen with enjoyment to distant as well as local stations. The Super-Heterodyne is already famous for distance reception. With the new tubes and the new loudspeakers, greater amplification is possible without distortion of the tone. This means enjoyment of *improved distance reception*.

5. *Simplicity of Operation*—Easy tuning—*exact* tuning—without technical knowledge of radio, has been carried to the last degree by a new uni-control system, at last accomplishing single control tuning without sacrifice of quality or selectivity.

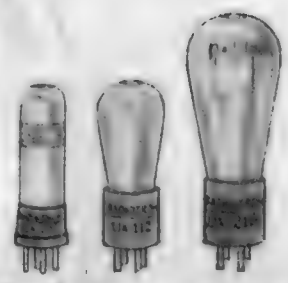
Some of the new sets can be operated directly from the A.C. lighting circuit, without batteries. They are attached as easily as your vacuum cleaner or electric lamp.

In addition to new developments in radio, RCA has achieved a record in low price for highest quality reception, by greatly reducing the price of Radiolas that have already proved their worth.

Write for booklet giving descriptions in more complete detail. Address the RCA office nearest you.

RCA-Radiola

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF RADIOTRONS

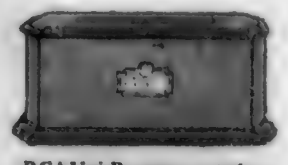


New Radiotrons, *to be used in the last audio stage.*

Radiotron UX-120, for great volume on dry batteries. **$2.50**

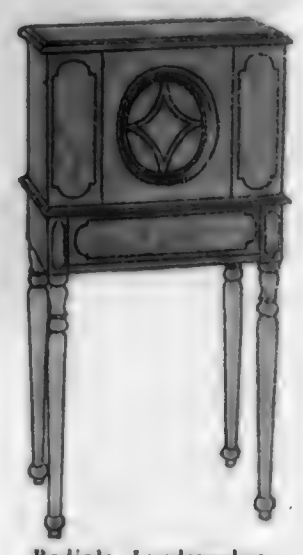
Radiotron UX-112, similar to Radiotron UV-201-A, but several times as powerful. . **$6.50**

Radiotron UX-210, a super-power tube several times as powerful as UX-120. . **$9.00**

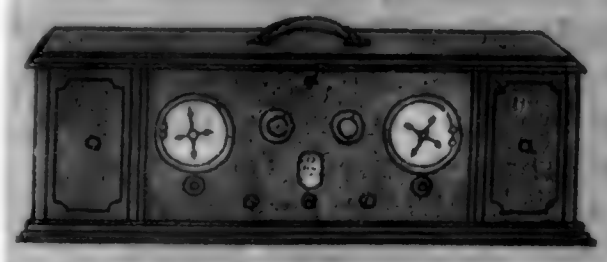


RCA Uni-Rectron, a rectifier-amplifier unit, that may be used to operate any type of loud speaker from a 60 cycle, 110 volt lighting circuit. Complete. **$105**

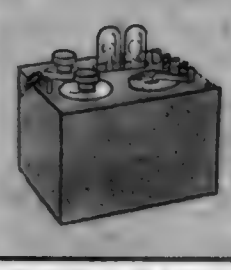
RCA Duo-Rectron, a "B" battery eliminator that will supply plate voltage to any type of receiver. It provides uniform voltage at lightest or heaviest current output. Complete. **$65**



Radiola Loudspeaker, Model 104, has volume, range, and amazing acoustical fidelity never before achieved. Built on an entirely new principle. With Radiola 25 or 28, it can be made to replace *all* batteries, operating entirely from 110 volt, 60 cycle, A.C. house current. With all tubes **$245**

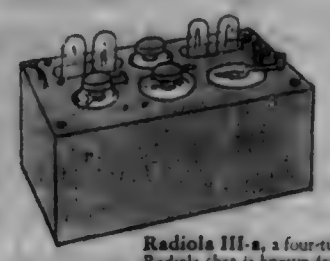


Radiola Super-Heterodyne, standard six-tube Super-Heterodyne. Used with new power Radiotron UX-120 it gives greater volume and finer tone than ever. Without accessories. **$116**



Radiola III, a two-tube set of antenna type. Over 200,000 already in use! A distance-getter with the headphones. Without accessories. **$15**

With 2 Radiotrons and headphones. . . **$24.50**

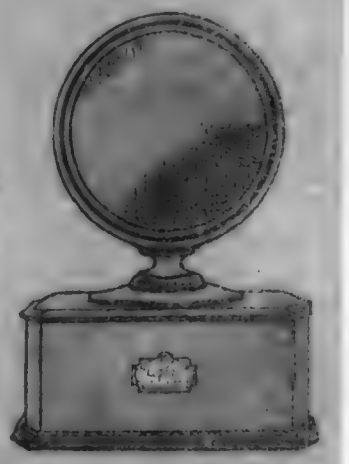


Radiola III-a, a four-tube Radiola that is known from coast to coast.
Without accessories. . . **$35**
With 4 Radiotrons and headphones. . . **$49.50**

Radiola Loudspeaker UZ-1325, the RCA standard horn type loudspeaker. Adjustable . . . **$18**

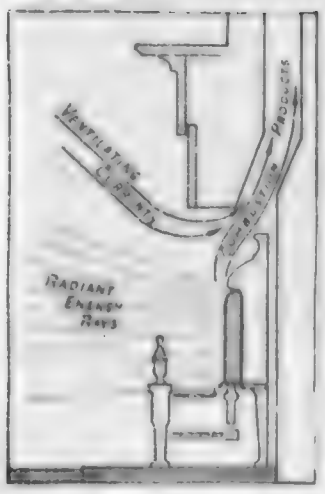
Radiola Loudspeaker, Model 100, RCA Cone type, achieving new clarity and far wider tone range. Can be used with any radio receiver **$35**

Radiola Loudspeaker, Model 102, the Cone type, with a Uni-Rectron, for super-power, and for operation from a 60 cycle, 110 volt lighting circuit. Price, complete **$140**



RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

The HUMPHREY Radiantfire



Radiant rays like light rays can not be turned aside, nor can they go up the chimney. They come steadily forward warming, not the air, but only objects with which they come in contact. They keep you warm, and at the same time set the air in motion and provide perfect circulation and ventilation

The ever-increasing popularity of the Humphrey Radiantfire is due to the fact that it produces exactly the same kind of heat as Nature's great generator, the Sun.

Radiant rays pour forth into the room to warm the solid objects. Meanwhile the air through which the rays pass, remains temperate, active, invigorating. Rooms equipped with a Humphrey Radiantfire are never stuffy or oppressive.

Humphrey's successful application of the principle of radiant heat has made Humphrey Radiantfire a source of unequaled comfort in nearly a million American homes. For convenience and health it cannot be equaled. See the beautiful period models and portables at your Gas Company or Dealer's store today.

There is only one genuine Humphrey Radiantfire. It will pay you to insist upon that trade-mark instead of accepting an imitation. Models range in price from $18 up. Booklet upon request.

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PITTSBURGH · BUFFALO · CINCINNATI · ATLANTIC CITY

(Continued from Page 81)

It was only then that Gus favored her with a kind of indignant admiration; only then, it seemed, did he recognize that this was a new Jane.

"Look here, you don't smoke! You know you don't!" He was trying to disbelieve it.

She let her lids fall lazily, as Florine had been wont to do at interesting moments.

"Don't I?" she asked, meaning to appear provocatively impudent. But this play was lost on Gus.

"Of course you don't. You don't like it now, either. And you got your hair dyed too!"

"A mere rinse," she told him.

"Raw!" he declared.

She disregarded this, smoking resolutely, praying that it wouldn't make her cough. But Gus was in a moment as oblivious of this correct behavior of a lady in public as he appeared to be of her exclusive-model gown, her precisely waved hair and the factitious flush applied by Claudine. Not once had he looked at her as two men at an adjoining table even then looked, so steadily that she had difficulty in avoiding their eyes. He only talked, regarding her but incidentally, as he told of the new all-car garage he would soon have at Union Hill—100 per cent repair work guaranteed—100 per cent tire hospital—rebuilding by experts—Service the Heart of Business!

As he talked, she would study not unkindly his blunt-featured face, the dark straight hair tumbling over his forehead with a shaggy effect. At times she would be amused by his efforts to twirl the too-short mustache that ran faintly below the spreading wings of his nose. She instinctively wished he wouldn't call their waiter George. Then she found herself wishing she could feel motherly to Gus, as she had to the more attractive Sumner Gale.

But Gus had never made her feel motherly. What she felt was sheer antagonism. His nearness always drew her with an implacable tyranny that left her often aghast because she so clearly wanted to hurt. She could never be sure. But it was nothing to bother about any more. Gus had assumed that she would soon be back at Union Hill and she preferred not to correct his error.

On the whole, after they danced a lot, as Jane had promised, she regarded the evening as an enjoyable one. Indeed, it was almost an adventure, because it was their last evening together and Gus didn't know this. Once he asked about her plans, but not in the doubting way that Mr. Mead did, and she was grateful now that he had—though perhaps with excuse enough—not assumed any airs of ownership. She was free and he was free and some day she would be ready. He was, to be sure, maddening in his certainty about that. And she was glad, of course, that they hadn't been by themselves that evening. That wouldn't have done. She shook hands with him at the elevator after their music stopped. He was off to Sacramento in the morning, he told her, but she'd see him at Union Hill, with bells on, in a couple of weeks.

"Look out for yourself, girlie," was his parting admonition. "Don't take any flannel nickels—they shrink."

She was decided about the hair at last. It would be cut off tomorrow. For Gus had said, "Thank the Lord you haven't had it bobbed!"

She went to bed in a blind confusion of wishing; wishing he wasn't Gus Pedfern, or that she felt motherly to him, or that she felt different—different in a way she knew—toward the more seemly Sumner Gale. But in spite of Mr. Mead, you didn't have to do what you didn't want to, not with a great deal of money in a good bank.

She was up early for another of those yeasty days. When she admitted the waiter with her breakfast she found a letter under her door, observing it to be from Marcy Tedmon. Her conscience tweaked her for not writing him news of her propitious debut in a world he must yearningly recall. He was doubtless reminding her of a promise to send him a little word.

But a hasty reading of the half page in Marcy's fine-lined, niggling script revealed that he had news of his own to impart. It wasn't all clear—she could see him worrying about anything so demanding as a letter—but the part that was clear she found delightful. Sarah Tedmon had written and he was sending Jane her San Francisco address, thinking she might find time from her gayeties to call there.

But of course she would! Sarah, at last, after all the years! Her heart leaped at the thought. How they would talk and laugh, now that Jane had contrived her own escape from the trap! She had always pictured Sarah dancing in rich ball gowns, or being proposed to in conservatories. Probably she had long since had her fling and made one of the suitors happy. Anyway, they would have a meeting that very morning. It was more important than shopping.

When she had pictured this reunion at length, she read again more carefully what Marcy seemed to have scrawled below his signature as an afterthought:

"That child is an impish brat—disorderly! She dropped something glass in the parlor that shattered tremendously. I haven't looked, but I dare say we are well rid of whatever it was. She was kicked by the cow yesterday, and fell from the roof of the chicken house last night. Today she cut herself atrociously with a razor of Wiley's."

This was interesting gossip, but as vague as Marcy himself. "That child!" A child of a neighbor, doubtless, had invaded the house after Jane's going.

She dismissed the child and Marcy's catalogue of disasters, put on the henna sports dress and, as best she could, reproduced on her face the craftsmanship of Claudine. At the flower stand downstairs she bought two dozen long-stemmed red roses for dark Sarah, and a boy took them out to her cab.

XXI

THE cab left the shopping district and sped through a street less impressive than those Jane knew. It was a gray morning under a sky heavily misted; the street cars they passed were packed with muffled figures. The driver followed this street so long a time that Jane began to wonder if he hadn't mistaken the address, especially when he turned into a still less impressive street and climbed a hill at a reduced speed that gave her the chance to observe its unpretentious shops and apartment houses.

But she was reassured when they emerged from this to a broader thoroughfare, crept up another hill and commenced to traverse an avenue of really splendid houses set amid carefully grassed lawns high on an eminence that overlooked the bay. The driver had been right after all; this was the sort of street where Sarah would be found.

Looking ahead, she began to guess at the houses, selecting this or that imposing edifice at which the cab might draw up. A few of these homes were of frame, though large and elaborated with a lavishness that a little suggested the Tedmon mansion; but the most of them were of brick or a dull red stone, aged and richly respectable under vines that clung to their walls. At intervals they passed what was nothing less than a marble palace, heavily fronted, with porte-cochère and smooth driveway leading past a majestic flight of marble steps. Behind the discreetly silk-curtained windows of one of these she would presently find Sarah in a negligee of lace and ribbons, perhaps in the hands of her maid, perhaps sipping coffee from a silver urn while she recalled her overnight triumphs in one of the other marble palaces where she had danced late. The two dozen roses in their box began to seem absurd. Sarah would have hundreds of better ones in a vast conservatory.

Several times, as the cab continued resolutely past likely houses, Jane was on the point of signaling its driver, who was probably careless. He had found the right street, beyond a doubt, but he must have forgotten the number. She was almost sure he had passed the house. But he seemed so certain, so unregarding of the eligible homes for Sarah in this street, that she hardly liked to question him. When they turned down a narrower street of lesser homes she decided that this would lead to another avenue of perhaps even more fitting abodes for Sarah. But from this he swung presently into one still less promising, a crowded, grimy street, not of homes but of small dingy shops.

There were street cars running here, and when the cab had to slow for one in front of it she could observe at leisure that this was not a neighborhood where Sarah might be found. The street was dull and dispiriting, and its people, somberly, often roughly, clad, were not the gay, leisurely, opulent strollers she had met in her shopping tours.

They were all going grimly about some serious affair of life or waiting dejectedly at corners for their cars. The men seemed anxious, and the women, often shabbily dressed, were apparently without any least sense of cosmetic values.

She could look into the narrow dull fronts of groceries, tobacco shops with magazine racks by their doors, shops with cheap furniture in their windows, or cheaper finery for women, not unlike the Union Hill emporium. Above these there seemed to be living apartments back of bow windows, and at intervals she noted small moving-picture theaters with tawdry façades looking cold and forbiddingly dismal at this hour. All these places seemed to be a soiled, sad gray, with never a relieving note of brightness.

And the street continued as if endless. Sometimes, as they mounted a rise, she could catch long views of its mean perspective stretching ahead between the rows of ugly shops. Once she grew afraid, having read of taxicab bandits. She was perhaps being borne to some foul slum where she would be robbed. She debated taking the notes from her bag and concealing them in a stocking, only the henna sports dress wasn't really of a length to screen money thus disposed. Besides, a bandit of any experience would be familiar with this trick. His search would almost certainly be thorough. Jane shuddered.

But then she quickly saw that these fears must be silly. The possible outlaw was a frank-eyed, friendly boy who had driven her dependably the day before and he was now merely taking a short cut to that avenue of stately marble homes where Sarah could understandably live.

The cab toiled up a steep ascent over a cobbled roadway, behind a street car that kept frantically clanging its bell at a loaded truck ahead of it. Jane had settled back in the seat resolved to worry no more until they stopped before some gorgeous house, when she observed that her driver was at last betraying an interest in his surroundings. While he kept his cab close to the car in front, he was contriving quick little side glances at numbers over doorways.

This, of course, could only show him to be lost or grossly in error. She was appalled when, midway of the next grimy block, he pulled in at the curb and stopped. She stiffened in the seat, resolving not to descend in this slum until she saw a policeman.

Her driver opened the door and genially though alarmingly announced, "Here you are, lady!"

"But my friend couldn't live here!" she protested. He had been removing a printed charge slip from his meter, but on this he glanced at her in calm reassurance.

"Yes, ma'am! This is the address you gave me." He took from a pocket of his coat the hotel envelope on which she had written Sarah's address. "This is the street," he gestured, "and here's the right number," pointing toward a narrow stairway, above which, on a begrimed transom, the number faintly appeared.

On one side was the tarnished gilt entrance to a tiny picture theater, flanked by a garish poster showing red-shirted men in some deed of violence. On the other were the windows of a meat shop where butchered carcasses depended stiffly from iron hooks. She stared incredulously at her own writing on the envelope. This, indeed, was the

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PHYSICIANS, dietitians and scientific men in general are devoting more and more attention to the importance of lactic ferments, such as are found in sauerkraut and sauerkraut juice, in the diet for the preservation of health. Metchnikoff, long the head of the Pasteur Institute, first drew attention to their beneficial effects.

Dr. Chas. Reinhardt, of London, in his book, "120 Years of Life," tells us that a few years ago, when the population of Bulgaria was less than three million, it numbered more than three thousand centenarians—many reaching the ages of 110, 115 and 120, and retaining the vigor, alertness and strength of men and women of half their years.

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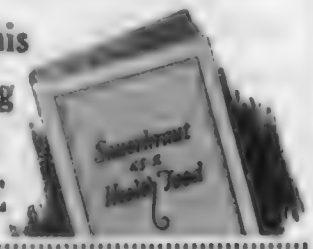

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Name

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City and State P-45

street, and there above that impossible door was the number Marcy had written.

Suddenly she laughed; this would be an example of Marcy's futility. It was so like him to botch an address. She ought to go back to her hotel and telegraph him to be accurate. She stood considering this while her driver went to the entrance.

He came back demanding, "What's your friend's name, lady?"

"Mrs. Wainwright—Mrs. Sarah Wainwright," she told him.

"We're right then. Here she is."

She followed to the entrance, and there, just inside, above a slitted mail box, was unbelievably the name. She glanced from her shocked reading of it up the narrow stairway and into the gloom above. The stairs were carpeted, but this covering was faded, worn and foul with street dirt, and from above came a rush of musty odors among which cooking food could be distinguished. She went back to the cab and dazedly paid the driver. As she returned to the stairway he overtook her.

"You're forgetting your flowers, lady."

In this noisome spot, with that dismal stairway ahead, she had indeed not remembered the roses. She took the great carton in her arms and in some trepidation saw the driver depart. When he had gone on, worming skillfully about a car that precariously oozed its crowd from every opening, she realized that she ought to have kept him. He was one friend where friends might be needed.

It was odd, she thought, that so much of life should be like this, when she had supposed it to be so glamorously otherwise.

With a final timid look up and down the street, she drew a long breath and softly ascended the stairs. On a door at their head was another card like that above the mail box. She stood a moment, wanting her heart to slow its beats; but down the hall on the other side a door was roughly opened to release added volume to the unappetizing odors that assailed her; a vast slovenly woman in a gray cape came out with a milk bottle, and from within she could hear a child's cry of pain and the angry voice of a man.

She knocked hurriedly as the woman with the milk bottle passed her to descend the stairs, turning her unwholesome gray head on its fat neck to stare at the stranger. There was no response to the first knock, but she saw a bell push beside the door; when she had held this with an urgent thumb she heard a remote tinkle, followed after a long interval by a faint, indistinguishable call.

Her tremulous hand found the knob, the door creaked open, and she stood in a dim, small room that she saw to be meant for a parlor. Its papered walls were discolored, its flowered patch of rug faded, its few chairs and a sofa looked decrepit; but they all persisted in a shabby little pretense of elegance. In the center of the frayed rug was a small square table with spindle legs; over its varnished top hung a scarf of dingy silk on which stood a terra-cotta statuette of a shepherd boy and girl.

She had time to note these details when a harsh, petulant voice from the next room—beyond a pair of beaded portières—called, "Well, who is it?"

Jane glanced down at her box of flowers and suffered a swift impulse to dart out the door and close it softly. Long afterward she recalled that instant, how she might have yielded to the impulse—her hand already on the knob behind her. But as she still hesitated, the voice called again impatiently, "Well? Well?"

She would surely have gone then, but fast upon the challenge a woman appeared back of the portières, demanding out of some grueling irritation, "What the devil ——"

The inquiry broke sharply off as she thrust the impeding beads aside and stepped into the room—a tall woman in a crumpled, slatternly nightdress, with grayish bobbed hair falling about a haggard gray face and over the indignantly burning eyes. She stood staring at Jane, pushing the stringy hair back with a hand, and her indignation swiftly became an apology.

"I beg your pardon," she said in a different voice, the hand that had brushed her hair aside clutching the open neck of the nightgown. But this milder speech had been in the voice Jane remembered.

"Oh, my! Sarah—Sarah!" she weakly called.

The woman in the doorway came forward on this, her glowing black eyes visibly searching among memories for one that might identify this visitor—vainly, it seemed, for she continued to peer and be puzzled.

"Oh, Sarah!" Jane again cried. "But I'm Jane—Jane Starbird!" Her lids fluttered, trying to blink away the shock of Sarah Tedmon like this.

"Well, I'll be good and damned!" said Sarah in low, deliberate utterance, her look all at once stricken quite blank. "Jane Starbird!" she echoed in a queer, hoarse tone, her eyes seeming to measure Jane with slow informing looks that missed no detail. All at once her face lighted, for one swift instant oddly like the old Sarah. "Why, Jane—little Janey!" she cried, and ran to infold her.

Jane had retained the carton of roses, but she dropped this and frantically met the embrace, crying again, "Oh, Sarah, Sarah!"

They clung together a long moment, then stood apart. Jane's eyes continued to blink, ominously now, but she was saved from the menacing cataclysm by a sudden cheerfulness in Sarah, who had stood off to study her again and was laughing with some secret relish. This mirth so dismayed Jane that her impending tears were driven back.

"Well, well, little Janey! Always friendly as a puppy; and here she's grown to —— Heavens, Jane, you're a beauty, out and out! Why, you dear thing! I simply can't believe it. But sit down, child. We're standing here like two idiots. Take the sofa there, and let me get something on." She rattled through the bead portières as Jane sat gingerly on the sofa's edge, staring with a hard brightness at the statuette on the varnished table.

Sarah was back in a moment, pulling together before her a worn robe of pink flannel, again brushing back the short, stringy, grayish hair that would fall about her haggard face.

"Now then," she began brightly, "tell me every bit of news about the Hole, and how in the name of heaven you ever got the money for that stunning outfit. You don't mean to say Wiley Tedmon made a killing? Hurry! Tell me the wonderful news!"

"There's so much to tell," Jane began. She was at ease again, she thought, for here was the Sarah of old, unaccountably in one of her lightest moods. It would take a long time to tell it all, but she could go ahead smoothly now, her first fright utterly banished. So she started the tale brightly. "It was too funny the way it came about, but you remember ——"

To her horror, at the very start of a narrative she had felt confident would run placidly on, some mechanism within her seemed to slow and she began to sob violently, though keeping her head erect, still staring as best she could through the smarting tears and making no effort to stanch them.

Sarah, aghast at the outbreak, looked helpless at first, then ran to the sofa and again infolded the weeper, who continued to sob convulsively on the proffered shoulder.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" Jane feebly managed between her seizures. But presently she began to resent her own weakness. "I'm not a cryer! I'm not silly! I never cry!" she indignantly began to proclaim through her tears.

"Of course you're not; I never knew you to cry," Sarah agreed, patting her shoulder.

On this assurance, she conquered. She couldn't go on crying when she simply wasn't a cryer.

Presently she wiped her eyes and was gallantly smiling apologies.

"I must be nervous from loss of sleep—those old cars clattering back and forth under my windows!"

"Of course," said Sarah, and became voluble again with questions.

Jane was not only safe beyond tears now, but she was fortified by the curious bit of knowledge that had slowly been coming to her: Sarah very positively saw nothing to cry about in her present estate. She couldn't possibly understand that an accumulation of shocks, beginning with the mean street, the odorous and dismal stairs, the poor little pretending room and her own woeful appearance, had finally bowled over the caller. It was astounding, but Sarah clearly believed her lot to be pleasant.

"To think," she was saying, "if it hadn't been for those heavenly door knobs I might still be vegetating in that terrible Hole! Oh, my dear"—she pealed a reminiscent laugh—"I wish you could have seen the time I had disposing of them and getting my start!"

Getting her start! Jane wondered what Sarah had considered a start. She glanced about the tawdry room and at poor, slovenly Sarah, and out of a sooted window to the ugly street, visioning with a novel warmth the spacious, beautiful peace, and a certain dignity that had wrapped the condemned Hole. Did Sarah consider herself now out in the world where life was? She, Jane, must guard against saying the wrong thing.

"But, my dear," Sarah broke in, "you look too funny. Go and fix your make-up. Ladies must never cry after they're all nice and painted."

Grateful for the respite, Jane passed into the bedroom, littered with clothes thrown about, a disordered bed, an open trunk revealing chaos, and a dressing table covered with a welter of brushes, sewing materials, curling irons, powder boxes and an egg-flecked plate from which Sarah had apparently taken her breakfast. In the glass she saw her tear-streaked face. It was, she decided, too ghastly for repair. Besides, it wasn't certain that she wouldn't have to cry again. This was only the beginning of a day that she felt would be trying.

She found a dark little bathroom where she washed her face relentlessly, feeling grim about it. As she came out she glanced into a tiny kitchen beyond. It held a battered oil stove, leaning at a precarious angle, an uncleared table from which a meal had sometime been eaten, and a sink filled with a mass of soiled dishes, an accumulation of days, it seemed.

"It's a tiny place, but you've no idea how convenient," Sarah said, coming down the hall to her, "especially since my baby has gone; and it's so jolly to front directly on the street."

"Isn't it, I'm sure!" agreed Jane absently. So Sarah had lost a baby.

"But we haven't begun to talk," Sarah expostulated. "I'll tell you, Janey, I'll get back into bed where I can keep warm—this neuritis is simply hell if I get cold—and you draw up that chair and we'll chat forever."

She got into bed, retaining her flannel robe, and drawing the covers up about her, lighted a cigarette from a package on the stand beside her pillow.

"Neuritis?" Jane queried.

"It's been fierce for three days now. I haven't been able to work since Monday." So Sarah worked!

"It's the hot laundry does it," Sarah was explaining. "I'm all in a perspiration when I come out and the chill air takes me sometimes."

"A laundry?"

"Yes, a French laundry. I'm fine at handwork, and make good money. Of course, I'll be shy some this week. A couple of months ago I was laid up for ten days."

Jane was thinking, "I mustn't cry again—I simply mustn't," and she lighted one of Sarah's cigarettes as a possible defense. Its acrid, biting tang seemed to help.

"Now shoot," urged Sarah. "But first turn the light on—we must be gay in here."

Gay! Jane was revolted at the word, and she would have been glad, as she talked, to have her face obscure in the half light from

(Continued on Page 88)

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(Continued from Page 86)

one dim window; but she rose to switch on what Sarah considered gayety, and the room's slovenly squalor sprang to a cruel exposure.

She pulled her chair closer to the bed and became rapid of speech, while Sarah drew deep inhalations of smoke from her cigarette, wincing now and again from shocks of pain in the ailing shoulder. Jane not only spoke rapidly but affected a joyous lift from the things she recounted, laughing herself when she succeeded, as she often did, in making Sarah laugh. Her voice, she knew, was unwontedly loud, her laugh strident, but her listener never seemed to suspect that her animation was forced.

Underneath her talk ran a constant, searing fire of comment, question and doubt. Sarah, darkly beautiful, avidly dancing, resolute with dreams, had so long been a crystal memory, a lovely legend. And here she was, frustrate, baffled, betrayed by the life she had rushed out to. Could life itself be a trap then? Plainly it wasn't all great glass-fronted shops full of silken allures, banks that hardly noticed when you took money from them, and lofty hotels lavish with enchanted mirrors.

She began to perceive that life must be more various than she had supposed. Between the tepid existence so long known to her, and that life of heady ferments she had first encountered here, there seemed to lie interminable grimy streets with ugly fronts where most of the world was really housed and compelled to a routine unlovely and hazardous.

Perhaps there had been a leaven of sanity in the talk of Mr. Mead; perhaps only a few could do as they wished with life—a greatly favored few, like herself. Sarah hadn't been one of these. As she lay there the old secret hilarity glowed in her undimmed eyes; she was still audacious enough; but life had vanquished her utterly, so that if the guards were an instant let down the tears would rise in one who watched her. Jane had to be careful. An old enchantment had here crumbled to ashes.

It was a long time before Jane had to quit talking, striving for little vagrant memories that would suffice to keep off the pall of dejection hovering above her. And it was happily almost as long before Sarah quit asking questions, so many forgotten matters had been touched upon. But at last she glanced at a little loud-ticking clock on the stand beside the bed and broke off her chuckle at what Marcy Tedmon had said about the door knobs.

"Well, I'm damned if it hasn't got to be two o'clock! You poor kid, you must be starved."

She sprang up to sit on the bed while she slipped her bare feet into bath sandals. Jane was quick with protests.

"But I'm not a bit hungry. I couldn't eat—I'm so excited."

"Nonsense!"

Sarah, at the mirror, was dabbing her gaunt cheeks with rouge and brushing back her hair. In a moment she shuffled off to the unspeakable kitchen, whence Jane heard a rattle of dishes.

She followed to the doorway, but Sarah waved her back.

"There isn't room for two here. I'll have something in a jiff." She was lighting a wick of the oil stove. "This place is a sight, but I haven't had a chance to tidy it for three days. Go on back, like a good child, and let me fuss by myself."

Jane was now oddly afraid to be in any of the rooms without Sarah; but she saw that the kitchen was, indeed, impossible for two, so she went back along the narrow hall to the front room that trembled to passing cars and was noisy with the rumble of heavy wheels over the cobbled roadway. She sat on the sofa and stared at a framed colored print on the opposite wall, a picture of naked pink nymphs joyously chasing a garlanded faun through a wood. But she caught herself gulping, and went to stand before the window where she could look down on the noisy traffic.

Life, then, was mostly this sodden, noisy ugliness outside, and in here it was base. She had so falsely peopled the world with carefree dancers! Her spirit sank to abysmal depths as she stared at the harried, dull-looking humans who hastened past in a craze for living that all at once seemed grotesque to her.

Why should they want to live? What kept that light of zest and daring still aglow in Sarah's eyes? How could she ignore what life had done to her, not know that she had been shattered and laid waste? Jane gulped again, but managed to swallow when she heard Sarah's voice at the portière, as she came rattling through the incongruous beads and stood beside Jane at the window.

"I could get a cheaper flat," she said, "but I must have this."

She astoundingly indicated the unlovely view from her window where a crowded street car shuddered and groaned up the grade.

"Oh, of course," said Jane.

"There's always life outside; you know you're still in the world. How wonderful it must seem to you, Janey, coming away from that old Hole!"

"Oh, of course, I'm sure," said Jane, trying to seem enthralled by the flaunt of life outside.

"Now come and take potluck. I found a can of beans, and I've made some tea."

They went to the kitchen, where the table had been partly cleared. The beans were on a plate, cold, but the tea was scalding hot, and strong; and Jane gulped at it when it was cool enough, still protesting that she had eaten an enormous breakfast and wasn't hungry. Sarah, too, ate but little, and they soon lighted cigarettes from her package, continuing with the tea. Sarah had to be told again of the picture actors invading the old house. She would have liked to be there then. She keenly enjoyed Marcy's discomposure and subsequent complacence at being found a type. And she had long admired Sumner Gale; he was so magnetic.

"Perhaps I shall go to Hollywood and see him again," Jane told her—but she said it only to keep up the talk. She had begun to feel vague doubts about that.

"Hollywood?" Sarah knew Hollywood. "I was there for a while," she explained, "right after I married my second husband."

"Oh, my!" Jane exclaimed, startled from her guarded manner by this offhand disclosure.

"It wasn't so much of a place then," added Sarah. She pushed their dishes back. "Come, let's go in and be comfortable again." In bed once more, with Jane seated and in an agony of wonder as to how she could leave, or if she could leave at all, Sarah turned her momentarily to stone by remarking, "But I haven't once asked you about my baby. A dozen times I've started to, and always I didn't, because something exciting came first—she's all right, of course?"

"Your baby? Your baby?" Jane could only stare in blank amazement.

"Why, of course, my baby—little Sarah." Jane thought she had spoken of losing a baby. This might be the dementia of grief. But Sarah had begun to look too sanely alarmed. "I sent her up last Monday," she went quickly on, "and I know from the friend that took her she got safely as far as Creston and on the stage." Her eyes hung anxiously on Jane's, then relief lighted her face. "But how stupid of me. You said you came down Monday, so of course you haven't seen her."

"Oh, of course," Jane agreed, still blank of mind. Then she brightened, remembering Marcy's obscure postscript. "I had a letter this morning. She's having all sorts of good times."

"Her picture's on the dresser there—do get it."

Jane found the photograph under a sewing basket.

"But she isn't a baby!" she cried after the first glance, puzzled by an irritation the term had caused her.

"She's ten in September," the mother said. "Do you think she's pretty?"

"Oh, very!" Jane was still vaguely irritated, still puzzled that she should be. "What a lovely little thing!" she added perfunctorily.

"She has something of me in her face, but more of her father, I think."

"Her father—is he dead?" Jane was again merely making talk.

"He's alive," Sarah replied, queerly brief.

There was a waiting silence between them, then Jane knew that Sarah had probably told her the very best that could be—and perhaps all that should be—said of the father—he was alive. The silence prolonged itself until Jane grew embarrassed.

"You've told me hardly anything about yourself, Sarah," she said at last. She still studied the photograph, being troubled now by visions of another child—a child like this—going to that old house.

"Sit down again, Janey."

She sat, gnawed by strange little pains she couldn't yet identify. Sarah began to talk, and in a different way. Her eyes stayed valorous, but there came admissions, not of defeat, precisely, but of perplexities. Presently Jane had no longer any need to wonder about first and second husbands. She wondered now only at Sarah, who had endured all manner of buffets for a score of years and was still neither beaten nor dolorous.

She never let the note of complaint into her voice, but she made no attempt to disguise facts. She came at last to her sending away the child.

"Of course, without a child of your own, you can't know what it cost me to let her go—I'd be talking a strange tongue to you—but I had to, for her own sake. I could see too damned horribly plain what she would come to here, even with the schooling I could give her. It's the place for me, but not for a child with a mother that has to work all day. When I sent her up there—— It was foolish of me to think of you as a fixture, but I only remembered how dear you were. I see I shouldn't have done it. I'll get her back."

"Oh, no!" Jane cried. "You mustn't have her in this place." She had been on the point of saying "this terrible place."

"But what am I to do?" Sarah shrugged her bony shoulders under the dingy coverlet.

Jane stared distantly a moment, seeing her own child self mounting dark stairs, looking fearfully about corners, hearing steps of people that weren't there.

"Will you let me take her?" she demanded, turning her eyes swiftly on Sarah.

"Take her?" Sarah looked frightened.

"Not from you—send her to school, away somewhere, perhaps that school I went to myself."

"But, Jane, how can you?"

"I told you of all that money for the wine and things."

"It couldn't have been so much."

"It was seven thousand and something; then it was more when I got the check. I haven't spent so much—not so very much."

"The whole of it isn't much, at that." Sarah shook her head. "You'll need it. Haven't you told me how you've escaped, yourself, from that Hole? You must go on and have your good time, dear. I couldn't have an easy moment if I thought I'd robbed you of that."

"You won't be robbing me. I'll have my good time just the same. I shall manage."

Her tone was mechanically confident. She was inwardly aware only of a vast lethargy dulling all her body. Dimly, outside, she realized, a world had crumpled and become a ruin, its shining turrets low in the dust.

She continued to talk above this desolation that momently spread. They were both calm now, discussing the school for little Sarah; and after a while Jane found they were standing at the outer door, though she was never able to remember going there. They were lightly chatting of clothes, the henna dress a point for their discourse. Sarah spoke knowingly of bargain sales. You had to be keen to profit by them.

Jane realized that she was on the point of leaving and brought out something she had several times been too embarrassed to say. She tried to make it offhand.

"Of course, Sarah, all that money is yours as much as mine; you have the same right to it, and I must ——"

Sarah stopped her with an abrupt gesture.

"Not one cent for me, Janey dear, though it's nice of you. I've never had money from anyone—since those luscious silver knobs—that I didn't earn. I can still earn what I need. I'll take what you care to spend for my baby, but that's all."

"But you must!" Jane cried, newly aghast at the sordid little rooms she had seen. "There must be so many things you need. And you can't help yourself—I'm going to leave you a big check, at least a thousand dollars."

Excitedly she fumbled in her bag for the check book, her eyes searching the room for pen and ink.

"I tell you no," said Sarah. "Leave your check, and I'll only tear it up."

There was a steady gleam of such sternness in her valiant eyes that Jane was again overcome.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" she sobbed, with still a part of her brain recalling that her cheeks wouldn't streak now.

Sarah's arms were about her.

"Now, now, dear! Don't! I'm all right for myself, really. If I could take your money and feel easy about it, I would. If you'd had eighty thousand instead of eight, you'd have found me different."

"But it seems hard of me to leave you in this—this lonesome place!"

She kept herself with an effort from characterizing it more pointedly.

"Lonesome!" Sarah waved to the window. "With the world at my door! Don't be silly, child!"

Waiting outside on a corner for the street car Sarah had told her to take, she began to struggle with a fit of laughter that threatened to bring the tears again, causing some concern to a motherly-looking Italian woman standing, patient, beside her with a heavily laden basket of fruit. She quieted this friendly interest by laughing, at last, unmistakably.

How funny it was—or seemed to be—not a thing to cry over, that back in that parlor of Sarah's was something neither of them had noticed from the moment of her arrival, a long cardboard box holding two dozen red roses!

XXII

IN THE packed car she clung to a strap while people swayed against her. She was quite unconscious of this, aware only of the vast dulling lethargy, as if but half-awakened from heavy sleep.

After what might have been three minutes or thirty, she knew that she left the car and that the hotel faced her, but her first acute consciousness was of her acquaintance, Mr. Mead, being helped by Mason from a motor car before the hotel entrance. She would have preferred to avoid him, but he saw her coming and waited.

"In splendid time for tea," he greeted her.

She wanted to escape, to surrender on her bed to that kind lethargy. But the man was so pleased and cordial that she couldn't bring herself to make excuses. He actually seemed to want her. He was perhaps lonely; she had seen him always alone, speaking to no one else.

"That will be fine," she told him as they went in.

He looked at her more closely then, as if he had heard a new note in her voice; or perhaps her eyes were telling on her. He continued to regard her while Mason took his overcoat and stick.

"You must have been in the wind," he said.

"Yes—the wind," she told him.

He found a table in the room where people were dancing, and he ordered their

(Continued on Page 93)

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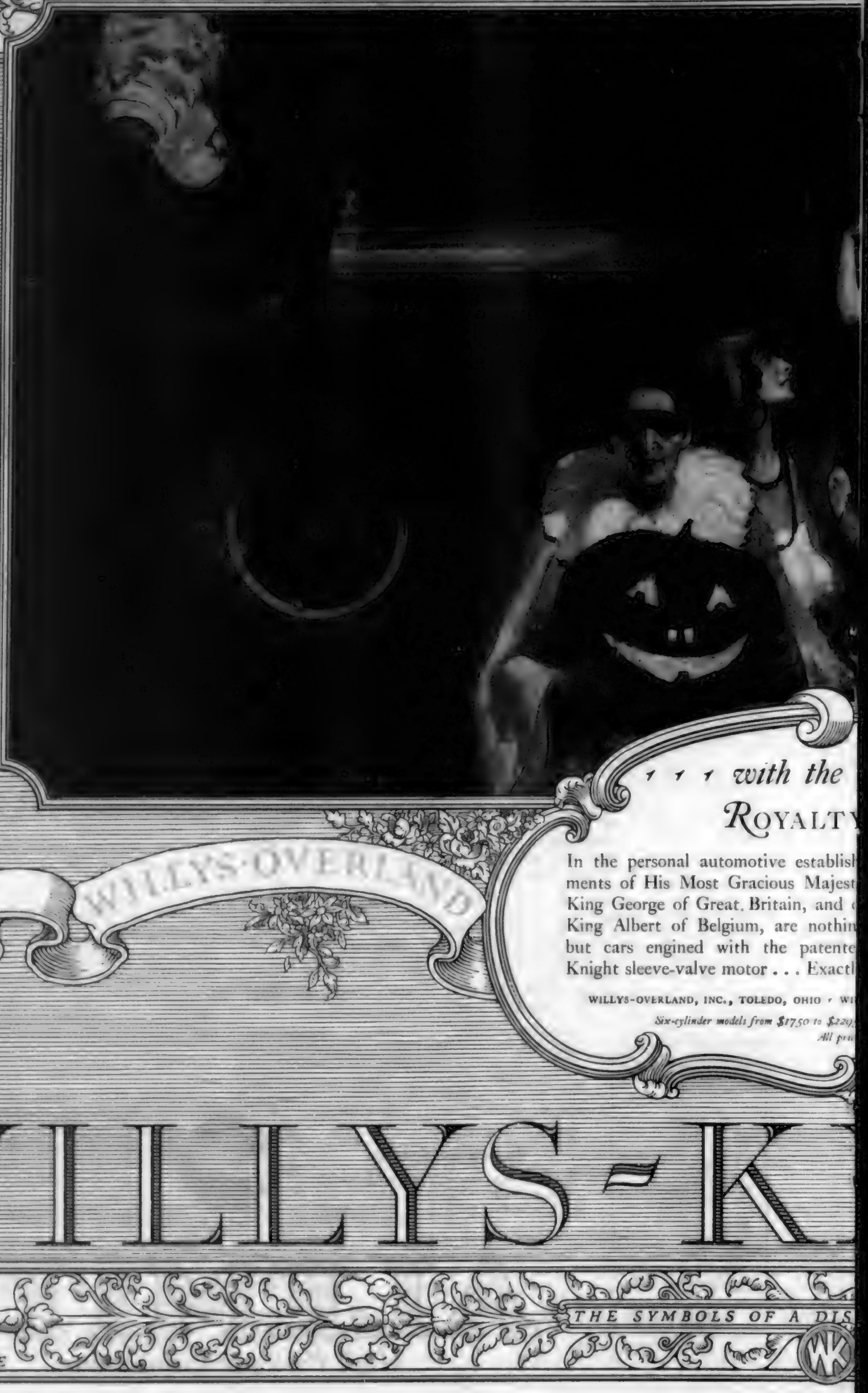

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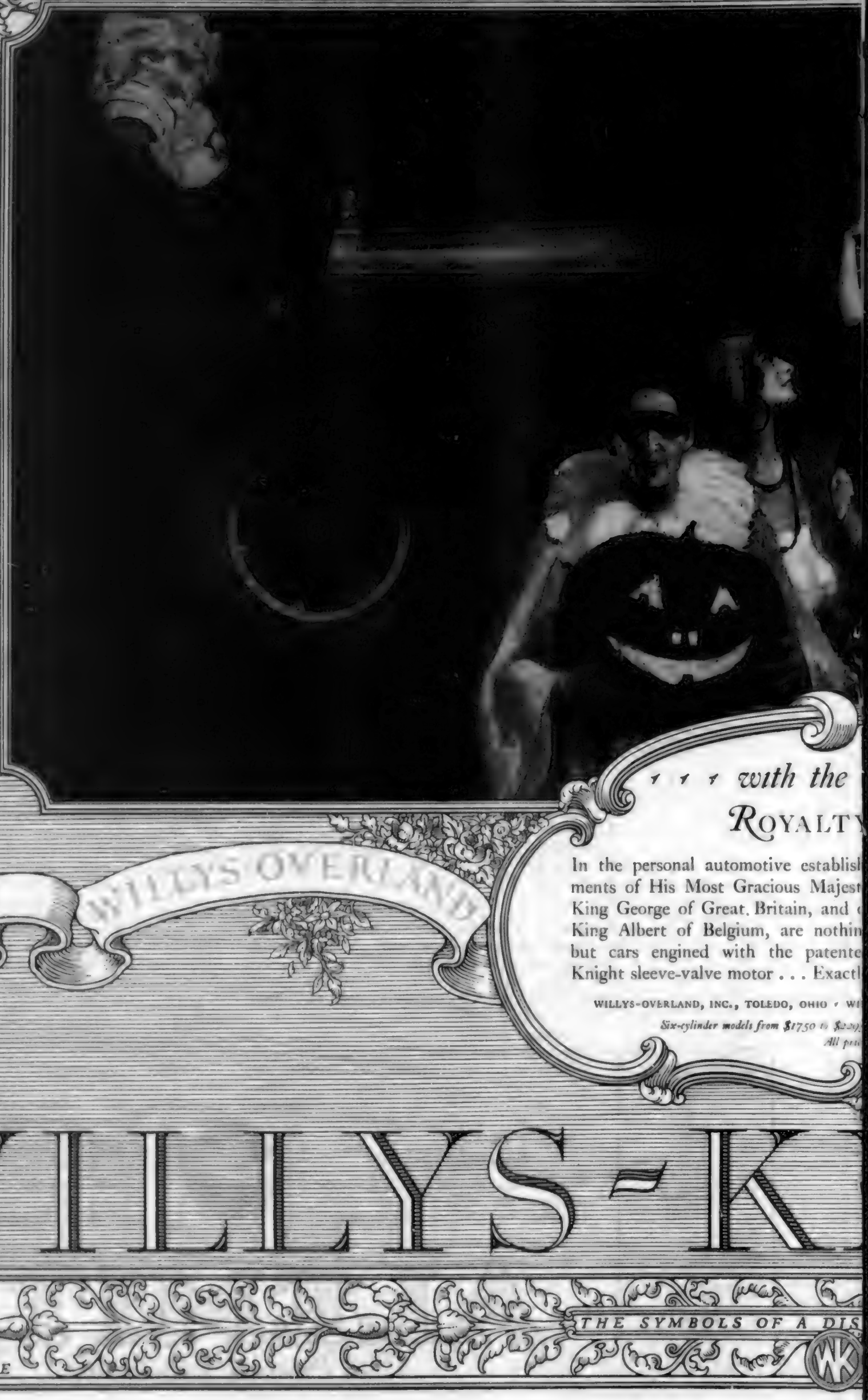

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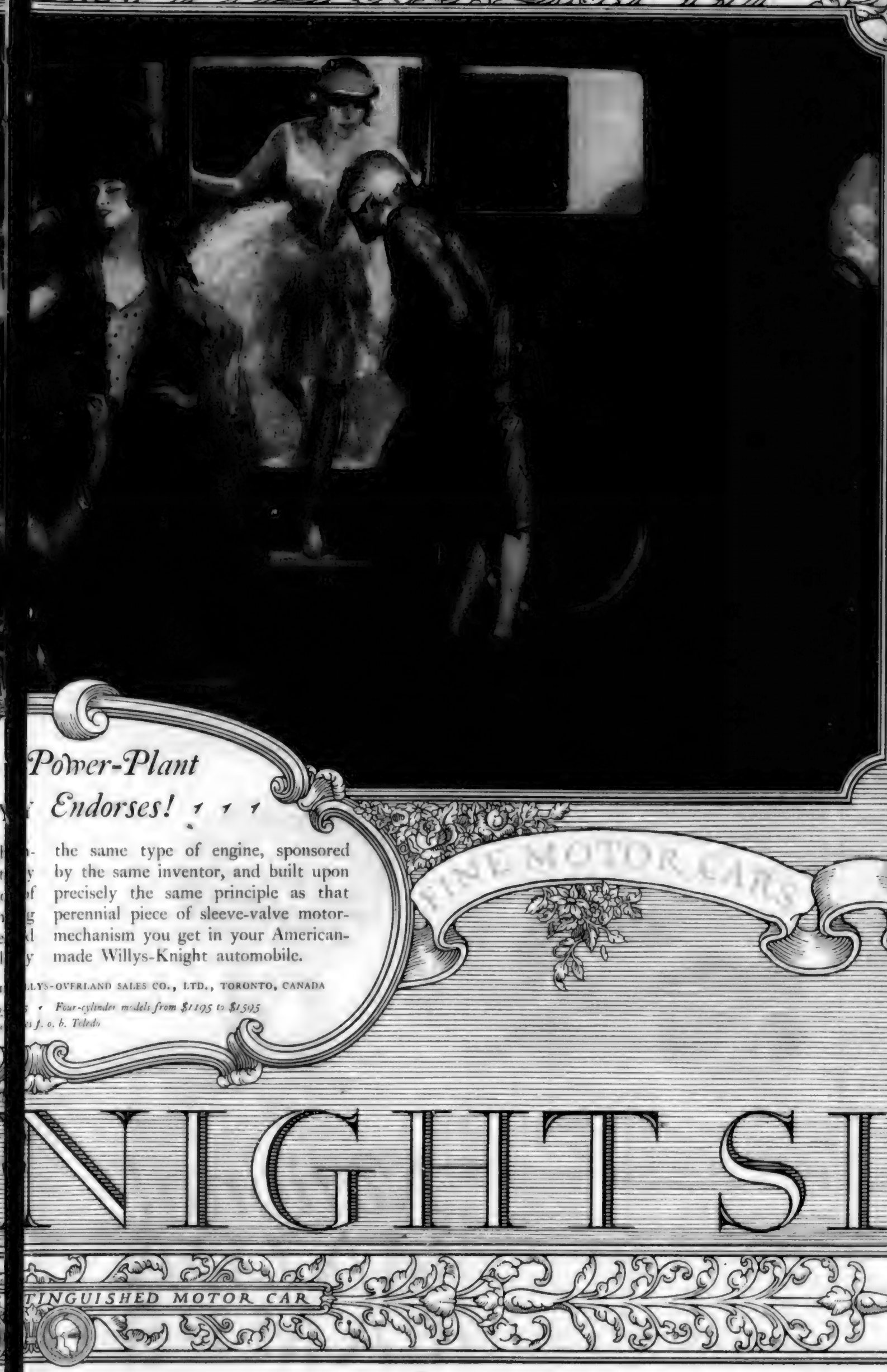

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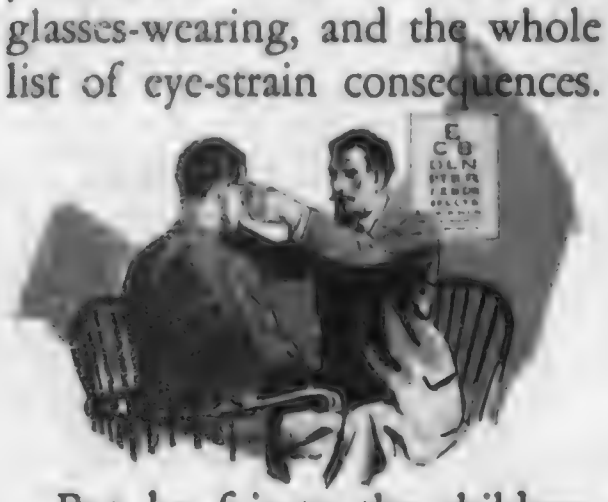
It's not fair to let children study by light that means eye-strain—and its bad consequences.

Strain your own eyes, if you want to, and if you don't care what happens to them. Get yourself fixed for headaches, and glasses-wearing, and the whole list of eye-strain consequences.



But be fair to the children. They aren't choosing, as you can.

Give them enough light to study by, and have it properly shaded to eliminate glare. Let it be light from a diffusing bulb, so it won't be raw and irritating.

There isn't one ceiling fixture in a thousand equipped with enough, and good enough, light for reading and study.

But look: Here is one of the ways of doing it right—with shades, you'll notice, and lamps that give lots of light.

And have a portable lamp for the children to use when they need light on a book or papers.

It wouldn't be a half-bad idea to have one for yourself. The comfort you'll get out of it will do more to teach you about good lighting than would all the preachments this publication could hold.

But in any case, be fair to the children. Don't let them study by light that means eye-strain.

National
MAZDA
LAMPS

(Continued from Page 88)

tea, while Jane let her mind float on the slow, teasing measures of a dance tune. She was still absently tapping her fingers to it when he next addressed her.

"It's jolly, our meeting this way, though I really think I should have called you up if we hadn't met. You see, I'm leaving tomorrow, and somehow I wanted another word with you."

She heard the voice as from a distance, and did not turn to him as she murmured, automatically polite, "Yes, of course!"

Then they were both silent, and she forgot he was there. She had yielded again to her tranquilizing lethargy, her body dulled, her mind restfully adrift on waves of melody, uncaring and secure. Mechanically and without response, her senses registered certain impressions from without: animated faces in a softened colorful light, perfumes, and the pricking scent of smoke; a muted babble of voices, the measured scuff of feet on a glare of floor, gleams of silver and china on tables; the smiling, bent absorption of a couple just beyond, as the man poured liquor from a silver flask into their glasses; the discordantly careworn face of a waiter above a loaded tray, his brows puckered in a funny, intent frown; a kaleidoscope of shimmering silks where the dancers circled, swimming in and out of her narrowed view; embraced, oblivious couples advancing, halting, retreating with slow solemnity, immobile but for their queerly avid feet, gravely reverent as if in the throes of some religious ecstasy—and over it all those high priests from their altar flinging gossamer veils of enchantment cunningly patterned, filmy but potent.

She came to herself with a start when the music died, noting with troubled astonishment an odd awakening of the dancers released from that spell; how they came carelessly across the floor to their tables, no longer absorbed and reverent; mere chatting, laughing, commonplace humans pouring eagerly for a moment of surcease from a temple where they had too devoutly worshiped. She heard the voice of her companion, still blurred by infinite distance.

"I beg your pardon," she said, and turned to find him surprisingly beside her. She recalled his name with an effort, and at the same time became conscious that through her mind absurdly ran the words "Probe launched—probe launched!"

"I was saying you must be hungry again, and I had ordered your favorite sandwiches."

She surveyed their table, set with cups and plates while she had been somewhere far off.

"Oh, thank you! Yes, I'm literally famished." She put a sandwich on her plate and forgot it, watching Mead pour tea and drop a slice of lemon into the cup. "Probe launched" still ran madly across her vision in broad black letters. She increased her effort to banish this absurdity. "Have you told me you are going away? I forget; someone told me that." She began the sandwich and sipped her tea, groping for sanity with these.

"Tomorrow I leave. I've been sentenced to imprisonment"—his mouth and brows twitched humorously—"sentenced to a desert."

It roused her—brought her to herself. If only she might console him.

"I see; you must have more sun."

"Right! It seems my life—if any, as they say—must be all sun—the desert's one proud boast."

"Shall you have to stay long?"

"Perhaps." He shrugged, though gayly. "It seems"—the man was very pointed in his speech—"it seems I was rather too long being convinced."

"Convinced?"

He flourished his bit of toast.

"Oh, too long coming to believe that life could be so bland and yet have such scurvy designs. Its goads are so cleverly hid in velvet sheaths."

"Oh!"

"Does that interest you?"

"Of course, I'm sure."

"My own fault. I was one of the enlightened. I knew well enough it's a game not to be won—meant to be lost. Though, of course, it's meant to be played with zest, played out. We're not to throw down our hand midway, claim the rest of the tricks—or disclaim them—and hurry to the next deal. I believe there are still a few learned clerks who have faith in a next deal where everyone will somehow have perfect cards and can bid a grand slam in no trumps. Either way, it's a worth-while game. The cards are marked against us, but we're in luck to be dealt them at all—and we keep thinking we'll learn to read the marks and outtrick the opponent."

"Oh, yes, of course!"

He scanned her, with a shrewdish narrowing of one eye.

"If you say yes, you must have learned a lot since we last talked."

"But I learn every day—don't all of us?"

"Only a few, I'm afraid. The most of us nurse a secret conviction of being exceptional, uniquely favored. I know I did. But, of course, that's the one prop of the game—it wouldn't go on an hour if we didn't."

Jane nodded gravely.

"We play along, perfectly sure—was it velvet goads you said?—that we're winning. Then all at once we've lost. How funny!"

"Oh, quite!" His hot brown eyes were searching her again as she seemed to dream above a teacup. "I'm so glad we had this last little talk. I may as well confess that after our first meeting I had the impertinence to feel concerned about you."

"Life," she said irrelevantly, "has bright streets; but such a lot more of dark ones, hasn't it?"

He went on as though she hadn't spoken.

"Because you seemed so rich and so defenseless, I suppose—your face so touchingly unhardened."

"Rich?"

"Certainly, rich. I mean—watch that girl two tables to your left, leaning on her elbows to the boy with perfect hair. Isn't she a lovely flower?—but she's poor. Wouldn't that shock her?—with those diamonds and emeralds! Certainly you're rich; but I couldn't help being concerned. You were so poor in the tricky devices that help to win, even temporarily. Your face so pathetically unhardened—I kept wondering when it would begin to set, and by what particular mean device that you wouldn't have learned to evade. It seemed to me you would go down at least four the very first hand you played—a plausible hand; at least four honors, and good outside strength."

"Oh, yes, of course!"

She was lost in new music, though less completely this time, continually conscious of an obscure terror that beset her and would begin its torture after she wasn't so benumbed. She looked at the dancers less remotely now. They were intelligible, like Sarah, who would always find music to dance to, even in a dubious street. But it seemed that dancing wasn't all of life. This she watched was a froth on its surface, covering its abysses as well as the shining peaks she had supposed would compose it—a froth of iridescence, tender and beguiling while the music lasted. She became, too, more conscious of the music, especially the boorish, rude confidence of the saxophone, broadly cajoling, brazenly dissolute above the seemlier pleading of clarinets. It was so richly, but grossly, humorous—she recalled the Rabelais that Marcy had read her. How he would have loved its humor; he would surely have had an orchestra of nothing else, and capered to it.

She began to watch the musicians, wondering if they touched life except at these moments; and did they live in mean streets and know that life was a game meant to be lost—but played out to the last card? The saxophone recalled her with some more than usually unctuous jest—brown, she oddly thought its color was. It seemed to know life better than the clarinets. It was leering drolly with broad and rascally winks, a likable reprobate that knew all fate's tricks, and urged a ribald levity as their only foil. It was winking at her with a bantering blasphemy that she found enjoyable.

Her mind worked keenly again as the music died on a strain but half resolved—the saxophone seemed to have winked and cried with a hoarse guffaw, "Wait—only wait till you hear the rest of that! It's rich!"

As they rose and went out to the lobby, she was mastering a gay little speech to confute Mr. Mead. She was as aloof from the crowd now as he had always been. When they stood by the elevator where the throng was densest, she was quite unaware that they weren't secluded.

"Then I won't see you again?" she asked.

"Not again; but I'm so glad for this. I've tried to tell you. We've brushed so blithely by each other in one of those tantalizing turns of the game. I think we shall both remember it."

"But I——" She had felt a pang of the old mutiny reawaken. It was intolerable that they shouldn't ever talk again in that warm way; that they should come so close and then go far apart for the rest of that game—"no-trumps" hadn't he called it? But he was going off to a desert to die—and that, she knew, couldn't be beaten. She felt a warming about her eyes as she said, "I wish—oh, I wish I could help you!"

"Your child's chin—your woman's eyes!" he said, but rather to himself. Then he became gay so that her eyes felt cool again. "Thank you. We always have to feel that, but people that are at all worth while"—he shrugged and grimaced mock conceit with lifted eyebrows—"worthwhile people can never be helped by anyone but themselves. Of course, the small fry ——" His gesture genially dismissed these.

Then she spoke the little piece she had worded to confute him.

"You said I simply couldn't do what I wanted to, only what I had to. But suppose I've fooled you—suppose I do what I have to just because I want to? There now!"

"What a gift for dialectics!" Again that shrewdish narrowing of the eye. "I see." A long pause. "Is it —— It is—back to Union Hill—that's the name of the place."

"But only because I want to—because I choose to," she repeated, and he smiled at her.

It was not until the elevator mounted that she remembered they had stood for their parting in a throng that wove close about them, and that there had been faces near her, frozen to staring arrest while she held the thin, much freckled hand of her friend in both her own for a long series of recurrent pressures.

In her room she looked vaguely about, her mind imaging the eyes of Mead as he said, "Your child's chin!" then running to haggard-faced old Sarah still with young eyes. Across both these pictures comically ran those black printed words, "Probe launched—probe launched." Her gaze at last rested on the big new trunk, and that inner turmoil vented itself in laughter. The trunk was indignantly and accusingly returning her stare. It revealed a sense of injury and insult.

She laughed again at the trunk the following morning. It was in plain sight on the baggage truck, its initialed end toward her, and seemed to complain that so superior a trunk had the right to lead a trunk's life. She turned from it when the boat started, and went to look at the city fading in the mist.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" she faintly called when even the clock tower had dissolved. There was an imploring note in her tone, but her eyes were stoic. She might cry for Mr. Mead—he had last night cost her a soggy pillow—or she might cry over ravaged Sarah Tedmon, but she'd never cry for herself.

At 6:30 the Creston stage drew up at the side door. Its cheerful driver hailed Seth Hacker as he came moodily from the barn.

"Well, you see I brought your girl back. I was telling her last Monday I guessed she wouldn't stick out the city long. I warned her she'd get homesick." He began to unstrap the big trunk at the rear.

Seth regarded Jane with upbraiding eyes and spoke on a peevish note.

"Well, she stuck out her crazy junket long enough for things to get at sixes and sevens here. It's a wonder she wouldn't of stayed another week, thinking the mansion would run itself." Then, observing the driver's task, and again disparaging Jane with a glance, he rose to sarcasm. "I see we had enough chink for a brand-new trunk and some outlandish new duds."

Jane grinned at him, whereupon, apparently mollified, he called toward the barn, "Oh, pardner! Here's someone to see you."

Sarah's child came running out, a kitten in either arm. As she came, Jane's gaze covered her in a dispassionate survey. She had descended from the stage and waited on the step for the elfish figure, with its shadowy dark curls and eyes like Sarah's in a thin, eager face.

"She adapted herself to the house in no time, didn't you, pardner?" Seth was genial again.

"How do you do, my dear?" Jane put an arm over the bony little shoulders.

"I'm very well, thank you, Cousin Jane; and he says I can have both these kittens for my own, for all he cares. He says we often have so many kittens he wouldn't miss even three. Maybe I could take these to bed with me. I was waiting till you came to find out."

"Yes, I'm sure you can," Jane told her, at which the child became coltish, jiggling up and down to the alarm and discomfort of her clawing burdens. Jane was distracted from the spectacle by Chong, who came around the corner from his kitchen to greet her with explosive wrath.

"How you go way all a time! Too much work, work, work! I think more better you stay home li'l' while!"

"I think so, too, Chong."

"That's what I already told her," put in Seth. It was to be seen that his grievance was held aside but for the moment.

She ran up to her room and doffed the new hat. Those too-precise waves still showed in her hair; but suppose she had let it be bobbed—for this! She returned by way of the parlor. Under one of the big chairs a mass of finely shattered glass had been brushed, and she knew before she looked that the wax lilies were now defenseless from dust and the subtler acids of time. She passed from them to the basket of ageless fruit. Three of the perfect grapes were missing. With an urgent premonition she picked up the perfect pear to note that its nether surface had been flawed by a graphic dental pattern of small upper and lower teeth. She replaced it, bitten side tactfully down, hiding also the gouging trace of that earlier thumb nail already, it seemed, prehistoric.

In passing down the hall she stopped by Wiley's room; she hadn't meant to see him yet, but his voice came through the door, clamant with distress. In alarm she opened it.

"My hat!" he was crying, pointing with his good hand to the floor. "That doddering old fool of a Chong put it back on its side, the way I've told him a thousand times not to, and the breeze blew it off!"

She picked up the hat and put it back correctly.

"Oh, it's you, Jane, home from your trip. What kept you so? I tell you, old Chong can't be trusted much longer. He'd better take his rotting old bones back to China. His hand shakes. Monday he cut me with the razor, and I haven't dared let him shave me since. This stubble is awful, Jane. I keep rubbing it and rubbing it—and —— Oh, Jane, Jane!"

There was renewed distress in this, and she stood beside his bed.

"Yes, Cousin Wiley."

His lids had fallen as he called her name, and as she looked down at him she was appalled to see two big slow tears come from

under them, tremble on his cheeks and slip off into the stubble he complained of.

"Why, Cousin Wiley, what is it?" The old tawny impudence had long since faded and his rich voice now was always broken and shrill—but tears from Wiley Tedmon!

"My—my lucky piece, Jane! It's lost again. It's been gone—a long time. I—I was afraid once maybe you'd taken it with you."

"No. Chong's eyes aren't sharp any more. I'll look for it."

She fumbled and found the coin, edge-up, beside the bed springs, its metallic gleam masked as part of them.

"Oh!" he clutched it. "Not but what I'd have lent it to you, if what you went for was anything that ——" He broke off, rubbing the coin with a tremulous thumb, seeming momentarily to have forgotten her. But out of deep silence, he asked suddenly, "What did you go for, Tiddledywinks?"

Thus confronted, she put a hand to her throat, where a pulse fluttered. What? Why did we do things? Then the flutter came out in a soft little laugh, as she tucked back the bedding.

"Oh, I went—so I could come back—I guess," she said.

That brought an echoing sound from Wiley, the ghost of his old rich chuckle.

"That's it," he agreed; "so you could come back. Thank you, Jane." His eyes were open now, his face brightened. "Did you have a wonderful trip?"

"Wonderful! Oh, yes!"

"Don't I wish I could have taken you myself! Think of a dinner at old man Martin's in Commercial Street, or even one drink at the Pantheon bar or the Bank Exchange! But of course they can't be there now. Time does go, doesn't it Jane? But I'll be back in that new town yet, see if I'm not. I'll show them I didn't wind up for good in Pauper Alley. I'll show that bank crowd. Wait till they get the water out of the Comstock. Then you'll go back to school, Tiddledywinks, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, Cousin Wiley!"

"All tricked out in fancy gauds! Just be patient, girl. Let's see what the cards say after you've been away." He was reaching her the deck of cards from under his pillow, and he watched breathless while she laid them out on the coverlet. Mechanically she parroted the familiar items, concluding with beautiful dark ladies very careful about their hands.

"Good, good!" he quavered. "That bears me out. I'll show them who's meant for Pauper Alley!"

He was still muttering phrases like these when she reached the door, a worn gray shadow of a man, a bodyless cackle of a voice.

But strangely, as she had noticed once before, the wasting of his face daily brought to view a dignity long submerged. It wasn't yet wholly tragic, but she foresaw a day not long off when it would become so—tragic, with its dignity at last unflawed.

Suddenly, beside the bed she saw her child self so beautifully believing in all of Cousin Wiley; in knightly armor on a gold horse, charging the bank crowd. An uprush of tenderness took her back to stroke his hand and give him soothing assurances about the recovered lucky piece. He was at least one winning player in the game Mr. Mead said could never be won.

She went out, and in the hall became furtive, for the odd reason that she was going to be embarrassed at meeting Marcy Tedmon. She persistently wondered why, but couldn't find even silly reasons. Yet there it was.

The puzzle became only more intricate when she was compelled to believe that Marcy, in turn, was avoiding an encounter with her alone. Twice he had turned back in the hallway when their coming together seemed inevitable.

When they did meet, in the dining room, he was so placid that she first considered she must have been mistaken. Yet they had talked but little of surface things before she was fully aware that he labored under a queer diffidence. They chatted above the child who ate with them, both, Jane knew, grateful for her presence. It took but a sentence now and then to acquaint shrewd Marcy with what little he couldn't divine.

"I telephoned to the head of my old school before I left this morning," she said once; and again, "September will soon be here."

"It's an expensive school," he remarked.

And she had only replied, "Why, of course."

After that he watched her a little more openly, especially when she talked to the child.

"I was holding something, just a minute, in the parlor," young Sarah once broke in, "and it fell right out of my hands. I expect it's pretty broke now, but I didn't drop it; it fell itself."

She and Marcy had smiled on that, and Jane said, "Yes, dear; it was a slippery, mean thing."

(Continued on Page 96)

It's second nature for the carpenter to take a new saw in his hand and try it for balance and spring. Yet, of all men, the carpenter buys a saw by the maker's name.

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YOU bought your saw not simply to cut wood. You wanted a saw to make a straight, clean cut and do it fast and easy.

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FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

(Continued from Page 94)

By the end of the meal it was apparent that Marcy knew all she could have told him, and she half expected some waspish reference to an uncompleted hundred days.

She didn't quite recognize him when he paused at the door to say, "I think I once quoted it to you, and probably I needn't to again—that saying of the graybeards up at the post office—'gold is where you find it.'"

Marcy's yellowed little face painfully flushed before he could close the door upon something he had plainly meant to be cryptic and Marcyish.

The two others went to Jane's room. She hadn't yet been able to throw off a certain awkwardness in her talk with the child, an awkwardness, she was aghast to note, not without a faint but definite trace of the hostile.

Shut in the room with her, she avoided the mistake of trying to draw the child out, talking but little herself as she began to unpack her belongings under a constantly fascinated regard. She ignored this, affecting to be alone at her task. These tactics told, and little Sarah presently became sociable, though still on her guard.

"You're not so lovely as my mother," she announced, "though I think you're very lovely. But my mother is especial."

"She is, indeed," Jane agreed. "I couldn't ever be as lovely as she is."

"Well, I don't know. Perhaps not hardly." Young Sarah seemed to have been won to agreeable doubts by that frank admission of inferiority. And she had broken the ice. "I was scared the first night," she confided.

"A big girl like you—scared! I'm astonished."

"Well, that was very especial too. I'm not afraid when it isn't so especial. The dark gets into your eyes, but it only does that to make you sleepy."

"Of course that's all. It isn't especial any more, is it? You won't be scared again?"

"Not when I know you're here. Oh, I bet I'm going to like you to be my best chum!"

"I hope you will."

In passing, Jane gave her a careless hug that melted more reserve.

"I'll tell you a secret already, if you promise never to tell anyone else."

"Cross my heart!" Jane performed the rite, acceptably it appeared.

"Well, listen. I was up in that funny little room on top of the house and I found something."

"No!"

"Something you wouldn't guess. It's a fairy glass, kind of three cornered, and when you put it to your eyes—this way—what do you think happens?"

"Oh, I could never guess! Hurry and tell me!"

"All right, you promised." The speaker lowered her voice. "You look through it and everything is red and green and blue and yellow, barns and houses and blue pigs and a cow and pink trees, all shiny, worse than anything you ever did see."

"No! You're trying to fool me!"

"Honest! I'll let you look yourself tomorrow when we go up there. I've got it hid away where robbers couldn't find it."

"Blue pigs!" echoed Jane in derision.

"Blue anythings," insisted the discoverer. "And yellow and red and pink and green. It's a genuine fairy glass—you'll see."

Jane had braided her hair before the glass, glancing about the room as she did so, observing things yet to be done before she could feel at home. One of these glances encountered the vanity case and the pink cigarette holder on a chair. She smiled, rather a hurting smile, as she tucked them under garments in the bottom drawer. Having closed the drawer, she debated a moment, smiled more freely, took them out and threw them to the back of the high shelf in her closet. On that, she laughed aloud and slipped into bed, pretending she could have no thoughts that might keep her awake, and dwelling her best on sleepy thoughts, such as Maurine Slater being shown her new clothes, the picture bill for the coming week, the little band of turkeys Seth Hacker had shown her with a quite brazen assumption of nonchalance, Chong's dissembled glee when she told him that tomorrow he must teach her how to make bread.

But none of these staunch devices brought her sleep. Suddenly she saw it must be because she had missed something. The house was too unwontedly still. She sprang from bed, lighted a candle and went out into the hall. As she turned the key in the first clock she paused—it made her feel queer, some queerness she couldn't identify. She felt it again when she was winding the next, and paused once more, her hand still on the key.

"Why, why! It's like religion—how funny!"

She was a long time going to revive all those run-down clocks; by the time she had wound the last, the first ones were beginning to strike, already with a little of their old disparity that would widen with the days.

On the way to her room she pushed open young Sarah's door, holding the candle up to look at the huddled form, touched by the small hand flung out, palm upward, so relaxed and helpless. She looked for the other hand, found it moistly clutching an animal cracker, a bear with its head gnawed off. As she stood so, the image of her own child self was there in the bed. She had been seeing it constantly beside the other hardly more vividly present child. But here was one not to be caught in the trap.

Back in her room, she was about to extinguish the candle when she was stricken for the first time since she had parted from him by the thought of Gus Pedfern.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" It was a moan of consternation. She stood staring at herself in the glass. Always before this she had with Gus been swimming against a current easy to overcome. Now it was going to be different. The current would be swifter. How long could she fight it? Would she be swept over into an abyss? "Oh, my! Oh, my!" she moaned again.

Then a certain sturdy little emotion uplifted her—if Gus Pedfern swept her over those falls he would do it at his risk. If she did go over, and found herself not liking it, she would make him pay for not heeding her. It wouldn't be her fault. Then she laughed at her little vindictive rage, wondering if she could really hurt anyone. But hadn't there always been that impulse to hurt Gus—because of those big black hands that coerced her? Yet it was simpler not to be swept over; better for both of them.

So that was settled. She crept into bed and relaxed her taut body. As she lay, surrendered, with closed eyes, over her mind came a marching thought, like a long road. . . . Figures moving on it, so many people—all marching, meeting, passing. . . . Mr. Mead, going out to the desert to face death—herself, coming back here to face life. . . . And maybe it wouldn't be death for him. And maybe this wouldn't be all of life for her.

Then, between sleeping and waking, as she drifted off came the image, ever more vivid, of her child self, playing here at her games of make-believe, in the knowing old house that had winked at her.

(THE END)

POOR FISH!

(Continued from Page 14)

"Sure it is. But necessary. Absolutely necessary. Why? Simply because I have to establish a standing to cash in on. The bank must get to know me as a nice high-grade traveling man that prefers to do his banking in a big city rather than his own home town—Toledo, for instance."

"I thought you came from the West."

"I did. After the mining town games played out. But Toledo sounds good. Then when I go to the bank to borrow the money to buy a nice little home that I can pick up at a bargain I go as a good regular customer."

"But ——"

"And then when I offer them my investment savings for collateral—bonds purchased by me against a rainy day—it is only a matter of routine to get my loan for about eighty per cent of the face value. Get that, Fish? After three months of outgo and expense, the most I can hope to get back would be eighty per cent of fifteen thousand—even if things break right and something doesn't happen which makes it necessary for me to beat it, leaving the bonds and my savings behind. Get me, Fish? If things go wrong somewhere I am out not only what I paid you but my expenses, my time, the bonds, and all the money I put in the bank for bait. And you talk about robbery. In any case I lose part of the money I put in the bank because it would look suspicious if I drew it all out."

Admiration danced in the shining black eyes of the crook.

"Don't they ever get wise? How about those numbers?"

"You wouldn't understand if I told you, but the general idea is that serial numbers are not scrutinized in a loan department the way they are in a direct sale—especially when they come from a good customer who only hypothecates them."

The pasty-faced man lit a cigarette and stood up.

"Pretty slick, Ambrose," he commented.

Mr. Ambrose was still smiling as he closed the door after his visitor. He was still smiling as he sat back and gently fingered the folded pieces of embossed paper he drew from the long manila envelope.

"They named you right," he murmured softly to himself, "when they named you Fish—you and all your kind that risks everything for lack of brains. Poor fish!"

"What can we do for you today, Mr. Callahan?"

The vice president of the Fourteenth Trust and Savings Company smiled pleasantly at the well-groomed, quietly dressed gentleman seated in the chair across the desk.

Mr. Callahan was a big, ruddy-faced man with a ready, pleasant smile and a pair of heavy glasses attached to a wide black ribbon.

He was smiling now as he leaned slightly forward over the glass-top desk of the head of the loan department.

"The advertising of your bank says that there is a spirit of helpfulness about the Fourteenth Trust, and it made me come to you just as your reputation for friendly banking made me open my little savings account some months ago."

The vice president smiled, a pleasant customer's smile.

Mr. Callahan cleared his throat. "The fact of the matter is," he began, "though I live in Toledo I spend most of my time on the road and prefer to do my business—you can doubtless understand—where well-meaning friends will not interfere. That—that is why I have been banking with you for some months."

The vice president smiled—another customer's smile.

"I now have an opportunity to pick up some of the stock of the company with which I am associated and I wish to make a loan to make the purchase. That is why I am here today."

The vice president coughed—his loan cough.

"Of course you understand, Mr. Callahan, that while we are here to function solely in the interests of our customers, we do not make a practice of loaning on securities of companies which do not have their securities listed on recognized exchanges or have an otherwise ready and recognized market. Now is the stock you contemplate purchasing ——"

Mr. Callahan nodded a gentle negative.

"It is not. But I was not contemplating offering the stock itself for collateral. You see, for years I have been putting most of my savings into high-grade bonds and I thought they would be more acceptable to the bank than any stock, no matter how good it might be."

The vice president nodded. A hint of the customer's smile was again visible.

"Have you a list of the bonds you propose to offer for collateral? By the way, what amount did you desire to borrow?"

"About eleven or twelve thousand."

"And the collateral?"

"Here is the list."

The vice president read the paper slowly.

"Very excellent investment, Mr. Callahan."

"I think so. I make them from time to time as the funds come to me. That small one—for five hundred dollars—I purchased from your bond department the last time I was in town."

The vice president nodded approvingly.

"When do you want to make the loan, Mr. Callahan?"

"Today if possible. I want to leave for Buffalo tomorrow."

"And the collateral—is it available?"

Mr. Callahan laughed heartily.

"Available and safe. Locked up in your safety deposit department until yesterday when I took them to the hotel with me to clip the coupons. They are locked up in the hotel safe where I can get them any time."

"Make it this afternoon," decided the vice president, and then as the smiling customer arose to leave, "Be careful, Mr. Callahan, coming over from the hotel. We have had any number of daring daylight robberies about here lately—and fifteen thousand dollars in bonds is a lot of money to lose."

Mr. Callahan grinned. "I'll say it is."

He was still smiling softly far down the ornate banking rotunda.

II

MR. CALLAHAN swung down the street with a small leather package grasped firmly under his right arm and a happy whistle on his lips. The streets were losing their luncheon hordes. The afternoon sun fried the pavements under hastily moving traffic.

Before the majestic columns of the Fourteenth Trust and Savings he stopped for a moment to wipe the perspiration from his brow and hatband.

"Can you please tell me where the Beekman Building is located?"

Mr. Callahan swung around. The inquiry came from an undersized youth wearing a dirty panama and a flaming purple necktie.

Mr. Callahan frowned.

"I don't know. I am a stranger here."

The youth ran his hand across the beginnings of a poorly cultivated dark mustache.

"It's near the Central Ohio Building, somebody said. Do you know where that ——"

Mr. Callahan tightened his grip about the leather package under his arm and shook his head briefly. There was something about the rapidly shifting eyes of his questioner that he did not like—from long experience.

"No. Sorry." He turned to move into the bank as the youth began to mumble

(Continued on Page 100)

"I love to see a man smoke a pipe"

Billie Burke

It's GOOD because it's

NOW 12¢

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

"PRECIOUS"

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

THE SILVERWARE MERCHANTS OF AMERICA

invite you to a special Value Demonstration

of 1847 ROGERS BROS · SILVERPLATE

"IF *wishes* were *riches*," so a young bride wrote us the other day, "every matron in the land would own a set of the finest silverplate. But I'll have to wait until my ship comes in—with a King's-size cargo—before I get mine."

"What a wicked misunderstanding!" we replied. "But you have given us an idea.

"If there are many women who are denying themselves the lifelong delight of exquisite silverplate because they fancy they can't afford it . . . then it's time we staged an informative demonstration!"

Which is precisely the demonstration starting at nine o'clock Saturday morning, October 31st, in the stores of the leading silverware merchants throughout America.

FEATURING

THE TOWN-HOUSE SET

with The Utility Tray

$26.10

THE SET—26 pieces of silverplate—1847 ROGERS BROS. in the Ancestral, Anniversary or Ambassador pattern.

6 knives 1 butter knife
6 forks 1 sugar shell
6 tea spoons 6 table spoons
Price of silverplate, $25.10.

THE TRAY—The beautiful Utility Tray, furnished at but $1 extra, serves a double purpose. Between meals keep your silverware in its velvet compartments. At meal time, remove velvet pad and you have a dainty serving tray. Sold only with the silverplate.

NOTE: For booklet K-90, illustrating and describing *The* TOWN-HOUSE *Set and Tray*, write Dept E, INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Meriden, Conn.

FOR the next three weeks, nearly 20,000 silverware merchants will feature this typical value in 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverplate.

It is called *The* TOWN-HOUSE *Set*—and embraces a correct service in table flatware for six persons—each piece wrought of the finest silverplate any money can buy.

And the price is as delightful as the set itself—$25.10 (without tray), in any one of the three charming 1847 ROGERS BROS. designs—Ancestral, Ambassador or Anniversary.

But that isn't all! For a dollar extra, you may have the handsome *double-purpose* Serving Tray pictured herein—in mahogany with marquetry inlay, or polychromed in gold or silver finish. Silver-service and tray complete, $26.10.

ANCESTRAL PATTERN

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

(Continued from Page 96)

something else. Turned and then halted abruptly as he came in contact with a heavy body bearing down from the direction of the bank doors.

"I—I—beg your pardon," began Mr. Callahan. Then as the man continued to stand squarely in his path, "I am in a hurry. I—I ——" Then he noticed that another man was standing squarely behind the youth—between the dirty panama hat and unrestricted movement.

"Just what is the meaning of all this?" There was heat and honest indignation in the tone. "I am about to enter my bank to transact a little business ——"

"Take it easy," advised the heavy man calmly. "Keep your shirt on. Suppose we move over to the curb and talk quietly."

"I have no time to discuss ——"

"Sure you have. Bring the Kid, Charlie."

With unobtrusive care the other man piloted the youth across the sidewalk.

"Really I must protest. I will call for ——"

The heavy man turned back the lapel of his coat for the fraction of a second and Mr. Callahan caught the glisten of a silver badge.

"If there is any calling to be done," observed the heavy man, "I'll do it. Now come on over to the curb and tell us how we come to find you talkin' in front of a bank with such an old bank hand as the Dakota Kid."

"I assure you," began Mr. Callahan earnestly, "that I do not know this—Dakota Kid, as you call him, and if you will step into the bank I will be glad to prove to your entire satisfaction, who and what I am."

The heavy man touched the neat gray flannel elbow with which the indignant Mr. Callahan grasped his leather package and directed it gently toward the curb.

"Over there—first."

"But ——"

"Move."

Mr. Callahan moved, his face ablaze with honest indignation. At the curb the Dakota Kid was protesting vigorously, if low toned. "How do youse get this way! What was I doin'? What's the big idea anyway? Say, you big rummy. I'll make youse ——"

"Shut up," his guardian advised him pleasantly. "Save your stuff. What'll we do"—to the heavy man—"call the wagon?"

The youth shifted uneasily. "Hey, youse, listen, if ——"

The heavy man addressed his companion as if the youth did not exist.

"This man"—he indicated the red-faced Mr. Callahan—"says that he was just going into the bank when ——"

"—— this man stopped me and asked me where the Beekman Building was," Mr. Callahan finished the sentence in a rush of uneasy words. "I don't know the man. Never saw him before. Isn't that true?"

The youth spat toward the gutter. "Sure," he said sullenly. "An' I wasn't doin' anything either. Say, how do you get this way? What's the big idea anyway?"

"You see?"

"Sure we see," agreed the man called Charlie. "We see a known crook and—somebody we don't know, talkin' in front of a bank just when there are a lot of bank jobs goin' on. We see that all right. What's your name?"

"Joseph Y. Callahan. Here is my card."

"Toledo, eh?"

"Yes," said Mr. Callahan shortly, "Toledo."

The man called Charlie tapped the card against a blunt forefinger.

"Who's the mayor of Toledo?" he demanded suddenly.

"Really," said Mr. Callahan, "I must insist that this farce come to an end." But he fingered the moisture which lay in his right palm nervously. "Take me into the bank and ——"

"What county is Toledo in?"

"Really ——"

The youth laughed outright.

The heavy man interposed. "You may be all right, Mr. Callahan. You may be just what you say. Maybe you never saw the Dakota Kid before and you were really goin' into the bank to take care of some business just like you said. And maybe it is only because you have a short memory that made you hesitate to name the mayor of the town you live in—an' the county in which it stands."

"I simply refuse to be bullied," said Mr. Callahan with dignity.

"In that case," the heavy man went on, "it seems to me the best thing to do is for all of us to ride down to headquarters and talk this little matter over with the captain. Get it all straightened out without any fuss or commotion, eh, Charlie?"

Charlie nodded. "Shall we call the wagon?"

Mr. Joseph Y. Callahan took a quick step backward. The ruddy health drained from his face. "Listen to me, you fellows," he said tensely. "As detectives engaged in the business of running down crooks you may be within your rights in arresting this—this man, whom you apparently know as a criminal. You may be entirely within your rights in calling a patrol wagon and taking him to police headquarters to be questioned. But when you threaten a decent citizen as you threaten me by attempting to call a patrol wagon and compelling me to ride with a known criminal you are taking some pretty big chances—not only with your job, but with a damage suit for false arrest. It will take you just a few minutes to step into this bank with me and prove to your entire satisfaction that I am just what I say I am. That when accosted by you I was just about to enter the bank to borrow twelve thousand dollars—and that I am a customer of this bank and have been for some time. Take your choice."

The detective called Charlie, a thin man with a face as lowering as a mackerel sky, shifted uneasily. But the heavy man stood his ground.

"I tell you what we'll do, Mr. Callahan. You tell us the name of the mayor of Toledo and we'll go into the bank."

Mr. Callahan gulped—then smiled. "All right," he assented. "The name is Mack."

The thin detective grinned triumphantly.

"It ain't. It's Parker," he snapped.

"You're right at that," assented Mr. Callahan, "and I am wrong. Mack, now that I think of it—is—is a member of the council."

The grin of the thin detective expanded.

"It ain't Parker either. I thought you were lyin'. I don't know what his name is—and neither do you."

"We go to the station," the heavy detective decided.

"At least I might be allowed to call a taxi."

"Sure, if you pay for it."

"In the end," observed Mr. Callahan grimly, "we shall see who shall pay for this outrage." But his upper lip was covered with tiny crystal drops.

III

THE taxi drew up to the curb. The heavy man was the last to enter.

"Police headquarters," he said shortly.

Mr. Callahan dropped back into the corner of the cab and wiped his brow. The youth was lighting a limp cigarette extracted from a limp package.

"What are you carrying in the leather envelope—Mr. Callahan?"

"Bonds," said Mr. Callahan briefly.

"Where did you get them?"

"Bought them."

"Where were you taking them?"

"To the bank. To be used as collateral on a loan, which I had arranged this morning."

"Suppose you let me examine them," suggested the heavy detective.

"I refuse to ——"

"Hand them over," advised the heavy man calmly. "Now."

Mr. Callahan did so and moistened his dry lips as he did so.

The heavy man went through the wallet with the ease of long experience.

"All yours?"

"Yes."

The heavy man sat in silence as the cab slid around a corner, the wallet open across his fat knees, his brow creased in heavy thought.

"Charlie," he said finally, "how would it be if we were to stop at the Bankers' Mutual Protection office and check the numbers of these bonds—just in case they might be stolen?"

"A good idea." The slim detective leaned forward and redirected the cab driver.

Mr. Joseph Y. Callahan sat calmly gazing out of the window as if the matter of checking the serial numbers of his bonds was a matter of small moment, but the scene without was but a blurred screen against which his mind buffeted like a mill race.

"You're sure this man you call the Dakota Kid is a known criminal?"

Without a word the heavy man—his name was Rice—handed over a sheet of coated stock. On it were two Bertillon pictures and a brief description of the Dakota Kid together with the announcement that he was wanted for the crimes listed below. Mr. Joseph Y. Callahan looked at the pictures again, then folded the sheet and handed it back silently.

"Satisfied?"

Mr. Callahan nodded.

But the youth was scornful. He protested that the pictures and description, to say nothing of the crimes mentioned, were all wet. "An' then some."

"Shut up," Rice commanded. "We're here. You get out first, Charlie, and then the Kid. I'll follow—after Mr. Callahan."

They moved slowly into the building. With calm eyes Mr. Joseph Y. Callahan gazed swiftly and speculatively about. The lobby was apparently a blind one with only the two open doors turning into the street.

The foursome entered an express elevator and alighted at the sixteenth floor. Once more Mr. Joseph Y. Callahan eyed the arrangement with a speculative eye, but a firm hand at his elbow propelled him forward. He tried to catch the eye of the Dakota Kid, but that individual presented nothing but a section of dirty panama and a bit of flaming purple necktie to his line of vision. Before a plain door of ground glass far down the corridor the group stopped.

"Suppose we leave the Kid and Mr. Callahan in here while we make the examination."

Rice considered this. "No," he decided. "They know the Kid and his record. We'll take him along to the main office. But it is still possible Mr. Callahan may be all he says he is—even with his short memory for mayors."

Mr. Callahan winced, but the idea of being left in a room alone did not meet with his disapproval.

"Thank you, Rice," he said, "for sparing me another indignity you are going to regret to your dying day."

"Sure thing. This way." The slim detective opened the door and stood aside. Mr. Callahan moved forward. The door closed behind him and the key turned softly in the lock. The footsteps moved along the hall for a moment, then halted as a door slammed. Then silence.

With three strides Mr. Joseph Y. Callahan was across the room. Hardly had the echo of the closing door died away before he had opened the window and was gazing down into the narrow cañon below. He stepped back into the room and gazed about it. Two chairs and a single well-worn desk. A calendar hanging at a crazy angle on the wall. A door leading somewhere to the left, closed and locked from the other side. He crossed the room to the door leading into the lobby and shook it tentatively. The lock did not rattle. He felt the edges of the panel around the ground glass.

He moved back to the window. Just below the window a narrow ledge ran around the building. It was nearly eighteen inches wide but sloped downward. On the west side the ledge ran by two exposed pipes and then curved in, evidently to where the wing ended. But from the beginning of that wing Mr. Callahan could glimpse the black iron of a fire escape as it zigzagged downward.

He wet his lips and gazed down into the cañon far below. Steps pounded along the corridor and tightened the muscles around his heart. But they passed, and in passing quite evidently brought him to a sudden decision. Mr. Callahan sat on one of the dusty chairs and quickly removed his glistening shoes. After carefully removing the few valuables which his coat and vest contained he removed both articles and hung them over the back of the other chair. Then he returned to the window. With one foot resting on the sloping coping, the other firmly anchored within the room, he tested the supports which held the window awning in place. They held fast in the face of vigorous pressure.

With a grim smile on his face Mr. Callahan slid through the window, and grasping the awning supports sent a groping hand forward in search of the row of ornamental brick corbeling which embellished the space between the windows. As near as he could judge, the distance to the fire escape was eighteen feet, with the corbeling and pipes to support him over the distance.

For a big man Mr. Joseph Y. Callahan moved with more than average agility. As he moved his smile grew less grim. As he reached the iron rail of the fire escape he kissed the tips of his blackened fingers in the general direction of Mr. Rice, Charlie and the Dakota Kid.

"Good-by," he breathed. "Look me up in Toledo."

The alley below was deserted for the moment. To the left a small shed built of concrete blocks apparently existed for the sole purpose, at the moment, of sheltering a man without shoes or coat until darkness made the lack less noticeable.

The door of the shed was open and a rough partition ran across the room, which was filled with the odds and ends of street construction. A single window cast a sliver of dirty light over empty kegs and rusty shovels. Carefully Mr. Callahan sought the added shelter which the partition afforded. With his back against the partition and his head eased by an empty cement sack, Mr. Callahan sat down to wait. Sat down and dozed.

A murmur of voices awakened him. Men were whispering on the other side of the partition almost at his elbow.

"It took you an awful while to work us out of that damn building, Joe. Why didn't we beat it the minute we closed the door?"

"How did we know what he would do as soon as he realized the door was locked and the room wasn't used? The back way by easy stages was slower, but it brought us out safe and sound, didn't it?"

"I'll say it did, ol'-timer."

The voice stirred Mr. Callahan. He twisted carefully.

"We'll split the stuff up here an' beat it one at a time back through the side door of the old Capital Building. Count away, Kid!"

Gently Mr. Callahan arose to his knees. The operation was rather painful, as bricks have a way of being rough. Carefully he applied his eye to a crack in the partition.

In the dirty half light he saw Mr. Rice, the detective called Charlie, and the Dakota Kid bending over a leather wallet.

"Pushin' this stuff ain't so good," complained the Kid.

"It ain't at that," said the heavy man.

The slim man with the mackerel face had an inspiration. "Say, lissen," he exclaimed. "Don't split the stuff a-tall. Over in Bigburg there is a fellow that makes a specialty of slipping this kinda stuff out. Let's take it over to him."

"What's his name?" inquired the Dakota Kid.

"Ambrose," said the slim man.

A Contribution to the Nation's Health

BRAN—that's good to eat!

WHEN we took bran out of the bad-tasting medicine class and made it good to eat, a national dietary need was squarely met.

For years there had been an urgent need for a palatable bulk food that would offset the dangers of faulty elimination, a condition induced by the unnatural habits of modern civilization.

Physicians recommended bran because it supplied the intestine with required bulk and enabled it to discharge digestive waste promptly without the false stimulus of drug laxatives.

Bran, however, is effective only if eaten regularly. This was the stumbling-block. Raw bran was harsh and dry and tasteless. It could not be taken by every individual. Nobody liked bran and few had the fortitude to eat it regularly enough to accomplish the desired results.

So we made bran palatable

Out of a national dietary need, we perfected Post's Bran Flakes. We included with the natural bran other nutritious parts of wheat. We refined and perfected it and flavored it with malt-syrup and salt. The result was a wonderful health food—bran in a form that everybody liked.

Laboratory experiments proved that Post's Bran Flakes had the natural laxative properties necessary to establish regular habits and that it could be eaten regularly without tiring the palate.

Now everybody likes bran

If you tried to eat bran in its old-fashioned form and have become prejudiced against it because of your experience, we want you to try Post's Bran Flakes. Unless you are the exception you will prefer it to almost any cereal you have ever tasted.

Served with milk or cream, with fruits or berries in season, it is a delicious breakfast dish. You would eat it gladly for its goodness alone even if you did not know it is so good for you.

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The bran that performs a dual purpose

In addition to its naturally laxative qualities, Post's Bran Flakes also brings to the body important food elements such as phosphorus, iron, carbohydrates, protein and the essential vitamin-B.

Get in the habit of eating Post's Bran Flakes regularly at your house. Order two or three packages at a time from your grocer and see to it that every member of the family gets his "Ounce of Prevention" every day.

You will really be surprised what a difference this will make to the family's health. Regular habits will be established and the bottles of pills and laxatives can be given a needed vacation.

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everybody everyday eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

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A MAN OF PLOTS

(Continued from Page 27)

Mrs. Hunt referred. During the day, however—Sam was that day at the orchard—she thought about what Mrs. Hunt had said, and the habitual grimness of her expression hardened, so that Newt, eating his noonday meal with his mother, understood that something was amiss and held his tongue, and afterward took care to keep out of her way until suppertime.

Sam came home to supper, and when they had finished eating, it was Mrs. Dunnack who brought the matter which filled all their thoughts into the open. She said to her younger son, "Sam, you ain't had much to say about Linda lately."

Newt understood what was coming, and he gathered his resources to meet the situation. Sam finished his cup of tea, pushed back his chair from the table.

"No, that's so," he said carelessly. "I ain't happened to."

Mrs. Dunnack looked at her elder son. "You've been going over there, ain't you, Newt?" she demanded.

He said definitely, "Yes."

Sam got up. "I guess I'll walk down to the store," he explained a little uneasily.

"You set a spell," his mother urged. "I want to talk to you and Newt."

But Sam smiled at her and shook his head. "There ain't nothing to talk about," he replied.

"That's for me to decide," she told him.

His tone was perfectly good-natured, but it had a definiteness in it which surprised Newt a little. "No," said Sam. "No, I guess I'll go along to the store."

Newt watched his mother, expecting her to overrule Sam, to make him stay. But she did not do so.

Sam took his hat and went out of the door, and Newt was suddenly a little afraid of being left alone with the grim old woman.

He, too, got up.

"I guess I'll go along," he said.

She replied crisply, "Newt, you sit down."

"I kind of felt like a walk," he replied uncertainly.

"Sit down!" she said again. Her tone was like steel, and Newt decided it were as well not to oppose her, so he resumed his seat. She attacked him straightforwardly. "Newt," she said, "you been cutting in on Sam and Linda."

He protested at this way of putting it. "Sam wan't there to be cut in on!" he exclaimed.

"I been expecting him and Linda to get married any time here for four or five years," Mrs. Dunnack told him.

"I asked Sam," Newt retorted; "I asked Linda too. He told me they never had any notion of getting married, and she said the same thing."

"Of course they told you so!" she exclaimed. "You don't expect them to tell you all their affairs, do you? Anybody but a fool could see the way things was between them; and you ain't a fool, Newt."

Newt made a gesture of deprecation. "I asked Sam before I said a word to her," he repeated. "There was no call for me to do more than that. If he wanted me to stay away from her he could have said so."

"You have been hanging around her, then?" Mrs. Dunnack challenged.

Newt, knowing himself in the wrong, became a little angry. "Yes, I have," he replied.

"You trying to go between Sam and her?" Mrs. Dunnack insisted.

Newt tried to laugh. "There ain't no question of that," he said assuredly. "I told you so. Linda and me, we understand each other. We're fixing to get married."

"Who says so?" his mother asked sharply.

"I say so," he reiterated, his voice rising with his own anger.

"I guess she'll have something to say about that," Mrs. Dunnack prophesied.

"She feels the same as I do," he retorted.

"That's your story," she said accusingly.

"That's her story, too," Newt replied.

Mrs. Dunnack leaned back in her chair and folded her arms across her bosom and looked piercingly at her son. "Newt, you're not going to do it," she told him positively, and with a certain still passion in her tones.

Newt laughed in a harsh and mirthless way. "I am going to do it," he replied, his voice almost a shout.

"I'll see to it you don't," she told him.

He slapped his hand, palm down, on the table. "You can't stop me, ma," he returned. "If you had any sense you wouldn't try it. You're getting old and foolish. I come home here and I can see how things are. Pa gave Sam everything he had, and now all you can say is Sam this, and Sam that. The best you got for me is to work like a hired man in the mill. Well, that's your say-so; it's your mill, and I can't stop you. But this is my business, and you can't stop me."

"Newt Dunnack," she told him very quietly, "don't you raise your voice at me. You're my son, and I know you, inside out. There's not a thing in the world you're not mean enough to do. You'd cheat the hairpins out of my hair if I'd let you; and you'd sneak everything he's got out of Sam if he'd let you. Sam's just about good-natured enough to let you do it; but I'm not going to let you. I tell you right here and now this has got to be put a stop to."

The quiet resolution in her tones, and his abrupt realization of the bitterness with which she regarded him, provoked Newt to a blistering anger, accentuated by an uncontrollable alarm which her attitude inspired in him. He strove to hide this weakness by bravado. He came stamping to his feet, and banged the table again and then again.

"I know! I know!" he shouted. "You haven't got any use for me. You're all for Sam; I can see that plain enough. I'd never get anything around here if I was starving. But I've looked out for myself for ten years, and I can keep on doing it. You try to stop me marrying Linda, and all you'll get out of it is your trouble for your pains."

He pressed both hands on the table and leaned forward, staring truculently down at her; but the little old woman simply sat where she was, and said in an icy tone, "I've said my say."

"And I've said mine," said Newt.

He waited for her to speak again, glaring at her, trying to force her to turn her eyes away from his. But in the end his own eyes were the first to fall. He strove to make a virtue of this surrender, and picked up his hat and turned to the door. At the door he paused to have the last word.

"That's the end of that," he said harshly.

She did not speak, and he went out and shut the door behind him, and stood on the step for a moment tremblingly. He tried to reassure himself by directing bitter reproaches at his mother, but his own words lacked conviction. He found that he was perspiring, and he wiped the sweat from his brow.

Then because he could no longer stand still, he moved away from the house and started down the slope toward the mill. The bulk of the old building seemed to await him with a certain malignant anticipation. He paused irresolutely, conscious of feeling something like a menace in its silence and its shadows, and in the end he turned aside and gave it a wide berth, and reached the road and strode away.

He was not going anywhere in particular, but he did not wish to return to the house until his mother should have gone to bed.

XI

NEWT and his mother did not again come to the point of an open discussion of his conquest of Linda. Mrs. Dunnack had, it appeared, no heart for any further remonstrance, and Newt, who had not yet matured his plans, was in the meantime quite willing to await events and choose his own moment for reopening the matter. So something like an armistice prevailed; they met at meals and in their movements to and fro about the house; they spoke of commonplace things; and whenever it was possible they avoided being left alone together. Newt thought that Mrs. Dunnack and Sam had talked about himself and Linda. One night after he had gone to bed he heard the murmur of their voices from his mother's room. But he had a shrewd understanding of his brother's character, and this led him to believe that Sam would do everything in his power to persuade his mother to keep hands off. Sam had, Newt reminded himself, curious ideas; he would feel, the elder brother decided, that if Linda preferred Newt to himself there was nothing to be done but accept the situation. Newt smiled at the thought of Sam thus forced into taking Newt's part in the unspoken conflict between them. He despised Sam for this passivity, for this unwillingness to use the weapons that were ready to his hand. For Newt did not disguise from himself the obvious fact that Sam had a certain ascendancy over Mrs. Dunnack; could if he chose persuade her to expel Newt bag and baggage from the old house on the knoll above the mill.

Mrs. Dunnack did indeed make some small move in this direction. She said to Newt one day after lunch, when Sam was away at the orchard, "How much longer you going to be around, Newt?"

"Why, I haven't made any plans about going back," he assured her, his tone hearty.

"I should think you'd have business that'd need you," she urged.

"I put things in shape before I came away," he explained. "No reason I can't stay as long as I want to."

She considered this in silence, busy scraping the dishes in the sink. "What sort of business you in, Newt?" she inquired at last.

He shook his head. "Complicated; sort of thing you wouldn't understand, ma," he assured her. "A kind of an accounting business, figuring costs and the like."

"There ain't a thing for you to do around here," she urged. "You could just as well go back any time you wanted to."

"Oh, I'll stay till I get things going right," he assured her largely. "I'm just getting the mill to where it will make some money for you."

"We can get along," she persisted; but he waved her aside.

"You need me more than you realize, ma," he told her. "You're older than you imagine. You need somebody around here with a head on them."

"I got Sam," she said stubbornly.

He laughed. "Sam's all right," he agreed. "I like Sam. But I'd hate to have him running my business for me. No, ma, you quit a-worrying about when I'm going. I'll stay long as I'm needed, you can figure on that."

She was silenced, but he perceived that she was not yet convinced. So that night while they all sat at supper, Newt, counting on his understanding of his brother's point of view, put the question up to the younger man.

"Ma thinks I might as well be getting back," he told Sam. "Guess she feels I'm spending more time up here than I can afford. I been telling her she needs us to take care of things for her."

Sam took a deep draft from his cup of tea.

"Oh, I guess ma's glad you're here all right," he declared.

Newt chuckled. "Well, you know ma, when she gets an idea into her head." He went around the table to his mother's side and put an arm across her shoulders. "What's the use of having sons if they don't take care of you, anyway, ma?" he demanded in a tone loudly tender.

"I ain't so helpless as a body'd think," she retorted acidly, "to hear you talk."

"You bet you're not," he agreed. "You're as spry as they make them. All the same, I expect you're glad to have us around." He glanced at Sam. "I told her it didn't make any difference, my staying for a spell," he explained. "But I guess she thinks I'm just saying that. You know I'd go back if there was any need." He laughed. "Too much Mudie in me to let my business go to pot. You ought to know that, ma."

Mrs. Dunnack replied to this only by a tightening of the clasp of her arms across her bosom; and Sam said good-naturedly, "Newt'll go when he's a mind to, ma. Might as well let him say the word."

Newt could not fail to be pleased with his success in handling this situation. To have been forced to go away now, even though he might have taken Linda with him, would have meant the destruction of his projects and his plans; and Newt was full of plans. He might have derived some small satisfaction from the conquest of Linda; but after all, there were other prizes better worth striving after. So he stayed; and on the surface his was the part of a man who sacrifices himself for the sake of others. He played to perfection the rôle of one subordinating his own vastly more important affairs to the more or less petty concerns of his mother. If this irked Mrs. Dunnack she controlled her impatience, permitted herself to be ruled by Sam's opinion, and held her tongue.

It was only after the incident was passed that Newt fully realized how definite had been the peril to his designs; his relief was so great that he threw himself even more vigorously into the prosecution of his plans. About the mill where he dealt with Herb Faller, he no longer said, "Ma thinks you'd best do so and so." He named himself as the authority; he spoke more boldly; he gave his instructions in curt phrases. "Do this, do that," he ordered; and if his commands were questioned, he silenced opposition by saying sharply, "I've made up my mind." He and Herb were in more or less constant conflict, Faller becoming more and more insistent that the mill structure should be repaired or rebuilt, the floor replaced as a whole. But Newt held to his policy of patching and mending, until the floor became as much like a patchwork quilt, old slabs nailed roughly across the weaker places, as like a respectable floor. When the roof developed a bad leak directly above the saw, Newt did buy a bundle of shingles and permit Faller to make repairs. But he negatived Faller's other proposals.

"Long as the old shack stands up and keeps the rain out, what more do you want?" he demanded.

"Man can't walk across the floor, 'thout tripping and falling down," Faller protested.

"Watch where you step," Newt advised good-naturedly. "That's easy enough to do."

He had, one evening, a letter from Cheatley, and this put him in high spirits, marking as it did the beginning of the great project to which in his thoughts he was now quite definitely committed. He received the letter from the hands of Andy Wattles in the store; and he read it leaning his elbows upon the glass showcase which contained the cigars and candy. Doctor Cheatley wrote that he had come to East Harbor, that he would be there when he should be required. Newt grinned with satisfaction.

When he had finished reading the letter and folded it to stuff it into his pocket, something on the glass surface of the showcase caught his eye. He perceived that it was a dime, which some customer must have laid there in payment for a petty purchase and which had escaped Andy's attention. Newt looked at the coin, and he

(Continued on Page 107)

the *Spiral Stripe* on Byers Pipe **prevents mistakes and substitution**

Where cannon roared in '63

Sunk in the battle of Sabine Pass

THE funnel of the Union Gunboat *Clifton* still marks the spot, off the Texas coast, where she went down under Confederate fire in 1863.

For over half a century, the old hulk has lain there, silently fighting another battle, this time with the forces of nature. Against her have been brought the destructive agencies of corrosion, so greatly augmented by salt water and spray. But the stuff she is made of—genuine old-fashioned wrought iron—has withstood the assaults of all these enemies. Not long ago, her walking beam, in a fine state of preservation, was lifted from the brine and mounted in Keith Park, in the nearby city of Beaumont.

Genuine wrought iron is the stuff that goes into Byers Pipe. Now, as in '63, it is made by the old-time process of puddling, which accounts for its well known time and rust defying qualities.

After thirty, forty, and fifty years, whole installations of Byers Pipe, used for water supply and other service, have been dug up or taken out of buildings, and found almost as good as new. Incredible it seems, to those who see the rapid action of rust on cheaper materials about them every day; yet it is true and authenticated by service records offered to all inquirers on request.

Byers Pipe saves you the costly and disheartening task of tearing out and replacing after a few years. Against the heavy labor expense attending such pipe failures, the extra coat of Byers Pipe is insignificant.

Civil War history records that the Union Gunboat Clifton sank after a battle with the Confederates at Sabine Pass, off the Texas coast.

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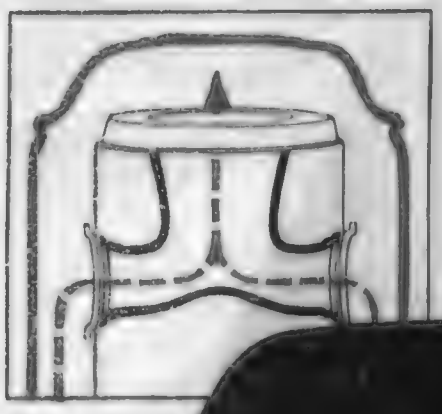

The Intensi-Fire—exclusive with Heatrola

Estate Heatrola is as different in construction and performance as it is in appearance. Note particularly the DOUBLE air circulation produced by these exclusive Intensi-Fire Air Ducts, built into the Heatrola, directly in the path of the flame.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Installed a Heatrola in my home last November. This is the first winter in 35 years it has been properly heated. I am heating 7 rooms, upper and lower, and they are as comfortable as the living room. I am using less coal and have not had the Heatrola "wide open" even at 20 degrees below zero.

G. F. G., Derry, N. H.

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Had two stoves for six years but could not get uniform heat. This winter we replaced both stoves with a Heatrola. This has given entire satisfaction in 25 degrees below zero weather, heating over 9,000 cubic feet of space.

It is the best heater I have ever seen. Easy to take care of; fuel consumption less than ever before.

B. S. B., Philipsburg, Mont.

COLORADO

Installed a Heatrola in a five-room, loosely built frame house here last September. Since then, it has heated the house comfortably with the thermometer as low as twenty-nine below. Fuel consumption is less than that of any furnace I have ever used. In appearance and cleanliness, it is far ahead of any stove.

J. R. S., Hayden, Colo.

—abundant evidence of

UP ON the Yukon, in "the cold that is forty below"; in New England where Whittier's "Snowbound" is re-enacted every year; through the Dakotas and Montana where winters are winters and no mistake—in these and other cold weather districts, Heatrola has had its best chance to prove its worth.

Has it proved it? These letters from states where, every winter, the mercury spends most of its time in the bottom of the bulb, tell the experience of a few Heatrola owners. And that is not all. In our files are hundreds of other letters from these states and every other state in the Union. Letters from owners of every type of home—homes old and new. Homes of one and two stories. Homes with and without basements. Homes of brick, frame and stucco. Also, letters from stores, halls, restaurants, churches and schools.

In every neighborhood . . . Heatrolas

Every year, more and more thousands of home-owners, weary of the waste and discomfort of the stove-a-room method, turn to the furnace efficiency of Heatrola. Today, Jack Frost cannot find a single neighborhood without its Heatrola owners. In your

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—Estate builds it

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states...

NORTH DAKOTA

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J. R. H., Alice, N. D.

MINNESOTA

We have just had weather as low as 18 below zero. My house is on the shore of Lake Minnetonka where the winds have full sweep. The Heatrola is heating six rooms, three down and three up, with very little fuel.

The Heatrola needs surprisingly little attention and is very economical.

E. C. K., Mound, Minn.

MAINE

We have had zero weather for the past few days—a very good chance to try out the Estate Heatrola. We have a seven-room house and our only heater besides the Heatrola is our kitchen range. Yet our house has been very comfortable in spite of the cold weather outdoors. We have been burning hard wood.

D. P. T., Brunswick, Me.

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We have had the Heatrola since October, 1922, and have certainly enjoyed solid comfort for two winters. The Heatrola looks and is as good as new. It keeps every corner of our house warm. We have lived in Alaska twenty years but this is the first time the question of keeping warm has been solved.

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Heatrola's furnace comfort

neighborhood, your dealer will gladly show you Heatrolas in operation—let you see how this famous heater works.

Cozy comfort upstairs and down

The Estate Heatrola heats the whole house to an even, friendly temperature. Warm, moist air is in constant circulation—more than 16,000 cubic feet of air passing through Heatrola every hour. In distant corners of the house and in the room in which Heatrola stands there is the same pleasant furnace warmth. Your physician will tell you how healthful this heating method is.

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With its vitreous enamel finish, smooth as glass and everlasting, Heatrola improves the appearance of any room. And so easy to keep clean. Just dust Heatrola off with a cloth—no polishing or shining. And no dirt, no dust in the house—Heatrola's patented construction prevents this.

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Learn how easily you can own one

Your Heatrola dealer will tell you how easily you can purchase a Heatrola and have it installed. Have him show you Heatrolas already installed—have him tell you about a convenient payment plan. Or write us for complete information on how Heatrola will look and work in your home.

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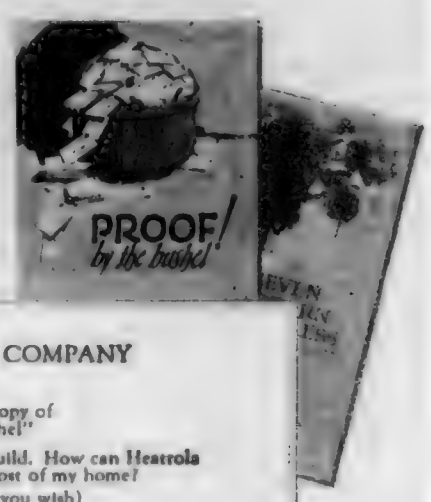

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HAMILTON, OHIO

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Get Ready for Christmas Deliveries *Now*

of the Holidays is almost ill buy one minute, and goods delivered the next.

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Knight has built up a Department Store Dry Cleaners, Furriers outstanding economy and dependability.

Knight sleeve-valve engine—no carbon-cleaning—no valve-grinding—fewer parts, therefore less wear—more than 17 miles per gallon of gasoline—20% more power—50% less upkeep—greater tire mileage.

Think of the rushed delivery problems you will have at the Holiday Season—now! Then think of the exclusive advantages of the Federal-Knight and have our local dealer give you a demonstration—at no cost!

Unusual Opportunity for Dealers in Open Territory

There is a Federal exactly suited to your business. Models include: Federal-Knight $1095; 1½-2-Ton $1650; Fast Express $1675; 2½-Ton $2200; 3½-4-Ton $4200; 5 to 6-Ton $4750; 7-Ton $5000; Light Duty Tractor $3200; Heavy Duty Tractor $4235. Prices f.o.b. Detroit for standard chassis only, in lead. Excise tax additional.

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LOWER COST *per* TON MILE

(Continued from Page 102)

looked at Andy, tying up a five-pound bag of sugar at the counter in the rear. Will Bissell was in his office at the back of the store, and Dan, his son, was gone down cellar for a sack of feed. There was thus no one behind the counter, and the men who stood or sat about the store were paying Newt no attention. With a gesture as casual as possible, Newt picked up the coin, and when he thrust his hand into his trousers pocket the dime went along. The circumstance gave him a feeling of immense certainty and assurance. Dimes had always been for him unlucky; never in his life had he found one—the phrase was his own—as he had in this case. He had found pennies, nickels, quarters, even a half dollar once upon a time; and once he had picked up on the street in Boston a pocketbook containing twelve dollars in bills. But he had never found a dime. The fact that this bit of luck had at length come his way made him feel that the fates were relenting; that the ill fortune which had hitherto attended him in all his associations with the small silver coin had turned.

"Luck always averages up in the end," he reminded himself. "And if that's so, I ought to be in for a good run of it now."

After he left the store that night, Will Belter remarked on the fact that Newt had been even more than usually jovial and good-natured.

"Looked like things was going to suit him," he suggested, and the others indifferently agreed.

"He's a friendly kind of a man," Chet McAusland remarked. "Not like his grandpa."

"Old Mudie never had a good word for anybody," Will Belter agreed. "He'd cuss a baby. No, sir, Newt ain't like him. He's always joking about something."

Jim Saladine said thoughtfully, "I'd as soon have a mean man swear at me. I know what to look for, then."

"I don't see any pa'ticular meanness in Newt," Chet protested charitably.

"He wears that grin to keep you from seeing," Saladine replied.

Newt, walking along the road back to the house, gave no thought to what they might be saying of him. His right hand, in his trousers pocket, fondled the dime affectionately; and once or twice he touched his coat to feel there the letter from Doctor Cheatley. His thoughts were busy, considering what his next step should be, deciding how best to bring Cheatley to Fraternity so that the physician might see Mrs. Dunnack, see for himself those evidences of an unsound mind which Newt had persuaded himself were so apparent in his mother. The problem presented some difficulties. He could not announce his purpose, was not ready to show his hand until Doctor Cheatley should have been persuaded to agree to his own estimate of Mrs. Dunnack's condition. He weighed the matter thoughtfully, walking slowly toward the old house by the mill.

A car came toward him along the road, its lights glaring into his face; and Newt cursed under his breath at the inconvenience. He kept steadily ahead, yielding no ground, telling himself that the car would have to turn aside for him. But the car did not turn aside. It may have been driven by some youngster who took a delight in accepting the challenge of Newt's obstinacy. It held straight at him, even edging a little toward his side of the road; and at the last possible moment Newt surrendered and with a scrambling leap flung himself out of its path.

As matters chanced, there was at the roadside a ditch, fairly deep, its bottom heaped with stones; and Newt, blinded by the lights, fell into this ditch painfully. His foot caught between two stones; he pitched forward on his hands; and his hands and wrists were skinned and torn and his ankle was badly twisted. The car went by without pause; a ribald and derisive shout from its driver floated back to him as Newt pulled himself out of the ditch upon the roadside. His ankle throbbed with pain and he found that it refused to bear his weight as he went hobbling homeward, abusing his own ill fortune.

Once, when he stopped to rest, gasping and sweating with anguish, he remembered the dime in his pocket; and he thought venomously that that particular hoodoo still pursued him, and drew out the small coin and flung it into the thicket beside the road, heard it strike against a branch and rebound and fall. By and by he went lamely onward.

Mrs. Dunnack was in the kitchen when he came to the door. Sam was that night away. His mother stared at Newt's entrance, stood still to watch him hobble into the room, and at last asked with a suggestion of stifled anxiety in her tone, "What you done to yourself, Newt?"

"Car knocked me into the ditch," he exclaimed, through set teeth.

She came quickly toward him, holding out her hands. "Set yourself," she commanded. "You hurt bad? Let me tend you."

He was in no mood to take advantage of this softening on her part. "Don't touch me," he said harshly. "I guess you'd be as well pleased if I was killed. I can take care of myself. Give me some hot water."

She drew back silently, turned away from him, brought the basin and the kettle from the stove, and watched without comment while he bathed his foot and ankle. He had, thus engaged, an inspiration; and he seized upon it at once. "Got to have a doctor," he declared. "Bone's broke, I guess."

"I'll ask Gay Hunt to telephone for Doctor Crapo," she suggested.

He shook his head. "Don't want any country doc. There's a friend of mine in East Harbor for a vacation. Telephone to him."

"What's his name?" she asked.

"He won't charge me anything," he told her. "We can put him up overnight. He's boarding at Lock's. Telephone him there. His name's Cheatley."

She nodded and went obediently out of the door, drawing her shawl over her head to shut out the night air. When she was gone Newt relaxed his ministrations to his ankle. He grinned a little, even regretted that he had thrown away the dime. "Piece of luck, after all," he decided; and when she came back to say that Gay Hunt had talked to Cheatley himself, and that the doctor promised to come at once, Newt nodded, hiding his exultation. Mrs. Dunnack offered to help him upstairs to bed; but Newt shook his head.

"Fetch a blanket," he told her. "I'll lie down on the couch in the dining room."

She tried, in an awkward and uncertain way, to make him comfortable there; but Newt was indifferent to her ministrations. He told her she might as well go to bed, but she refused to do this.

"I'll stay and let the doctor in," she said. "I wish't Sam was here."

"I don't," Newt told her. Then he groaned with the pain. "Gad, it hurts!" he exclaimed.

"Want I should rub it?" she asked doubtfully.

"All I want you to do is leave it alone," Newt retorted. "That's all for you to do."

His mother withdrew to the kitchen, and Newt was left alone in the dining room. After a considerable time he heard an automobile turn into the yard and stop near the door, and his mother opened the door. Newt imagined her waiting there, silhouetted against the light of the lamp which she had turned low. She would have her shawl over her head, and its lines would accentuate the narrow and acrid contours of her countenance. He thought she must present just such a picture as he would have desired. Then he heard Cheatley's voice, and his mother and this man came into the dining room.

Doctor Cheatley was not an impressive figure. He was rather slight than otherwise, with a certain suggestion of furtiveness in his bearing; and the skin of his face faintly reflected the lamplight, as though it were a little oily. The history of his relations with Newt is a somewhat unsavory one, not worth repeating; it is enough to say that they understood each other; that Doctor Cheatley had no illusions about Newt, and that Newt thoroughly understood his friend.

But they greeted each other now with a hearty warmth; and the doctor asked, "Well, what have you been doing to yourself, old man?"

"Some fool kid driving a car knocked me into a ditch," Newt explained. "Got a fracture in that ankle, I guess, by the feeling."

Doctor Cheatley laid aside his hat and opened his bag and took out a bit of gauze with a professional air. "Didn't come up here to practice," he said jocularly. "Thought I was on a vacation. I think you did it on purpose, to make me work."

Mrs. Dunnack asked, "Anything you want I should get for you, doctor?"

He shook his head gravely. "Not a thing, ma'am. I'll have him more comfortable in a minute."

Newt said, "You go on upstairs, ma, and fix up my room for doc. I'm going to make him stay all night."

"I don't want to bother you," Doctor Cheatley urged.

Mrs. Dunnack said quietly, "The bed's all made. I guess he won't mind using your sheets."

"No need of your staying up," Newt insisted. "You go along." He tried to control the impatience in his tones.

"Well, if you don't need me," Mrs. Dunnack agreed.

"Go right ahead, ma'am," Doctor Cheatley assured her.

"I'll turn out the kitchen lamp," she told them. "You can carry this one out if you need light there."

"All right, all right, ma," Newt replied. "Good night."

She made a little sound that might have been a response to this, then went into the kitchen and extinguished the lamp there, and they heard her go through the darkened hall to the stairs, and up.

Cheatley said reassuringly, "Nothing broken here, Newt. Little swelling, that's all. Just a strain. It amounts to nothing."

Newt said cautiously, "Don't talk too loud. I thought it would be a good chance to get you out here."

"I got your letter," the doctor told him. "What are you figuring on?"

Newt pointed with his thumb toward the ceiling. Overhead they could hear Mrs. Dunnack stirring. "Don't she act queer to you?"

"Not more than most," Cheatley replied. "Making you sleep in my sheets? Turning out the lamp?"

The doctor laughed harshly. "You're pretty tight yourself, Newt. I'm used to that."

"She's crazy on the subject," Newt declared.

Cheatley's tone was provocative. "I've seen lots crazier people than her."

Newt swore at him. "Cut the comedy, you blasted fool!" he commanded harshly. "She's older than anybody has a right to be and live; she owns a good sawmill here, and some real estate, and she's got a box full of bonds in East Harbor. She needs somebody to take care of her."

"Take care of her property for her?" Cheatley amended slyly.

"I think she does," Newt declared.

Cheatley lighted a cigarette. "Why, Newt," he remarked, "now that I consider the case, I should say it was my sober judgment that she was as crazy as a loon."

Newt grinned, and the doctor grinned. Then they sat for a little while without speech, listening to the movements overhead as Mrs. Dunnack prepared for the night.

When these sounds presently ceased they began to talk together again. They talked in lowered tones, not so much from any fear that Mrs. Dunnack might overhear what they said, but just because the night was still, and perhaps because that which they had to say to each other was not a thing to be shouted from the housetops.

(Continued on Page 109)

A BUCK SKEIN is Built like a Bull

SOFT as dressed Buckskin, yet tough as leather. Warm and wind-proof; no shrinking, no fading, no scuffing up after washing. A real *Guarantee Bond* tags along with each of these two husky Buck Skeins. They're built like bulls to stand all the gaff you'll give them.

Buck Skein Joe

The SHIRT *(pictured above)*

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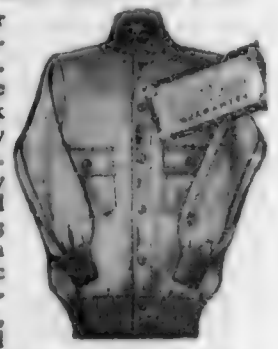

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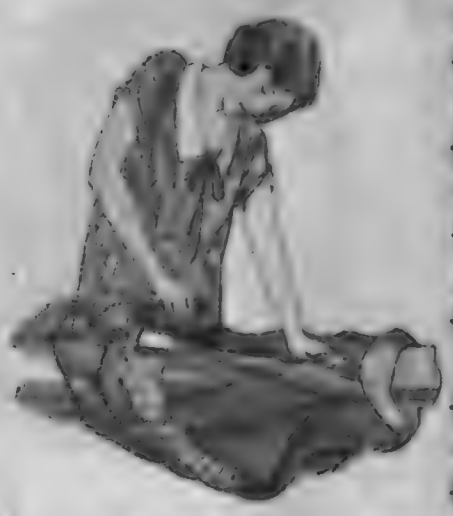

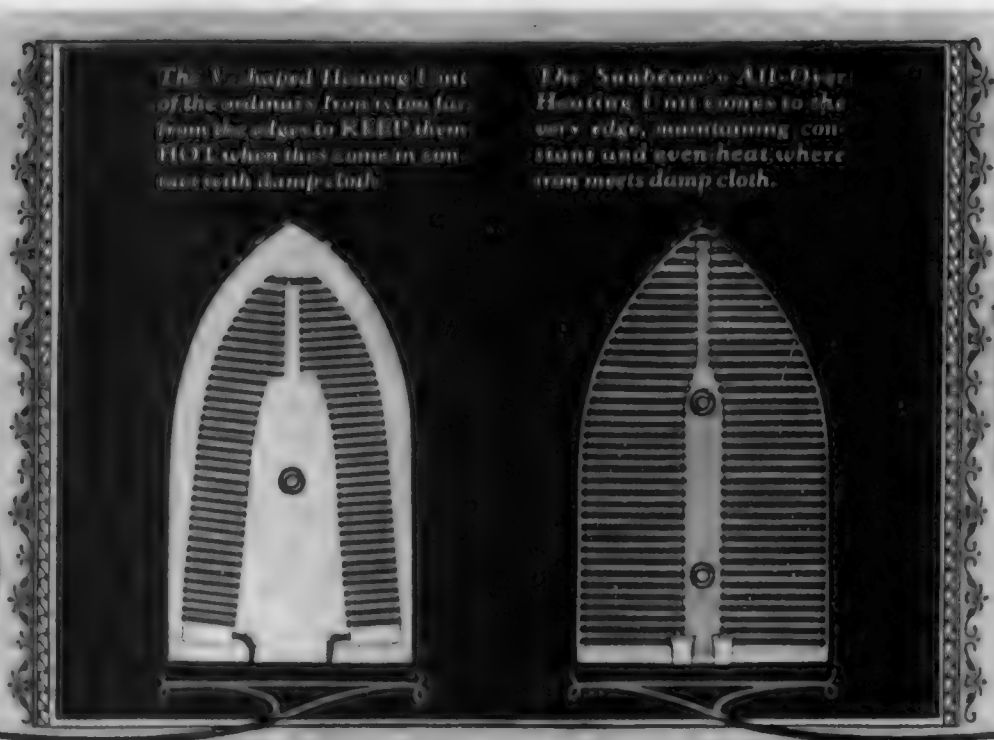
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THE reason is this—the heating unit in the Sunbeam Iron extends all over the bottom—even to the very edges where an iron meets the damp cloth first.

If it stopped short of the edges, as the units in ordinary electric irons, the damp cloth would cool the Sunbeam too. Then the Sunbeam would not iron much faster than others.

Our engineers took all kinds of irons apart, discovered what was wrong, then designed the Sunbeam to overcome these faults.

They found that to make a heating unit that would come to the edges of the iron would require hand workmanship at double cost. But we knew a world of women would welcome such an iron, so we went ahead. And so it has proved.

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Some state this saves them an hour, some two, some half a day. Much depends of course on the size of the ironing, but all get through far sooner than with other irons they have tried.

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Hence don't accept any old-time iron and expect as good results. Sunbeam has been tested 5000 hours on steady current without burning out.

That is more severe than 20 or 25 years' service.

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Case approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories of the Nat'l Board of Fire Underwriters and Good Housekeeping Institute

To help introduce the Sunbeam Iron, this beautiful, practical case at less than cost. A $2.50 value for $1, but only when bought in combination with the Sunbeam. Enables you to put away iron hot—no waiting while it cools. Keeps iron, cord and stand clean and safe. And always ready, always together when you want them.

Sunbeam $7.50

THE GUARANTEED ELECTRIC IRON
IN ART-STEEL FIRE-PROOF CASE $1 EXTRA

(Continued from Page 107)

Newt lay back on the couch, his bare foot extended, his small wrinkled face shaping ever new patterns of wrinkles as he talked. Doctor Cheatley, smoking one cigarette after another, nodded and listened, and now and then spoke a word. His face shone a little, unpleasantly, in the lamplight.

Their voices continued far into the night.

XII

DOCTOR CHEATLEY made, next day, no move to return to East Harbor. He had gone upstairs at last to sleep in Newt's room, and came down to breakfast promptly enough. Newt spent the night on the couch in the dining room; and when Mrs. Dunnack came downstairs in the morning she found him still asleep and snoring heavily. She stood for a moment looking down at her son with a curiously questioning and frightened look in her eyes; then returned to the kitchen and scraped the ashes out of the stove and lighted a fire. The noise she made awakened Newt, and he rose and hobbled to the door. He had slept half-dressed; presented now a disheveled and unattractive figure. But his greeting to her was jovial.

"Morning, ma!" he exclaimed.

She nodded. "Is your leg broke?" she asked. "Did the doctor fix it?"

"He says the main thing is to let it rest," Newt told her. "I'll have to lie around the house for a day or two."

"Did he stay all night?"

"Yes. Yes, he's going to set me on my feet again," Newt explained, and went back to put on the rest of his clothing.

Their morning meal was as frugal as always, Cheatley protesting that he never ate much breakfast. He and Newt talked together at the table, referring to mutual acquaintances, speaking largely; and Newt watched his mother to discover whether she were properly impressed.

Mrs. Dunnack sipped at her coffee, her eyes lowered, taking no part in the conversation. Now and then Cheatley addressed to her a direct question, but these inquiries she either answered by a nod or ignored altogether.

After breakfast, with the doctor's help, Newt hobbled out on the stoop and sat down in the sun there, and Cheatley sat with him, smoking innumerable cigarettes. At midmorning he announced that his supply was exhausted, and took his car and drove to the village for more. He was gone, Mrs. Dunnack thought, longer than there was any need of; and she said as much to Newt.

"Maybe he's gone back to town," she suggested.

"Oh, I guess not," Newt assured her. "He's probably talking to Will Bissell or somebody. He's a great hand to talk to folks. Likes to get their point of view."

Mrs. Dunnack did not, he thought, seem greatly impressed with this explanation. Newt perceived that she disliked Cheatley, and this pleased him; it would, he knew, affect her manner to the other, make her appear even more eccentric than she was. When, by and by, Cheatley returned as Newt had prophesied, he and Newt went down to the mill together and remained there for a time, watching the activity there, deafened by the recurrent screech of the saw which forever shattered the silence about the old Mudie place. Mrs. Dunnack and Sam were used to this discordant shriek; they no longer noticed it; if it was long stilled they were uneasy. But Newt, since his homecoming, had found it occasionally irksome and was just beginning to become accustomed to its startling reiterations.

Cheatley thought the sound hideous; he said to Newt, as they turned back toward the house again, "That's enough to drive anyone crazy, living with that in their ears all the time."

Newt grinned. "Something in what you say, I expect," he agreed. "But ma's old, besides, and she's always been funny about some things. You talk to her this afternoon. I'll get out of the way."

Sam came home in time for the midday meal, and when he heard of Newt's mishap he said sympathetically, "Why, that's certainly too bad. Who was it in the car, Newt? You know?"

Newt shook his head. He had been so much absorbed in other matters that he had nursed no grudge against the driver of the machine. "Didn't see," he replied. "The lights blinded me till they were right on top of me; and I couldn't see a thing when they went by. Too busy getting out of the way."

"Some kids, probably," Sam suggested. "Most folks around here go pretty careful."

"No harm done," Newt told him. "Hurt like time for a spell though."

Sam nodded. "I guess there's nothing hurts any worse." He looked toward Cheatley. "Nothing broke, is there?"

Cheatley said in his professional manner, "Not a thing to worry about, sir. He'll be as good as ever in a day or two."

"That's good," Sam commented. His eyes rested on Cheatley for a moment, thoughtfully; then turned away and back to Newt again. "You better keep off of it for a spell," he urged. "I was right worried when I heard about it."

"Who told you?" Newt asked.

"Will Belter was at Trask's as I come past on the way home," Sam explained. "He was telling Trask, and he stopped me. Said you had a doctor from town. Said he talked to the doctor this morning at the store."

"The chap who asked so many questions, I expect," Cheatley commented.

Newt laughed. "That'd be Will." He looked at his brother. "Linda there, was she?" he inquired.

"She was listening," Sam said slowly. "She was standing with Trask, listening."

"I'll have to send her word I'm all right," Newt said to himself. "I expect she's worried about me. You going back over today, Sam?" Sam shook his head. "She didn't send any word, did she?" Newt asked.

"Why, no, she didn't happen to," Sam said mildly; and Newt found some secret amusement at his brother's manner. "No, she didn't say anything to me."

"I'll go over to Hunt's and telephone her," Newt decided. "No need of her worrying."

When they rose from the table he did not at once carry out this intention. While Mrs. Dunnack cleared away the dishes the three men sat talking for a space, then Sam bestirred himself.

"Well, I've got to move," he announced.

"What you doing this afternoon?" Newt asked.

"Getting out some wood from up on the hill," Sam explained. "If you don't want to use the horse."

Newt shook his head. "I guess I'll borrow doc's car and drive over and see Linda," he explained. "Better than telephoning." He glanced at Cheatley meaningly. "Unless you want to drive me over, doc?"

Cheatley shook his head. "I'm going to stay here and get acquainted with Mrs. Dunnack," he replied, smiling toward Newt's mother.

She stopped at his word and looked at him attentively, and then at her son; but after a moment she went about her work again, offering no protest at Cheatley's intention.

Sam, in due course, took the horse and cart, and went slowly up the hill through the unused pasture toward the woodlot. Newt drove away in Cheatley's car, and the doctor was left with Mrs. Dunnack. Newt, departing, wished he might have been at hand to hear what followed; but he had decided it were wiser to leave Cheatley a free hand, to trust to the other's adroitness. He knew the man, recognized the fact that Cheatley was as shrewd as he was unscrupulous, and he could imagine the smooth, faintly patronizing tones with which the doctor would address his mother; could imagine Mrs. Dunnack's reaction to this professional manner, and how curt her replies would be. As he approached the Trask farm he put the matter out of his mind, satisfied his affairs were in good hands.

When he drove into the farmyard Trask was as usual on the porch, and Linda appeared at the kitchen door. He waved his hand to them, shutting off the ignition as he did so.

"Well, here I am," he called. "Not as much of a cripple as you'd think."

Trask was pleased to see him. "Will Belter had you pretty near dead and buried," he declared, and came toward the car as Newt alighted, and took the other's arm to help him toward the porch. Newt exaggerated his limp; but Linda still remained within the kitchen door, watching him without comment. He spoke to her laughingly.

"I expect you've been worried," he said.

She hesitated. "I didn't know how bad you was hurt," she confessed. "Will Belter gets things too big sometimes."

"Good," he applauded. "I'm glad you were sensible. Nothing very serious. Just one bone broken, and if I keep my weight off my foot the doctor says it will be all right in a day or two."

Trask said warningly, "You want to take it easy."

"I aim to," Newt agreed. "Yes, sir, I'm not taking any chances." He asked, "Where's Mrs. Trask?"

"Went to town today," Trask replied. "To see her sister."

"Linda the lady of the house, then?" Newt remarked amiably. "I expect she feeds you well, eh?" He looked over his shoulder toward the door, but Linda had returned to her tasks, so he and Trask sat for a while, talking together; and he could hear Linda at her work in the kitchen. At length Trask bestirred himself.

"Well, I got to chore around some. Guess you'd ruther talk to Linda anyway."

Newt laughed. "Well, you can't blame me," he retorted. "I'll shift into the kitchen and sit there while she's busy. You go along."

Trask helped him into the house, Newt making the most of his disability; and Linda, her arms dusted with flour, watched them in silence and without pausing in her work at the bread board. Then Trask took himself away, and Newt left his chair and went toward the girl and put his arm around her.

"It won't take but a kiss to cure me," he said softly; and she permitted him to kiss her. Newt demanded from her no more than acquiescence; he was content that she should form the habit of permitting him to do with her what he chose, content with the still submission which she gave him.

"Sam told me you was worried about me," he explained.

She looked at him quickly. "I hadn't any talk with Sam," she protested.

"He said you looked worried," Newt assured her.

"Sam ain't stopped here lately," she confessed, a curious unhappiness in her tone. "I've seen him go by, but he don't come in any more."

Newt perceived the distress behind her words; he congratulated himself that he had estimated Sam correctly.

"Probably he's busy," he said carelessly. "Lot of work to do around home, and the orchard too. Probably he ain't had time."

"He always did have time before," she urged.

He laughed reassuringly. "Sam's all right," he told her. "He's kind of dumb, or he'd have married as sweet a girl as you long ago. But he's all right. Don't you go finding fault with Sam."

"It's just I'm used to seeing him around," she said uncertainly.

"Well, you'll see him around right along," he assured her. "I'll probably have to look out for Sam, long as he lives. He's a helpless kind of a man." He approached her again. "You know, I been figuring, and talking to ma," he said. "I guess when we're married ma'll go to live with Sam. Or in East Harbor; or maybe she'll go to Portland. You and me'll have

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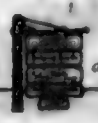
This sign identifies  *all Hargraft dealers*

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the big house. I guess you'll like being that near the village, won't you?"

"Where will Sam go?" she asked.

"He's fixing to build a little house up by the orchard," he explained. "But I guess ma figures we'll want the old place to ourselves. Ma's getting old, you know. She needs to be took care of, needs to be somewhere where folks can look out for her. She's queer, in some ways, you know; but I'm fixing things so she'll be took care of."

Linda caught a hidden meaning in his tone, looked at him with wide eyes. "What way do you mean?" she asked.

Newt laughed. "Well, she's old," he explained mildly. "You have to expect old folks will be queer. As soon as I get that fixed—why, then you and me will get married and move in. About a month from now, I expect."

She backed a little away from him, hands pressing the table behind her. "A month?" she repeated huskily.

"Not more than that," he assured her, pretending not to see the alarm so patent in her eyes. "You don't mind waiting that long, do you?"

She fumbled for words. "Why, I—why, Newt ——"

He laughed and approached her again and held her and kissed her. "There, now! You leave it to me, Linda. I'll take care of every single thing."

"I hadn't any notion of marrying yet," she protested.

"You'll get used to it," he assured her. "Yes, sir, by the time snow comes we'll be married and settled and all. Sam says he's going to stand up with me."

"Sam?" she whispered.

"Yes. He says he wants to. It was his idea, our having the big house. You just leave everything to me and Sam."

She fell silent and returned to her task; and Newt congratulated himself on his understanding of Linda. She was, he told himself, like so many other country girls, unable to find words for the thoughts and the feelings which filled her heart; she was possessed by a diffidence bred and nurtured in her; uncertain as well of her own heart as of her mind. He had no doubts of his ability to control her and to dominate her; the good-natured assurance which he affected robbed her of all confidence in herself, silenced her protests, made it impossible for her to combat him. He was satisfied of his power to imprison her in her own silences; told himself that though she might never come to love him, she would at least never express any other feeling. Such a life as she had led is not one calculated to inspire self-confidence, and Linda had none of this quality in her. She found herself entrapped in a series of small surrenders, enmeshed in a bewildering net of circumstances, led against her will along the path Newt desired her to take; and though she might in her thoughts and in the flood of her emotions revolt over so bitterly against the future he opened out for her, she could discover no way of escape. With Sam as an active ally, she might have defended herself; but Sam had withdrawn himself from her. She was alone, and Newt knew himself too strong for her. He drove home at last that afternoon well satisfied with the dominion he had achieved over the girl.

He and Cheatley had arranged that Cheatley should come to meet him; he picked up the doctor at the store, and drove on a little ways and then stopped the car by the roadside while Cheatley reported his interview with Mrs. Dunnack that afternoon. The physician went into some detail in describing their conversation, Newt listening keenly.

"We can do it, all right," Cheatley told Newt. "May have to get other men, but I can get them. But she's a shrewd old nut, at that, Newt. I think she suspected what I was about."

Newt asked sharply, "Why?"

"The way she watched me," Cheatley replied. "And some of the things she said. She's no fool, Newt."

Newt considered this, and then he laughed. "Well, what difference does that make?" he demanded. "She's going to know anyway." He had a momentary tremor, thinking that it would be hard to face his mother if she indeed suspected what he had in mind. But he hardened himself for this encounter. "We've got to expect her to make a row," he told Cheatley. "Sam, too, as far as that goes. But what can they do?"

"There ought to be some other way to get around her," Cheatley suggested. "She won't live more than a few years."

Newt cried ferociously, "I don't aim to sit around and wait for that, you blasted ass!"

"All right," Cheatley agreed. "Then throw a scare into her. Or talk her around."

"What's the matter with you?" Newt demanded. "Afraid to go through with it?"

"You'll be kind of unpopular around here afterward."

Newt laughed scornfully. "I don't give a hoot for that. You do your part; that's all I'm asking of you."

Cheatley moved his hand in a gesture of submission. "Well, it's your funeral," he replied; and Newt was restored to good nature again.

"Sure it is," he agreed. "And you're having a share when the time comes. Let's go along."

He was, as they drove into the yard before the house, again seized by that reluctance to encounter his mother; but Sam met them at the door, and Sam's presence gave Newt courage. When they went into the house he went to his mother, busy at the kitchen table, and put his arm around her bent shoulders and kissed her. She was rigid and unyielding; but his warm and amiable tone wrapped her about and held her in silence. He watched her, seeking to discover whether Cheatley was right in thinking that she had understood the thing they contemplated; but Mrs. Dunnack's countenance remained inscrutable; she made no sign.

After supper they sat only a little while; then the three men walked down to the store for the mail. When they returned the lamp in the kitchen was extinguished, but there was a light in Mrs. Dunnack's room. Newt thought with relief that his mother was abed for the night. They lighted the kitchen lamp, and Sam went almost at once upstairs. A few minutes later Cheatley followed him. Newt unfolded the blankets which his mother had left spread across the foot of the couch in the dining room, took off his shoes and his outer clothing, and himself prepared for sleep, blowing out the lamp on the table as he lay down.

He was for a little while busy with his own thoughts; but slowly they merged into formlessness, and he drifted into a heavy slumber; slept thus he could not know how long, before he was awakened by the impact of light striking him in the face. He opened his eyes and saw his mother, her hair hidden under a nightcap, a cotton kimono drawn over her nightgown, a lamp held high in her hand.

She came into the dining room from the kitchen and set the lamp on the table, and Newt asked huskily, "What's the matter, ma?"

Mrs. Dunnack eyed him contemplatively. "Set up, Newt," she said. "I want to talk to you."

XIII

THIS interview between Newt and his mother, occurring as it did after Sam and Cheatley were asleep, was one of those incidents which seem removed from life. To be awakened in the middle of the night is to rouse into a world unfamiliar and strange, a world in which things can happen not possible in the sober light of day. There is a spell about the season of night, a spell of which no one can be unconscious. When darkness holds the world some of the ancient furtiveness inherited from the days when men hunted their prey like other carnivora returns to us. Voices are unconsciously lowered, we go carefully about our business, looking secretly to right and left, and objects sufficiently familiar by day take on a new and curious aspect, making them hardly recognizable. By the same token, actions of which we would in the daytime be incapable seem commonplace and natural things to do. This is true when we have been wakeful; it is even more true when we are roused from a sound and sodden slumber as Newt had been.

It is improbable that Mrs. Dunnack had been asleep, but she must have gone to bed and courted slumber. Through what an agony of thought and retrospection she had come to adopt the desperate device to which she was now committed can only be surmised. Certainly she was not in her normal mood and manner; for she was never a loquacious woman, never communicative, never given to confidences, certainly never one to condemn herself and all her works. Yet this night she spoke freely, flowingly, at times almost eloquently; and this violation of long habit on his mother's part accentuated Newt's sense of the unreality of the episode. He watched her with a bewildered question in his mind, perceiving in her countenance traces of the torment she had endured; but for all his natural discernment, Newt could not have been expected to understand that she had come this night to that most tragic moment in life; that moment when we perceive, beyond disputing, that those things which we have done with a purpose to build up, have resulted instead only in destruction, and that our life, instead of being decent and in order, is only chaos and confusion.

Mrs. Dunnack came into the dining room and roused Newt by her coming; she bade him sit up so that she might talk with him; and herself, having put down the lamp, sat in the small rocking-chair which she habitually used, and folded her thin arms across her flat bosom and remained in this position almost without movement, rocking a little to and fro while they spoke together.

Newt, drawing the blankets about him, lifted himself on one elbow and swung his feet to the floor and faced her; and he asked in a bewildered tone, "You sick, ma?"

"It's time we had a talk, Newt," she replied steadily. "I been thinking. I couldn't go to sleep for thinking. It's time I talked to you."

He tried to laugh reassuringly. "You had a nightmare, I expect, ma. I'll put you back to bed."

"You'll set and listen to me," she told him sternly. "There's things I want to ask you, and things I've got to tell you, Newt. Time for you to know."

"What's been worrying you, ma?" he asked anxiously. "I can see—I've seen right along since I come home, you wan't comfortable in your mind. Sam, is it?"

"It ain't Sam," she replied sternly.

He felt a gripping pang of terror. As a little boy he had always feared his mother; he was afraid of her now, felt as he had felt then, like a child under her displeasure.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked awkwardly.

She considered this. "Newt," she said at last, "what's this doctor come for?"

"Why, to fix up my ankle," he protested.

She shook her head. "You ain't hurt to matter any. I was right worried at first, but I can see now you wan't hurt to matter. You just took a chance to get him here. I can see through him. He don't amount to a thing. But what did you bring him for, Newt? What did you bring him for?" A weary grief was in her tones, as though she knew the answer to this question.

"He's a friend of mine," Newt told her stubbornly.

"He asked me a lot of questions," she suggested, watching him.

Newt hesitated for a moment, and then decided to meet the situation with apparent frankness.

"I told him to do that, ma," he confessed. "It looked to me you hadn't been as well as you ought to be. You're getting kind of old. About time you did go to a doctor."

She made no immediate comment upon this; and Newt waited, studying her, trying to decide whether she accepted what he said as true.

(Continued on Page 113)

First—Last—Always!

MEN have been known to go for months without shelter, for weeks without food and for days without water, but no one can live for more than a few *minutes* without air.

Breathing is the first necessity of life—yet few of us know how to breathe to develop our bodies and to improve our health. If we could be always in fresh air taking plenty of exercise, our usual undirected, instinctive breathing would naturally develop to give us better health. Nature would take care of us. But the conditions in which we live, the stress of present-day life, cause us to accumulate an excess of poisonous waste products in our bodies. To help dispose of these we should go beyond instinctive breathing and at frequent times during the day mentally direct the breaths we take.

AIR!

Baby's first cry! However it may sound to grandmother's ears, it is music to the baby's mother. Under the spell of her eager imagination that thin little cry is a call for her. But what he really is crying for is *air*. In the Land of Unborn Babies he had no need to use his lungs. But here, in the great wide world, his first need is air and through every moment of his life he will demand air.

Count Your Breaths—

How many breaths a minute do you take? Stop now with your watch in hand and for 60 seconds count them. Fifteen to twenty short, top-of-your-lungs breaths? You are not breathing deeply. Occasionally you should take six or eight long, leisurely breaths a minute—so deep that the diaphragm is expanded and the ribs are barreled out. Several times a day stop what you are doing, stand straight with head up, shoulders back and *breathe*—always through the nose, of course.

Try it this way—inhale, one, two, three, four; hold, five; exhale, six, seven, eight, nine; relax, ten. This will give you six breaths a minute—quiet, unhurried breathing. After a time your unconscious breathing may become deeper and you will begin to feel a new and delightful sense of buoyant power.

Good Posture First—

You cannot breathe properly unless your lungs have room to expand. When you stand or sit with shoulders rounded and chest contracted you squeeze your lungs and make deep breathing impossible. Lift your head, raise your chest, straighten your spine, elevate your ribs and you cannot help "breathing for health".

Deep breathing exercises should be taken night and morning. Empty the lungs as fully as possible with each breath. This is important because fresh air removes harmful waste matter in the blood.

That "Stitch in the side"—

Have you ever felt a stitch in the side when running? This is a warning—not always that your heart is weak, or that you have indigestion, as many persons suppose, but sometimes that your lungs are unaccustomed to being filled to their full capacity. Most of us rarely breathe to the bottom of our lungs. One-third of the lung cells of the average person is unused. These cells tend to collapse and stick together. When the air is forced into them, it sometimes causes pain.

Your health demands that you should breathe properly; the condition of the blood is an important element in keeping well. The blood circulates all through the body distributing material to build and repair the tissues, picking up waste products and fighting disease germs. The turning-point of its journey is in the lungs where it deposits the waste and takes a fresh supply of oxygen from the air.

Without deep breathing of fresh air there cannot be an ample supply of oxygen. Without sufficient oxygen there cannot be adequate growth or repair of any part of the body, nor vigorous warfare against disease.

Begin today to breathe deeply—breathe for health.

About one out of six of the total number of deaths in the United States each year is caused by diseases which affect the lungs. Pulmonary tuberculosis and pneumonia claim more than 210,000 victims annually. Ten years ago the death-rate from tuberculosis was sixty per cent higher than it is today. Only a short time ago it was thought that fresh air must be kept away from patients suffering from lung troubles. Today it is known that fresh air is one of the main aids in getting well—and this knowledge has helped to produce the marked decrease in tuberculosis death-rate.

Defects in the air passages should be corrected if one is to breathe most effectively. Wise parents should keep careful watch over their children's noses and throats to see that they are not afflicted with adenoids or diseased tonsils.

Deep breathing must be studied. There is more to it than the taking of a full breath. The diaphragm and abdominal muscles must be strengthened by exercise and the body must be trained to maintain correct posture.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet giving simple and interesting health rules, including scientific advice about fresh air and proper breathing. These rules, with the simple breathing exercise given above, can be followed by anybody who wishes better health. Send for a copy of "How to Live Long". It will be mailed free.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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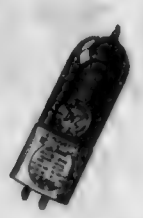

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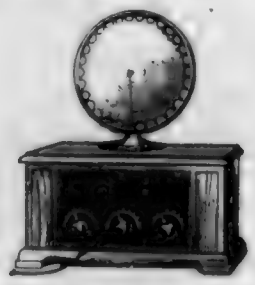

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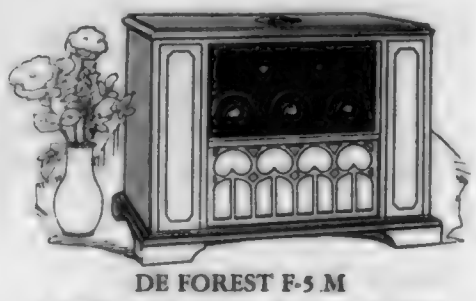

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A superfine 9-tube set in two color mahogany cabinet with built-in loud speaker and concealed compartments for "A" and "B" batteries. A great distance-getter, with uncanny power to tune in and out stations at will, and gifted with splendid tonal qualities. Extremely simple to operate. No howling or hissing in tuning in. An unsurpassed value at $110.

De Forest Radio Sets can be bought at prices ranging from $85 to $450.

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The voice of radio is no longer flinty and metallic, but mellow, human and musical—thanks to the development by Roy A. Weagant, Vice-President and Chief-Engineer of the De Forest Radio Company, of a new and marvelous circuit.

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DEALERS IN ALL CITIES AND RADIO COMMUNITIES

THE EPOCH-MAKING ACHIEVEMENT WHICH MAKES ORDINARY RADIO RECEPTION A THING OF YESTERDAY

(Continued from Page 110)

When at last she spoke, it was to say a little wearily, "I ain't a fool, Newt."

"Why, ma ——" he cried. But she interrupted him decisively.

"Don't try to fool me, Newt," she told him. "I can see through a rat hole. He wasn't trying to find out how well I was. I could see what he was about. Oh, Newt, I could see!" The quiet words were curiously like a cry of grief. Newt dared not speak; and his mother sat still for a moment, rocking so faintly back and forth; and when she spoke again it was in a new tone: "You wasn't but a boy when you left home, Newt."

"I didn't leave," he said somewhat sullenly. "Pa kicked me out."

She ignored this. "I dunno as you've kept in touch with us much since, Newt," she continued. "It's a kind of good thing to know about your own folks sometimes. It's a help to understanding your own self, in a way." An inexpressible weariness was in her tone. "There's something in you, Newt, that's got hold of you. I know where it come from; and you've a right to know too."

Newt did not speak; he was watching her alertly, extravagantly curious to know to what disclosures this was prelude. And after a moment Mrs. Dunnack continued.

"You don't remember my father," she said. "You never saw him, but you've heard about him from me; and others, too, I expect. He was a strong man, Newt, and a hard one, and a close one. Folks that live around here have to be thrifty, but he was more than that. And hard with it too. He did some cruel things that I knew about; but I used to think anything he did was right, Newt. He'd do anything to save money or to get hold of it. It was the blood in him, maybe, like a man that wants to drink. You're like him, Newt."

Newt said slowly, "I know it. Enough folks have told me so. I'm not ashamed of that. He did pretty well around here."

"He went right along the same way till he died," Mrs. Dunnack agreed. "But I remember when he was old, there was times when it seemed to me he wan't so well pleased with his ways. Not that he ever said anything to me. He was a proud man, the way I'm proud; not one to own up he'd been wrong. But I think I've been wrong, Newt."

Her son shook his head impatiently. "You've been worrying, ma."

Mrs. Dunnack took no notice of this. "It ain't me alone," she told him. "It ain't just me. I can see it in Emily and Mary. The three of us girls was all like pa, thrifty and careful and close. We got it from him, and it was in us; and it's done about the same thing to all of us, Newt. It's in you; the same thing that comes from my father. That's why I wanted you to understand. I wisht I could make you see, Newt." Her tone was abruptly wistful. "It'd save you a pile of misery by and by."

He tried to laugh. "Ma, you're worrying too much about me. Imagining things, waking up in the middle of the night this way. You'll see different in the morning."

But again she seemed not to hear what it was he said, as though she were fallen under the spell of her own memories.

"You take Mary, and Will Marley that she married," she continued. "Will wasn't always a pleasant-spoken man; but folks liked him, and he was around a lot, and knew everybody. A social kind of man. And he could handle most people. He was the sort that always did right well at a trade; but people never minded. They used to say he could sell anything to anybody. He done well in East Harbor, so't they heard about him in Portland, and one of the clothing houses there hired him to come there to work for them. That was before him and Mary was married; but when he went to Portland he come back about a month after and got Mary and they was married and went there to live.

"Will had money that he'd made; and he built them a house there. That was before pa died, and before Mary had any money from him, the way we all did when he died. Will built the house and paid for it. Mary tried to talk him out of it, and she said she didn't have any use for a big house; but Will was the sort that likes to make a show and have things nice and bring men home to dinner. And he wanted a nice house, and he had it. Mary kept saying they couldn't afford it; but Will was all for it.

"Well, they went to live in that house; and I guess Will thought Mary'd like it when she got in. But she never did. Mary was a pa'ticular housekeeper. She wouldn't keep a hired girl because of the money; and the way she kep' house she couldn't take care of that whole big place. So she would have it that they'd eat in the kitchen, and it got so they lived there and didn't use the rest of the house at all. They'd eat in the kitchen and then set there of an evening, and she wouldn't let Will open up the front room at all. Just the kitchen and the stairs and their bedroom was all she'd let him use.

"Will had been mighty tickled with that house. I'd heard him talk while it was building, so I can tell how he felt. And he wanted to have folks come there, but Mary said it cost too much to buy victuals for a crowd of men, so she never would. I guess his friends used to joke Will about it, because he got so he acted kind of ashamed; and he'd always took some liquor and he got to drinking more. I've heard tell how he'd walk along the street with his head down, not speaking to anyone. And that big house of theirs all shut up from the front, like no one lived in it. And he got so he'd rather be away from home than to home, and Mary'd set in the kitchen for a spell and then go to bed, and when he'd come he'd like as not go to sleep on the kitchen floor." She hesitated for a moment. "Half the time now he don't come home at all," she added. "He can't hold a job. All't he has is what Mary gives him out of hers. The last time she was home was three years ago, and she told me some things then; and the first I knew she was crying. I never had seen Mary cry before."

Newt was distinctly uncomfortable and ill at ease; there was a sober determination in his mother's manner, broken now and then by gleams of wistful or desperate grief, which terrified him.

He said urgently, "There ain't any sense in our talking all night, ma. You go on back to bed."

She paid no heed to his protest. "Your Aunt Em was here when you come," she reminded him, continuing her theme. "Emily is an old woman now, and mighty little left for her. I guess she's sorry their boy died."

He said cajolingly, "Course she is, ma. That's natural. But he's dead, and no getting around it." He laughed uncertainly. "We don't have to mourn for him tonight."

"Emily knows she killed him," Mrs. Dunnack insisted mildly. "The doctors said he had consumption and he ought to go out West somewheres; but Emily wouldn't have it because she 'lowed she couldn't afford to send him. Dave was broke up bad by it. I always liked Dave; he was a kind of a gay young man, and he could make me laugh, and I never was one to laugh easy. But he was scared of Emily before they'd been married a year; afraid of what she'd say to him. He used to try to joke about it to me. He'd say, 'Em'll give me fits. I paid two dollars for a pair of pants today, and Em says no pants is worth two dollars.' Or he'd say, 'Em'll be on the warpath tonight. I got me a new twenty-five-cent pipe.' But there was more truth than fun in it; and he knew it. He got a kind of scared way of talking.

"Then when the boy was sick and he heard what the doctors said, he fit against Emily to send the boy out West. They had a time of it; but Dave hadn't any money of his own. He just run the farm, and Em took all the cash he took in. And when the boy died Dave swore to Emily he'd never look her in the face again; and he went away. I have heard tell he's living in a little shanty by himself over at North Fraternity now, back of the farm where he lived when he was a boy, before his pa moved to Augusta. And Em's in the house in Augusta by herself, with not much to do but think about things."

Newt said in a tone he strove to make jocular, "Well, I don't blame a man not wanting to live with Aunt Em. I couldn't have stood having her around here."

Mrs. Dunnack looked at him for a long time without speaking; her face twitched a little and he saw that she was biting her lips as though in an effort at self-control.

"I ain't got any right to talk so about Mary and Em," she confessed at last. "I'm as bad as them."

She hesitated, seemed to forget his presence; he thought it was as though she spoke to some other person in the room, a curious appeal in her faltering tones.

"I treated Sam the same way," she murmured. "Choking him off from doing things, always talking money to him, and scolding at him. But Sam had more backbone than Will or Dave had, I guess. I never broke him. He was the same till he died; good-natured most of the time, going along his own way, doing what he wanted to do, letting me fuss as much as I'd a mind. I used to nag at him, but I always loved your pa, Newt. I can see that, now't he's gone. There's times I could die for thinking I never did let him see it while he was alive. Just after him all the time, till it's a wonder he didn't leave me.

"But your pa never got mad at me once. When you was a little boy you used to have meanness in you, Newt; and I thought it was cute in you, and smart, and your pa used to laugh at me for feeling that way. I can remember his trying to talk you out of your ways; but he never did get mad at you till the time he sent you away. Him and me quarreled over that, Newt. There was weeks I didn't say a word to him; but he kep' just as cheerful as he always was, and finally I kind of got over it. But it didn't change me; I didn't get over being so close and small and—and so grasping, the way it was in me to be. I was too old to change. I don't know as I've changed yet. I'm the same now. It's in me, and no getting it out. But I wish I'd been different to pa."

Newt found it difficult to believe that he heard aright; this woman before him, sitting so still and straight in her chair, her grim old face working with grief and pain, could never be his mother; could never be the strong and stony woman he had always remembered. He thought grimly that he had been right in believing she was losing her mind; certainly this was no less than madness, this abjuration of the creed which had been the foundation of her life. He tried, in a tone faintly whimsical, to suggest as much to her.

"Mean to say you think it'd been better to spend all the time, let your money run away from you the way pa always did?"

"It ain't so much just being saving," she explained. "It's going after every cent, as if money was all there was in the world."

"Any man has any sense about him is going to look after himself if he can," Newt urged. "That's just business."

"It's in you, Newt," she said patiently. "I could see it in you when you was a boy; and I used to think it was cute then. If Sam had anything you'd get it away from him every time. You was always smart, and it kind of tickled me. The way you'd go after anything you happened to want, so clever, and planning all the time, and never letting go."

"Well, what's wrong with that?" he demanded, faintly angry, as though he felt himself accused.

She shook her head. "Your pa's in you, Newt, as much as me," she urged. "I can see myself in you, and my father in you; but there's some of your pa in you, Newt. It shows sometimes. The way you can make folks like you if you try. You ought to be more like your pa, Newt. That's what I'm trying to tell you." Her lips twitched and she bit at them desperately; her whole countenance was contorted by her effort at composure. "Don't let yourself be so much like me, Newt; don't you go on being a Mudie. I wish't I could pull myself out of you; all the things that are in me and that I can see so plain in you." Her monotonous voice rose to a suggestion of passion. "I wish to God I could scour myself out of you, Newt!"

He laughed unpleasantly. "Don't think an awful lot of me, do you, ma?" he challenged.

She said in a low tone, "I'm your ma, Newt, and you're my son. I have to think a lot of you, same as if you was my heart inside of me. And seeing you the way you are is like seeing the black side of myself, Newt, that I never knew enough to fight against till now."

His dull grin was like a sneer. "I'm satisfied," he told her.

She nodded slowly. "Yes, I expect you are," she agreed. "You come home here soon as your pa dies, and you start in to grab everything you can lay hands on. The mill, and Sam's orchard, and Linda, and what-all I've got. I know what you're up to, Newt. Fetching that doctor here to see if maybe you couldn't say I was crazy, so you could take charge of my money." There was no anger in her tones, and when Newt, at first stunned and silenced, perceived this, he took courage from what he interpreted as her weakness. Before he could speak, however, she added, "I can see, Newt. So I had to try and make you change. There's bound to be some of your pa in you, Newt, if you'd give it a chance to show."

He broke into speech. "Is that so?" he demanded, unleashing his anger at last, forgetful of his ancient awe of this old woman in the heat of his rage at being thus forced to confront himself. "Is that so? That's what you think about me, is it? Think I've come sneaking home here to grab everything in sight, instead of giving me credit for wanting to help if I could." His indignation was, he told himself coolly enough even in the heat of his words, firmly founded.

"That's the credit I get!" he cried accusingly. "Well, let me tell you, that only shows the way you look at things. It can't hurt me. I come home here figuring you'd need somebody. I know Sam don't amount to a thing where business is concerned. So I give up my own work and come here to help you and Sam get straightened out, and then you go and talk this way."

He got to his feet, he stood above her, the blanket depending from his half-clad body awkwardly; he brandished his clenched hand in the air, and his voice rose to a shout of rage.

"All right!" he cried. "All right! If that's what you think, I know what to do, and you can't expect anything more from me. I won't stand any more! I won't stand it, I'm telling you!"

She had at first watched him, listened with an impassive countenance; but imperceptibly her shoulders bowed and her head drooped a little, and abruptly she began to cry. She cried like one unused to such an action; she did not cover her face with her hands, but sat still in her chair with her arms folded; and her face twitched, and tears streamed down her withered cheeks; and harsh, gasping, sobbing sounds came from her writhing lips; and her body moved uncertainly, tremorously, as though it were the prison of some furious force which struck to and fro in the effort to escape.

Newt was for a moment silenced by this manifestation; he backed away from his mother as though his awe of her had returned. "I won't stand it," he mumbled in a lower tone.

Then, as his eyes darted around the room, he saw that Sam, roused from his sleep by their voices, had come downstairs in his nightshirt and was standing in the open door.

Something in the silent abruptness of his brother's appearance there struck Newt a paralyzing buffet of fear.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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CHANDLER

LETTY WAS THROUGH WITH MEN

(Continued from Page 19)

that was the only name for it. Had she come down with typhoid or measles or ptomaine poisoning, there wouldn't have been a more resourceful or more sympathetic nurse in all Cheswick than her mother. But because her trouble was psychological, her mother was failing to stand by, was failing to see. Her own mother, who should have stood up for her against the whole world, was failing her now. Irritable! Letty narrowed her brown-gold eyes and studied the hang of the poppy-bordered dress in the mirror.

To be a sufferer from emotional exhaustion, and have your own mother advise you to tell the doctor you were a little irritable! To be through with men—with all that meant to Letty Cranmer—to be through with living, in short, and have your own mother absently prescribe a little exercise. Letty sighed as she sat down on the bed to draw on white chiffon hose, also ornamented with a hand-painted poppy, fetchingly placed.

Doctor Roberts was young, at least not so old as old Doctor Adams. He was new in Cheswick moreover. It was just as well to go looking one's best.

Letty ducked for a final almost full-length view of the poppy-decorated frock and hand-painted hose.

Letty sat pensively in Doctor Roberts' shining office. It had a faint, clean antiseptic smell, that office. A hundred glittering objects clamored for Letty's attention, but resolutely she held to her pensive pose, careful that the hand-painted poppies on her hose peeped discreetly from beneath her skirt.

"Well, well, little lady ——"

What a tone for Doctor Roberts to adopt! As though she were a mere child! Wait till he knew. . . . Wait till he knew. . . .

Letty looked sadly at him. His hair was sandy and his eyes a nice blue, and crinkled at the corners, she noted.

"What seems to be the trouble?" He was moving about breezily. "Sunburn?"

"It's"—Letty's voice was low and vibrant. It was wise with the wisdom of the ages and wearied with the burdens of life—"it's emotional exhaustion, I'm afraid, doctor."

"What's that?" He dropped some sort of instrument.

Letty lowered her eyes.

"I'm afraid, doctor, it's—emotional exhaustion."

"Emotional exhaustion?"

He had turned his back and was placing articles carefully in a professional-looking case. He was having trouble with them evidently.

"Yes, doctor, emotional exhaustion." The exhaustion had communicated itself to Letty's voice by this time.

"Th-that's bad."

He turned back to her. His eyes seemed bluer than ever, but possibly that was because his face was now slightly pink.

"That's bad," he repeated judiciously. "When did it come on?"

When did it come on? Letty looked at him, slightly puzzled. Come on? Was he going to treat it like measles? Oh, well—one had to make allowances for professional jargon.

"It began about St. Valentine's Day," she told him in a subdued sort of voice, fixing him with great melting gold-brown eyes. "Haunting brown eyes"—a phrase Letty had once come upon in a book. "Haunting brown eyes—pain in their depths." Letty did her utmost to make her brown eyes haunting at this juncture. Possibly she succeeded. At any rate young Doctor Roberts came three steps nearer to her and gazed into them with curious absorption.

"It began on St. Valentine's Day," Letty went on, now sure of her effect. "It was then I broke with Em'ry. Em'ry Lewis. Em'ry was the man I was engaged to at the time," she threw in. "Yes, I was engaged to him. We were to be married ——"

"You were?"

"Why, yes." Letty stared. His eyes were all sympathy. She resumed. "He didn't live up to my ideal of him, however."

"Bad," commented the doctor, "very bad."

Letty stared again. His eyes were fairly oozing sympathy. He came one step nearer.

"That was my first bitter disappointment."

"Let's see, the first"—he pressed his finger tips together in a professional manner.

"Why, yes—in this series ——"

"Oh, in the series."

"Why, yes." Letty crossed her knees the other way and gave the hand-painted dress a tug downward. Perversely, another half inch of hand-painted poppy came into view. "Why, yes—Em'ry was the first, and immediately after him came Harold, and now—and now ——" If Letty's eyes had been haunting before, what were they now?

"And now?" prompted the young medical man.

"And now—Ted." It was practically a whisper.

"Let's see"—Doctor Roberts turned his back again—"you were engaged to all of them?"

"Yes."

"They all—er—failed to live up to your ideals?"

"I might say," faltered Letty—"I might say that each disappointment was bitterer than the one before. Oh, men! Men!" She loosed that slight shudder.

"Men?" he inquired politely.

"Oh, oh! I can tell you because you are a doctor. I can tell you. I'm through with men! I'm through!"

The concern in his eyes was balm to Letty. Under its encouragement she drooped to the point of crumpling up on the chair.

"Men!" she repeated with that shudder.

"I don't blame you," consoled Doctor Roberts. "Three disappointments! In one—in one series."

"Mother says sometimes she fears for my reason," said Letty in a low voice.

"I should think she might."

"She says—too deep an emotional experience isn't good at my age," she went on shamelessly. Letty had thoroughly dramatized herself by this time. She was taking all hills on high. She really believed at that moment that her mother was entertaining fears for her reason, that that phrase, "too deep an emotional experience," was one which had rested but that afternoon on Mrs. Cranmer's placid lips.

"I see—I see," young Doctor Roberts was saying. "And now—emotional exhaustion."

She fluttered her eyelashes in assent.

"Emotional exhaustion," he repeated again. There was no doubt that he was impressed. "You won't mind my saying that you're quite the youngest patient I've had in that category."

"Oh, yes." Letty arranged the border of scarlet poppies with a pensive gesture. "That's what makes it so ——"

"That's what makes it so ——"

"—— hard."

"Ah, yes."

They were silent. Doctor Roberts was looking out over his clipped lawn. His back . . . his shoulders. . . . From sheer force of habit, Letty appraised them. They weren't bad. They were really rather good. Too bad he was so old. Nearly thirty, he must be. She recalled herself with a start.

"What—what treatment would you prescribe, doctor?" she asked faintly.

"Your youth," he said reflectively—"your youth makes the diagnosis doubly difficult. I suppose you realize that. I'll have to study the case. Yes." He took in the buttercup hair and the brown-gold eyes and the apple-blossom coloring. "Yes," he went on, "I'll have to keep you under observation for a while. I don't need to tell you it's a case calling for delicate treatment."

"I'm—I'm through with men," she reminded him. "Don't you think that's best?"

"Indeed yes. Indeed it is," he said with alacrity. "Of course," he added, "I being a doctor ——"

"Oh, yes, of course." She granted him exemption with a gracious inclination of her head.

"The main thing is not to brood. Now look here, I have a call to make out in Westvale. Why not ride out there with me? The air will do you good."

"If you really think ——" Letty hesitated, but not for long.

Letty rode out to Westvale with Doctor Roberts. Doctor Roberts had been right; the air did do her good. She was sparkling and animated, and more deeply pink as to cheeks than ever by the time they pulled up to a flower-smothered inn by the roadside. It had been agreed that Letty was to phone her mother that she was having dinner with the doctor.

There were times, of course, during that dinner and ride when Letty remembered that she was a patient.

At such times Doctor Roberts, as the officiating physician, was gravely and gratifyingly sympathetic.

Back in his office at seven, Doctor Roberts, awaiting the evening's quota of hay-fever sufferers, rattled a few pills aimlessly back and forth in a glass phial.

"Pretty darn cute," he commented, his eyes on the pills.

At about the time Letty was arranging her poppy border in Doctor Roberts' office, an impromptu meeting of the Spinsters was convening on Gen Pierson's porch. A majority was present. Six, in fact. And the absent member was favored with frequent mention. Gen Pierson had communicated her news.

"I know," said Ardis dubiously; "she told me that too. 'I'm through with men,' she said to me about a hundred times over the phone. But don't let her fool you. She isn't. She isn't through with men, that girl. Not her." Ardis subsided into gloom.

"I'm surprised, Gen, you'd believe her for a minute," said Cathy Winters sagely.

"But don't you see"—Gen let her glinting hazel eyes sweep from one to another of them—"don't you see it's up to us to make her mean it! Don't you see if we all take her at her word and sympathize with her and, well, maybe flatter her a little—don't you see? We'll make her feel like a martyr or a sad heroine of a play or something like that."

"Say, it might work at that." Doris Davenport slowly came to life. Doris was the slumbrous one of the Spinsters.

"She can be flattered," admitted Ardis.

"If we'd all work together ——"

"Say, wouldn't it be great," the Spinsters breathed in a body.

"Let's do it!"

"Let's try anyway."

Cathy Winters giggled. "I've scarcely breathed all summer," she confessed, "for fear she'd take a fancy to Ross."

Gen giggled too. "I could have Ben Rivers coming up here steady, if Letty'd stay out of his sight for a while."

"She demoralizes 'em," said Doris slowly.

"What a summer for us, if we can work it!" Gen's eyes lighted up.

"A new man in town too," ventured Ardis.

"What!" "A new man!" "Who?" "Who, Ardis?"

The Spinsters turned round eyes on Ardis.

"A new man," repeated this Spinster, enjoying the sensation. "They've moved

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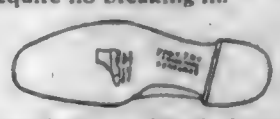

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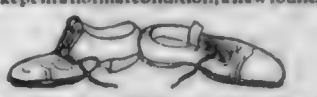

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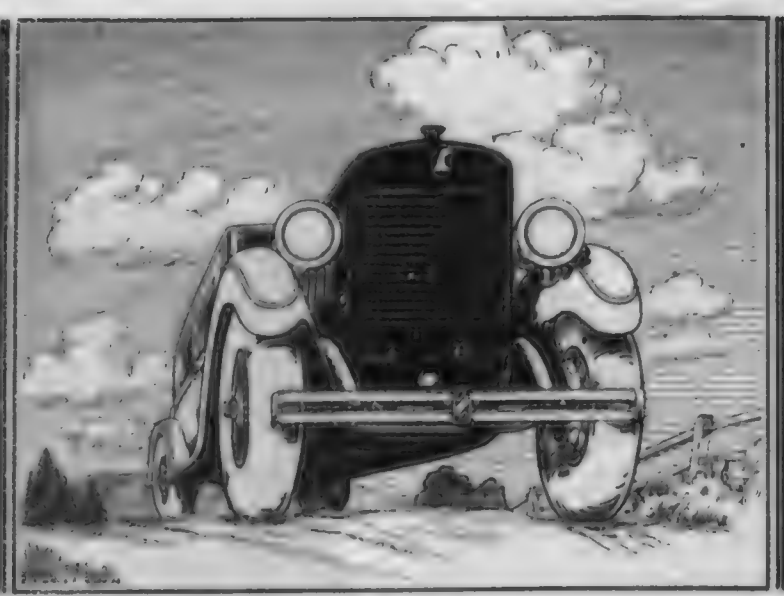

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into the Saunders place. He goes to Princeton. He has a yellow roadster. Say, maybe he doesn't look slick."

"Oh, Ardis—have you met him?"

"No. Pigs Fenton seems to be the only one who knows him," Ardis said regretfully. "Three mornings he's gone away with Pigs for golf."

One and all the Spinsters made a resolution to cultivate Pigs Fenton in spite of his plumpness. One and all they made a resolution to keep Letty Cranmer from meeting the new man, if that were humanly possible.

They broke up with solemn promises to do everything in their power to foster Letty's resolution, to make her feel that she was the sad heroine of the saddest story in Cheswick's history.

If the Spinsters could have their way, Letty Cranmer was to be "the girl who was through with men" with a vengeance.

Three weeks passed in Cheswick. Three weeks during which six Spinsters knew the unutterable bliss of dancing without that blight of knowing that your partner is merely waiting for a chance to cut in on Letty Cranmer. Three weeks during which six Spinsters breathed long and deep and relievedly, secure from the paralysis of that fear that Letty Cranmer might take a fancy to their men. Three weeks. Cathy dated joyously with Ross, Gen with Ben Rivers, while Doris somnolently took over the unregenerate Ted. Three weeks like no other three weeks since Letty Cranmer had turned her fourteenth birthday.

Another impromptu meeting of six of the Seven Spinsters.

"Where's Letty today?" inquired Gen, as general of the campaign.

"She's safe," reported Beryl. "Doctor Roberts is giving her a treatment."

"Has Letty seen or talked to or dated with a man to the best of your knowledge?" pursued Gen in a chairmanlike tone. "You, Cathy?"

"Not one."

"You, Doris?"

"Not one."

"Beryl?"

"No, but she's heard about this new man and she's acting sort of restless."

"Pumped me on the subject for an hour and a half." Ardis.

"Me too."

"Wanted to go down to the inlet where the boys swim, yesterday, but I steered her clear." Doris sighed at the remembrance of the effort involved.

"She's wondering if he might not be different from Cheswick men."

"It looks bad."

"She mustn't meet him—now," said Ardis. Ardis' voice was quiet, but there was determination in it. Ardis had had three dates with Malcolm Graham.

"We must redouble our efforts," said Gen militantly.

The Spinsters redoubled their efforts. Another week passed. Letty hadn't yet met the new man. She hadn't had a date in a month. All the eligible men in Cheswick had besieged the house for a week after her break with Ted, but that had been the week of her greatest fortitude. Her rebuffs had been frigid.

Now that she felt her resolution weakening, they called no more.

Letty felt worse and worse, and consequently visited Doctor Roberts more and more often. His professional interest in her case was keen. His treatments were painless too. They involved long, long rides in the open air and dinners at wayside inns. Once he had suggested a dance, but Letty had been forced to refuse. The girls might misunderstand.

"Letty's at a treatment," one Spinster would tell another, whereupon both would look relieved. These mysterious treatments were a boon to the Spinsters, tired out with devising new ways and means of keeping Letty occupied.

Doctor Roberts stood on the Cranmer steps late one evening in August. He had just brought Letty home from a long cooling ride.

"How do you feel?" he questioned solicitously.

"Not so good." Letty, drooping a little at the reminder.

"I think I'll change the treatment," he said abruptly.

"Yes?" Letty's eyelashes fluttered.

"I'm going to advise an affair with another man," said the doctor.

"Oh!"

Letty pondered this decision. Of course, if the doctor advised it—true, she was through with men, but if it meant recovery—new life seemed to flow through Letty's veins at the mere suggestion. Here—here was what she had been looking for. An alibi! The doctor's orders. Letty had a swift mental picture of Malcolm Graham whizzing by in his yellow roadster.

Letty looked delectable standing there pondering. The moon was on her buttercup hair and her eyes were deep pools of darkness.

"But I don't know any interesting men any more," she said sadly, turning to Doctor Roberts. She was thinking of Malcolm Graham.

Quite suddenly Doctor Roberts kissed her.

"You know me," he said in a very unprofessional sort of voice.

Of course Letty was offended. She went rigidly from his arms and into the house, neglecting even to make an appointment for another treatment.

Three days Letty remained rigidly away from Doctor Roberts.

"You remind me, Letty, of one of the famous heroines of history," Gen Pierson was telling Letty on the third of these days. They were sitting on the Pierson swing, where Ben Rivers now sat regularly every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday night. It was Gen's day for taking care of Letty.

"I think you're wonderful," Gen went on. "I think someone should write a play about you. I really do. Young as you are, and beautiful as you are, to have taken the stand you've taken against men, and to have stood firm in it. It's a tragedy, all right, Letty. I guess most everybody in Cheswick thinks it's a tragedy too."

"Oh, hush up," said Letty rudely.

"Why, Letty ——"

"Who's taking you to the club dance tomorrow night?" asked Letty abruptly.

"Why"—Gen's heart began to sink—"Ben Rivers is taking me."

"Um. Who—who's that new man taking?"

"Why—Ardis Grey." Gen's heart sank in earnest.

"Um." Letty stood up. "I've got to go now, Gen. It was nice of you to invite me for the afternoon. But I forgot I had an appointment with Doctor Roberts."

"Oh, a treatment." Relief in Gen's tones. "Listen, darling," she added as an afterthought, "you're teaching the men of Cheswick a wonderful lesson. You certainly are. I hope you won't give in just yet, darling, and spoil everything—that is, everything you've taught them—that is ——"

Letty was gazing vaguely down the street.

"What are you wearing to the club dance?" she asked.

Letty Cranmer came to the club dance with Doctor Roberts. They came late, as the doctor had had calls to make. Ardis Grey, her feet following Malcolm Graham's assured convolutions with faultless rhythm, was the first to catch sight of Letty. Letty was in mauve chiffon, sprinkled with gold buttercups.

Her hair! Her eyes! The flush of excitement in her cheeks! Ardis wilted like a flower. Surely Letty Cranmer had never looked so lovely. Letty Cranmer was arrayed for a killing.

(Continued on Page 120)

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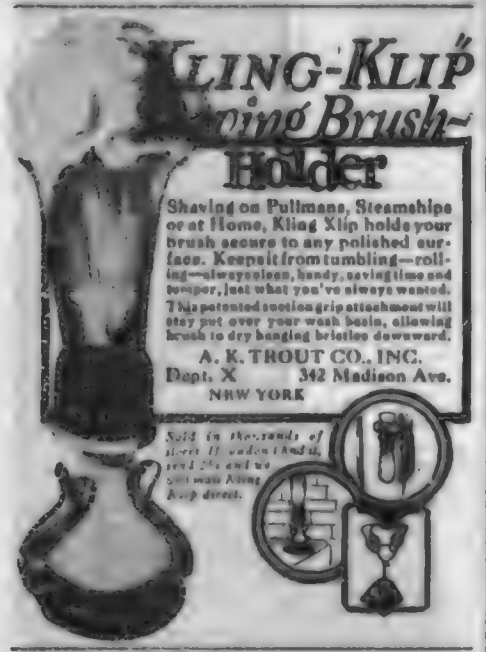
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(Continued from Page 118)

"L-let's sit the rest of this out," suggested Ardis weakly.

It was a good move, but it failed of its purpose. Ardis had hoped to entice Malcolm into his car, and then on homeward. At whatever cost, Malcolm must be kept from seeing Letty.

Letty flashed up to them at the door.

"Oh, Ardis," came her fluting call.

"'Lo," returned Ardis shortly, ducking aside.

"I say, who's the knockout?" It was Malcolm's voice in her ear.

That sitting out was a failure, judged by what Ardis knew sitting out with Malcolm Graham could be. Malcolm Graham's famous line wasn't in evidence. He scouted her suggestions that they drive on home. His sympathy with Ardis' headache was scant.

"I say," he remarked casually, as they climbed out of the yellow car again, "introduce me to the lady in vi'let, will you?"

"Of course," said Ardis bravely.

It was happening. It had happened.

Letty Cranmer dancing with Malcolm Graham, head tilted back like a buttercup in a breeze. Letty Cranmer dancing with Malcolm Graham, gold-brown eyes smiling wistfully into his. It had happened.

Six Spinsters at the cricket-club dance joined by invisible wires hot with messages in mental telepathy. Six Spinsters dancing silently, and passing silently from partner to partner as the eligible young men of Cheswick saw opportunities for cutting in on Letty Cranmer.

It had happened. It was over, that blessed respite. The Spinsters faced the truth. It was over. There was now no hope. Six Spinsters watching Malcolm Graham's eyes, and Ben Rivers' eyes, and Ross Dean's eyes, and even Doctor Roberts' eyes as they followed Letty Cranmer about the floor.

It was Gen, dancing with Doctor Roberts, who noticed that his eyes, too, were busy following. There was some sort of white depression at each corner of Doctor Roberts' lips. When Gen spoke to him, absently, her eyes on Ben, he answered her, equally absently, his eyes on Letty. His answers fell clipped between tight lips.

Doctor Roberts was angry! It dawned upon Gen in the first half of a fox trot that Doctor Roberts was angry. In the second half of the same fox trot it dawned upon her that Doctor Roberts was angry at Letty. Incredible fact! A man, and angry with Letty.

Well, of course he was comparatively new in Cheswick. Cheswick men were never angry with Letty. They accepted the crumbs of her favors gratefully and her slights philosophically.

Doctor Roberts was sandy-haired and blue-eyed. Anger became him wonderfully, Gen thought.

Gen thought rather quickly in the minutes that followed, considering the fact that she was fox-trotting and carrying on an absent conversation with Doctor Roberts and keeping one eye on Ben. Gen thought quickly, and thinking was Gen's forte. In response to an overt signal, six Spinsters met Gen in the dressing room shortly afterward. They met with groans.

"All up."

"It's a flop."

"Oh, Ardis, it's a shame."

"I—I don't care."

"Hush, all of you," said Gen authoritatively. "Listen, all is not yet lost. Listen, don't ask any questions. Listen, there's no time to be lost. Don't ask any questions—but rave to Letty Cranmer about Doctor Roberts. Rave! Rave! Rave, if you never raved in your life before. Pretend you've fallen in love with him. Anything, anything. Listen, I've got to go now. Remember. Rave. It's our only chance."

"I'm sick of her schemes," said Doris rebelliously. "I never worked so hard in my life, and now ——"

"You do as Gen says ——" The remaining Spinsters turned on her vindictively. "You do as Gen says, and don't ask any questions ——"

"Oh, oh—all right."

Doris considered flight a wise measure. The Spinsters at that moment looked primed for physical violence.

Letty in the dressing room during intermission. Letty besieged. Letty touching up the beauty that Malcolm Graham had just told her was the most perfect he had ever seen. Letty touching up that beauty, but under difficulties. Six Spinsters releasing an avalanche of ejaculations about her.

"Oh, Letty—he's divine." Doris Davenport's whisper could be heard the length of the dressing room.

"He is—he's simply divine," Cathy Winters echoed.

"And he dances marvelously." This from Gen, with an enraptured expression.

"He's—he's wonderful," breathed Ardis Grey.

"I think he's rather nice myself," Letty agreed patronizingly. "The doctor advised me to get out more and see people, you know." Letty touched up her rose flush. Princeton. A yellow car. She hummed.

"And to think," Gen went on worshipfully, "to think he's a doctor! So young and good-looking, and a doctor! Why, he's on the staff of the Monterey Hospital."

"A doctor!" Ardis Grey's eyes were wide. "There's always seemed to me to be something so sort of romantic about a doctor."

"Look here"—Letty sat down suddenly on the dressing-table chair. She looked around at them. "Who are you talking about?" she asked.

"Why—Doctor Roberts," the Spinsters chorused.

"Oh!" It was a very faint oh. "Doctor Roberts!"

"Letty"—Cathy Winters viewed herself pensively in the glass—"do you suppose he'd consider himself too old for me? Do you think I could interest him, Letty? Honestly?"

"No fair, Cathy!" said Gen. "I've had three dances with him to your one. I'm going to date him up or break my neck trying."

Letty stared at Gen.

"Well, where do I come in?" Ardis pushed herself to the front. "I'm older than any of you. I'm twenty. And I have the next dance too. Listen, best man wins. Oh, isn't he slick?"

Letty transferred her stare to Ardis.

"What's the difference between eighteen and a half and twenty?" put in Cathy in a hurt voice. "What's the difference, I'd like to know? Letty, don't you think he'd just as likely be interested in a girl eighteen and a half as in a girl twenty? Don't you, Letty? You know him a little, on account of the treatments."

Letty was staring at Cathy now.

"Of course Letty only knows him professionally," Gen put in.

Professionally! Letty's buttercup head went up.

"But she does know him a little," persisted Cathy. "What do you think, Letty? Is he highbrow? You know him a little."

"A little!" said Letty freezingly. "A little, did you say? I know him quite well, Cathy Winters. I know him about as well as I know any man in this town, I guess. He brought me to this dance tonight. It's my escort you're all talking about, I'd thank you to remember."

Head high, Letty left the dressing room.

"Now what?" asked the Spinsters of Gen Pierson.

"Wait and see," said Gen enigmatically. "You did fine, girls."

Dancing again. Letty Cranmer dancing with Malcolm Graham.

"I stood out there all alone, smoking," murmured Malcolm Graham into Letty's shell-pink ear. "I stood out there all alone, smoking, and looking at the night. I thought, 'Can it be possible she is really as beautiful as I'm remembering her?' I thought, 'Can it be possible?' Then you came out and you were more beautiful ——"

"Oh, hush," interrupted Letty. "Do be quiet just a minute, please. Do you see that girl over there? Blue eyes. Black hair. Dancing with Doctor Roberts."

"Yes."

"Cut in on her, please."

"Nothing doing."

Letty fluttered her eyelashes. "I'm asking you for a special reason, Malcolm," she said wistfully.

Malcolm cut.

Letty sighed and relaxed in Doctor Roberts' arms. She looked up at him. It was romantic to be a doctor. He was young and good-looking. She knew him only professionally, did she? She, Letty Cranmer! She let her hand creep up a little toward his collar. He was a little stiff, the doctor. Totally unaware of her. Angry, even. Jealous?

Letty thrilled at the thought.

"I'd like to go home," she said in her most plaintive voice. "I'm afraid I'm not strong enough yet for all this."

Silently he helped her into his car. Silently he drove her home. His eyes were straight ahead all the way. Anger was becoming to him, as Gen had discovered. Anger in a man was thrilling to Letty Cranmer anyway. Men in Cheswick didn't become angry with Letty Cranmer.

They stood again on the steps of the Cranmer house, steps worn by the not reluctant feet of all the eligible young men in Cheswick.

"Well, I'm ready to pronounce you a cure," said Doctor Roberts shortly. "Good night."

Letty's eyelashes fluttered many times. Men in Cheswick didn't leave Letty Cranmer in this fashion. He was striding down the steps. Letty went three steps after him. She caught his arm. They looked at one another.

Letty looked very delectable. The moon was on her buttercup hair again, and her eyes were deep, wistful pools.

"I've been thinking," she said slowly. "I've been thinking I'd try your latest prescription. You know. An affair with a new man, you said."

"I said 'man,'" he reminded her crisply. "I didn't say college freshman! Jazz hound!"

"But"—Letty raised her eyes and tilted her head back. She tightened her pressure on his arm. "But you're the only older man I know and—and"—tears hovered in the overtones of Letty's voice—"your interest in me is only professional."

Doctor Roberts was looking down into her eyes with that curious absorption of his.

"Professional, is it?" he inquired roughly. He caught her in his arms. "Is it? Is it professional?"

"Oh!"

"Is it professional?"

"Oh—no!"

Letty fluttered with a sigh into the midst of another emotional experience. And ten minutes later—ten minutes later on the worn steps of the Cranmer house ——

"Letty, darling, a—a doctor makes a heck of a husband." Doctor Roberts tilting Letty's face up to let the moonlight flood it.

"Oh, no," said Letty dreamily. "Why—being a doctor is just the most romantic thing in the world."

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THEY WHO LAUGHED

(Continued from Page 7)

guards are available on the spot. One of the battalions remains as garrison to the Tower; the other three, together with the dismounted cavalry, are already defending the northern, western and eastern approaches to the area. The southern avenues across the nearest bridges are still more or less open, and strong bridgeheads on the other side of the Thames are being thrown up by the engineers. The actual position is that four separate attacks from the north and east on this area have already been defeated with heavy loss by the infantry and cavalry, the two trench-mortar batteries and the one field-artillery brigade available. I regret to say that the other artillery brigade which should have started from its barracks at Woolwich three hours ago has not yet come in. There is a rumor—which I do not yet credit—that it has been ambushed in the streets and its guns seized by the Reds. But the thoroughfares are absolutely impassable to reconnoitering patrols, and the disguised scouts I have sent out have not yet reported to me. It would gravely increase the difficulties of our position if that rumor should prove true; but even if it is we can hold out for some days."

"What ground do we actually hold?" queried an anxious voice.

"We hold at the moment," replied the general, "a barricaded arc extending from Lambeth Bridge in the west, via Buckingham Palace, Pall Mall as far as the steps of the Duke of York's Monument, thence into St. James's Park, the Admiralty buildings, across Whitehall just above the War Office and through to Charing Cross railway bridge at the foot of Northumberland Avenue. It is an area too large to be defended adequately by our regular forces when and if the Reds make a real effort against it, but all territorials within the area, whatever their unit, have been ordered to mobilize at the nearest territorial depot. They are responding unanimously and will prove a most welcome reënforcement. The police are being formed into military companies. Civilians in the area are being rapidly enrolled as special constables and armed as far as possible. In addition, I am expecting a thousand naval ratings ordered up from the ships at Chatham and Sheerness, who should be already on their way in boats towed by ships' launches and escorted by whatever destroyers can be spared. They may be sniped at, but until the Reds get command of artillery they cannot block the river. Our guns at the Tower dominate the Tower Bridge, London Bridge and Blackfriars Bridge."

"What about food supplies?" interjected another anxious member.

"There is ample in the area for a week. The food shops are being taken over by the police, and their contents requisitioned. Furthermore, I have ordered that all food ships coming into the river shall be stopped, their cargoes transferred to lighters by naval ratings, and sent up here under naval protection. So long as our defense remains unbroken for the next six hours—and I have no doubt that it will—this area will be virtually an impregnable fortress, garrisoned by at least ten thousand disciplined men. I am confident that we can hold it until we can mobilize the army into an effective fighting force and march it to our relief. Within a fortnight from that day I will guarantee to crush this revolt—crush it utterly all over the country!" He thumped his fist upon the table against which he stood, looked round at the silent faces staring up at him. "I only ask for a free hand—and no namby-pamby interference."

There was a hushed pause. The old fighting chief's personality was formidably impressive.

"And may we ask what are your plans, general?" An elderly cabinet minister broke the silence almost awkwardly.

"Certainly. As you know, our mobilization scheme nowadays provides for the immediate mobilization of only two divisions. I have, however, ordered three divisions to mobilize with all speed at the three main depots in the country, one at Aldershot, one at Colchester, one at Catterick in Yorkshire. It is, of course, impossible to move them by rail. The whole railroad system of the country is paralyzed. The three divisions will converge on the capital by route march, and effect a junction on the Great North Road. And then I propose to march in and wipe these people up."

"H'm! It's going to be rather a sanguinary business, I'm afraid," gloomily remarked a minister, renowned for his oratorical successes in the House.

The general glared at him.

"What do you expect, sir?" he said harshly. "Government isn't run on debating society rules just now. There's only one way to deal with these people. Kill them. If you don't they'll kill you. I propose to kill so many of them that—just as after the Paris Commune of 1871—nothing more will be heard of Red revolution for half a century. They are a poison in the blood of the country, and if this country is to survive, that poison must be purged out of it. Do you agree with me, sir?" He turned to the fatigue-worn Premier, who sat thoughtfully tapping his pince-nez on the blotting pad in front of him.

"Yes, yes. I suppose so. But I hate the idea of so much bloodshed. They are our own countrymen, remember. This revolution must, of course, be crushed, whatever the costs. But I sincerely wish there were some less terrible way of doing it."

"Believe me, sir, there is not. If anyone can suggest a way of meeting force without force let him do it. Listen!" He indicated the din of battle outside, sat down triumphantly.

A junior member of the cabinet—he had been a distinguished temporary soldier in the last war—had, to the surprise of the professional politicians, been allotted one of the minor offices in this government as a recognition of his talents as an organizer rather than as a speaker—rose somewhat diffidently to his feet, addressed the Premier:

"May I say a word, sir?"

"Certainly. Certainly." The Premier nodded encouragingly at him. "What have you to suggest?"

"I want to suggest another method of handling this situation, sir. The commander in chief says there is only one way of dealing with these people—to kill them. With that opinion of the general I venture to disagree."

"If you don't they'll kill you!" interjected the general. "First chance they get!"

The young man smiled, shrugged his shoulders.

"Doubtless they will, if they can. I'm under no illusions as to their amiability. They are poisoned with propaganda, turned into homicidal maniacs by mass suggestion. Most of them do not really know what they are doing. They are brainsick—pathological cases. My formula for dealing with them is not kill, but cure. There are something like five million concerned in this revolt all over the country, and, as the Premier says, they are our own countrymen. We can't kill them all. And if we kill enough to crush this revolt, to drown it in its own blood—what is left? A bitter heritage of hatred, a canker of revenge that will one day break out again. I venture to say that there are not five thousand convinced revolutionists among that five million. And—having personally met quite a few of them—I am convinced that not five hundred of those revolutionists have brains and character enough to organize any revolt that is more than a local riot. They are merely agents, obeying implicitly the orders of a central caucus of exceedingly clever and determined men. I doubt if there are fifty in that caucus. I propose to seize those fifty men. The commander in chief can then by all means shoot them after court martial." He smiled at him.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the general. "How the devil are you going to get those fifty? They take good care of that. You've got to fight your way through their masses to reach them. Short of magic—it can't be done!"

"I think it can. Not by magic—but by the use of modern scientific appliances. The commander in chief, sir, made no mention either of the air force or of the tanks as a specific arm ——"

"I'm going to use 'em, of course!" interrupted the general. "I'm going to do some pretty intensive bombing with those aeroplanes ——"

"And incidentally destroy a great deal of valuable property as well as innocent lives." The young man turned again to the Premier. "Sir, I don't want to hamper the commander in chief's preparations in the least. By all means, I suggest he should be authorized to carry out his plan. But—even if there is no disaffection in the army, as the Reds confidently anticipate there will be—it will be at least a week before his three divisions can concentrate in the vicinity of the capital. For that week I want to be given one-half of the Tank Corps and one-half of the Air Force. If at the end of that week I have not, I do not say crushed, but dissolved this revolution, I engage to deliver them back to him at whatever point he may ask for them. Sir, I beg of you to let me try!" He finished with an earnestness that was impressive.

"There may be disaffection in the Tank Corps also," murmured a skeptical cabinet minister.

The young man turned to him.

"I have thought of that. There are many hundreds of loyal civilian motorists in this area. I propose to enroll two hundred at once as special constables, and transport them in motor cars—we can easily mobilize sufficient—to the tank depot in the southwest of the country. The commander in chief says that the southern bridges are still open. I'm confident we can make a dash through. Any experienced motorist can drive a tank. Whatever disaffected personnel exists in the Tank Corps—and it is a superior type of personnel, remember, unlikely to be revolutionary—will promptly be replaced."

"And then what are you going to do?" asked the Premier doubtfully. "Fight your way through the city?"

The young man smiled.

"More or less, sir. Less I hope. Sir, if the commander in chief will look among the pigeonholes of the War Office he will find a scheme prepared by his predecessor when a similar situation threatened three years ago. The storm did not burst—and the scheme which was made ready in every detail was not put into operation. I happened to be one of those who devised that scheme. I want cabinet authority to use it, and to be given access to the material then accumulated at the strategic points where it still lies ——"

The commander in chief half rose to his feet. He spoke angrily:

"I must protest, sir, against any squandering of the national forces in this emergency! I am either in supreme command or I am not. I cannot undertake this vitally serious task if half—or indeed any—of my forces are withdrawn from my orders to be employed on visionary schemes!"

The Premier soothed him with a melancholy, strained smile, a deprecating gesture.

"Our young friend pledges himself to restore you his tanks and aeroplanes by the time you will want them, general. Let us hear his scheme."

The young man bent down, took up a leather portfolio, brought out a sheaf of typewritten documents.

"This is a rough copy I happened to retain," he said. "With your permission, sir, I will read it to you ——"

It was the fifth day of the siege. Restricted a little in its area by locally successful Red attacks, nevertheless the entrenched arc behind which the government was fighting for its life still held. For five days the din of battle had been incessant. Ensconced behind immense barricades of excavated street paving and the heaped-up débris of eviscerated houses, the opposing riflemen and machine gunners broke out into a vindictive fury of rapid detonations whenever, for the briefest moment, a target presented itself. Lurking high up on roofs, behind sandbagged windows, sharpshooters on both sides sniped pitilessly, murderously, into the all but deserted streets behind those obstructions. On both sides, zigzagged trenches ran to the front line. On both sides, field guns in concealment behind mounds of rubble crashed deliberately, methodically, in bombardment of potential assembly spots, jumped every now and then to sudden paroxysms of deafening rapid fire as attacks developed in a feverish sinister hammering of small arms, a shattering reiterated disruption of trench-mortar bombs, a raving of human voices in shouts and shrieks—the whole wild tumult suddenly and abruptly quelled as the attack failed.

Those attacks were almost a relief in their opportunity to hit back. The Reds had captured the guns not of one but of two brigades, and evidently they had at least a sufficiency of trained personnel to work them, together with ample ammunition. Day and night, without intermission, the shells wailed over the roof tops, exploded devastatingly in the close-built houses where women and children huddled nervously in the cellars. The water supply had been cut off and, except for the localities where it was possible to run hose to the river, the overworked fire brigade, reënforced though it was by squads of civilian special constabulary, had the greatest possible difficulty in limiting, where they could not extinguish, the resultant conflagrations. Electricity and gas were likewise nonexistent in the besieged area. The nights were a Dantesque inferno, luridly illuminated by the leaping flashes of the never-silent guns.

The government forces still maintained themselves fiercely and stubbornly, but nevertheless, in that room where the Premier and the commander in chief associated themselves for an unremitting collaboration in all the multitudinous tasks of the defense, the position looked ominously grave. The three regular divisions, distant in the country, had indeed had to quell awkward mutinies in their own ranks, and were only now beginning to move out cautiously and slowly toward their ultimate junction. A number of the Air Force aerodromes had been insidiously sabotaged, their hangars set on fire and their machines consumed. The commanders of the three divisions complained bitterly by wireless of the insufficiency of the reconnaissance machines allotted them, clamored insistently for the return of those earmarked for that mysterious hush-hush force which included likewise half the tanks available. News from that forlorn hope had been sporadic, but encouraging so far as it went. Its last radio messages, from a locality a hundred miles distant, stated that it was now in a position to advance, would do so immediately. In the meantime it was known that the Reds, in complete command of the railway system, were rushing trainload after trainload of armed and organized men from the north. It was computed pessimistically that they had, at least, a hundred thousand propaganda-mad fighters concentrated to overwhelm that battle-worn, casualty-thinned, all-but-despairing garrison in an imminent and final attack.

General Minsky stopped for a word or two with a couple of red-sashed, red-badged

(Continued on Page 127)

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colleagues in the foyer of the Savoy Hotel where he had his quarters. The magnificence of that fashionable caravansary had sadly deteriorated. Its furniture was soiled and broken. There were great dark stains on the carpet eloquent of that day of agony when the screaming, panic-stricken bourgeois guests had been hunted down in their rooms and dealt with. Revolver-shattered mirrors on the walls were reminiscent of the unforgivable counter-revolutionary crime of attempted self-defense by such few as happened to be armed when the first rush burst in the doors. Under those starred mirrors, on the torn and defaced settees, Red Guards complete with rifle and bandoleer were laughing and drinking with short-haired, loud-voiced, blowzy girls. General Minsky gave them a scowl. Presently, when the urgent job on hand was finished and some of this irritating nonsense about equality could be dispensed with, he would see to it that his quarters were treated with proper respect. In the meantime—he turned bad temperedly again to his two colleagues.

"Vat? Vat ees eet you say?"

"There's a report of a counter-revolutionary force, general—came in action at dawn with our patrols on the western roads. Tanks and armored cars. They're still advancing—according to the latest news." The speaker, a haggard-faced, wild-eyed young man, was white with anxiety. He knew well enough what would be his merited portion if the bourgeois machinery of the law should ever function again. "Our chaps don't seem to be able to stop the infernal things."

"Don't you think we'd better call off this morning's attack on Whitehall, general?" asked the other, a stocky pugnacious-looking fellow who in private life had been alternately a third-rate pugilist and a burglar. "We'll want all the guns if they're going to attack with tanks."

General Minsky considered a moment, the clawlike fingers of one hand caressing the jaw under his big nose.

"Yes. Countermand ze attack. Take 'alf ze artillery. 'Ave ze guns posted so zat zey command ze streets by vich zey come—not too far forvard. Set ze bourgeois population of ze district to make barricades an' tank traps across ze road—sousands of zem—men, vimmen an' shildren—an' see zat zey are in front ven ze tanks come." He grinned evilly. "An' let zose tanks get some vay into ze city. Zey vill nefer get out again. Eet ees not possible to fight a vay into a big city like zis—eet nefer 'as been done. Zey vill be trapped, destroyed. Order up zose new brigades from ze nort'. Let zem get blooded. See zat zey 'af plenty bombs. Post zem in ze 'ouses. Explode ze roadvays as ze tanks come on. Ve vill eat zem up. Qvick now!"

"Very good, general." The two subordinate generals turned to depart. Their superior called them back.

"An' seize ten sousand more 'ostages," he added, sharply. "An' shoot zose ve 'ave, fife 'undred for efery fife 'undred meters ze tanks advance—an' let ze tanks know it."

"That's the ticket, general!" replied the haggard one, a sudden insane glee lighting up his eyes. "Strike terror into 'em—that's the only way. We 'aven't exterminated 'alf enough of 'em yet."

"Get busy now!" The general snapped at him. "I mak' you responsible for zat sector. If you do not stop zem—you go against a vall yourself. You understan'?"

The young man saluted, turned away quickly without reply, pushed his way through the revolving doors with a mutter of savage curses. That old devil, Minsky, was a perfect fiend—he knew him to be as good as his word. Already he had shot half a dozen of the most prominent moderate Socialists by way of encouraging the rest. The haggard-faced young man had himself carried out the execution. At all costs, he must stop those confounded tanks! He shuddered as he remembered how those Socialists had screamed that they had always been good revolutionaries.

General Minsky smiled cynically to himself as he followed his subordinate out through the revolving doors. That was the way to get things done, he thought, as he got into the luxurious car requisitioned for his particular use. It was a way that, in his long and lurid experience, had never failed of efficacy. A fully armed Red Guard jumped to the seat beside the driver, looked round to him for his orders.

"To ze Mansion 'Ouse! Qvick!"

The central group of revolutionaries, native and alien, who were controlling this revolution wherein—thanks to the uncompromising insistence of the supreme authorities on their own experts—he had the chief executive military command, was there in daily session. Apart from the Westminster area and the still uncaptured Tower of London, the Reds were now in undisputed possession of the whole of the metropolis. But, until such time as the traditional seat of authority should be seized, the newly formed Soviet government had located itself in an inner fortress behind the barricaded streets inclosing that strategic and economic center of the city where the main arteries east and west, and north and south, came to a junction between the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange and the Mansion House. The Royal Exchange had been found convenient for the central revolutionary tribunal.

He might just look in there, he thought—it amused him to see the scared bourgeoisie hauled up, all torn, dirty and bedraggled, before their cigarette-smoking judges. Those exponents of revolutionary justice had evolved an ingenious shibboleth for counter-revolutionary guilt or innocence. The prisoners were allowed a few words in answer to a brutally insulting interrogatory. Those who aspirated the letter *h* were instantly condemned. The general could not quite appreciate the lingual delicacy in the procedure, but the result was plainly and obviously fully satisfactory. Yes—he would give himself the pleasure of looking in there—he might even spare ten minutes for the vast hall of the adjacent Stock Exchange where, behind carefully locked doors, with motortrucks outside making the maximum of noise from engines whose exhaust silencers had been removed, the machine-gun squads disposed of the doomed men and women who, for additional sport, were allowed to run about in a brief agonized attempt to escape from the cross fire of bullets. He glanced at his watch. Yes. He could spare half an hour for this recreation. And then he would go and argue with those exasperatingly impatient, merely political leaders who thought that one could seize a strongly garrisoned area like Westminster by merely wishing for it.

They were going to decide, too, on the distribution of some of that Bank of England gold. He'd have to tell them about that tank attack. Bah! He knew the disposition of the counter-revolutionary forces—three weak divisions a long way distant from junction. This would be only a reconnaissance. Tomorrow they would certainly capture Westminster—and the counter-revolutionary armies would dissolve with the government they represented. Then the still counter-revolutionary fleet would surrender also, under orders from its own admiralty. Yes, yes. It had—just as all along he had prophesied—been even easier than in Russia. He acknowledged the salute of a Red Guard as his car passed the gap in a barricade—he had insisted on discipline in the Red Army, shot three insolent fellows who had refused a salute. Yes—he'd stay in this country—for a while anyway. He felt his mouth twisting into an involuntary ugly smile—thought of Comrade Baxter that first day upon the plinth—"Laugh, damn yer!" Yes, he did laugh—like hell.

The officer commanding a section of those tanks looked out of the slots in his conning tower, as his machines—six of them in double file, each with an attendant supply tank—rolled with a deafening, crashing clatter of their endless tracks, at fifteen miles an hour, along a wide deserted suburban main street. The shops on either hand were closely shuttered—here and there, one had been burst open, gutted. Ahead of him, a scar across the roadway indicated a recent excavation—possibly only for repairs to a gas or water main. The two leading machines halted, depressed the guns in their side sponsons, fired in a quadruple sharp detonation at that suspiciously disturbed road surface. There was a wall of sudden flame and smoke, an appallingly violent explosion—another of their confounded land mines had been dealt with. His tank rolled on again, lurching sickeningly as it dropped into and climbed noisily out of the deep transverse cavity that resulted.

The officer imperturbably consulted his street map, looked around him for identification of his whereabouts. Yes—the next bend in the road should bring him into a straight stretch leading to a triple street junction where a reconnoitering aeroplane had previously reported a formidable barricade. A squadron of aircraft was scheduled to coöperate with him in its reduction. He opened the manhole of the conning tower, scanned the blue sky. There was no sign of them. Delayed somewhere. He shrugged his shoulders. He could not wait—must keep to the time-table laid down for him—must be punctual to that eventual rendezvous with those other tanks similarly advancing by other roads. The only danger was that the Reds might have field guns in that barricade. If so—well, then, his orders provided for the contingency. In such circumstances he was empowered to fire shell—high explosive or shrapnel, at his choice. A human vindictiveness in him hoped those circumstances would arise. It would be extremely satisfying to blow a few hundred of those murdering devils into another world. But his orders were strict—"Only if met by artillery fire not otherwise quelled."

They rolled on, came to the bend, rounded it. He saw the straight stretch in front of him—uttered a sharp involuntary ejaculation. Three hundred yards ahead it was filled with a great mass of humanity—men, women and children—that eddied and jostled wildly in a sudden frantic terror at their appearance. He could just hear their shrieks through the noise of his machines. Not Reds surely—that mob. There were well-dressed women, with babies in their arms. What was happening? The next moment, he discerned a great barricade behind that panic-stricken crowd—a barricade from which men with revolvers were shooting down the fear-mad wretches who vainly strove to climb it, were herding the mob of bourgeoisie into a great human barrier for their protection against the oncoming tanks. The inhuman cunning devils! A blind lust to annihilate them surged up in him. He suppressed it. Orders! He had seen no sign of field guns.

He shouted a command to the wireless operator within the tank, snapped down the armored covers on the conning tower, gazed out through the narrow window slits of thick glass. There was a rapid hammering of ineffectual rifle bullets against their armor, the muffled thud and shock of bombs around them. They rolled on at reduced speed—at a crawl—he must not crush those wretched people if he could help it. Halt! The two leading tanks stopped on the edge of that impenetrable crowd, fifty yards from the barricade. A number of long nozzles, like those of fire hose, protruded suddenly from rubber-packed apertures in the great machines.

The officer bent his head for a shout into the interior: "Let 'em have it! Compound A. Over the heads of the crowd!"

Instantly those nozzles spurted long streams of liquid at the barricade, at the windows of the houses whence men were hurling bombs with complete recklessness of the casualties inflicted on the helpless throng about the tanks. There was a brief wild clamor—suddenly, almost startlingly, hushed. The officer looked through the window slits at a fantastically comic spectacle. That crowd of men, women and children—the red-badged men upon the barricade—were alike in paroxysms of helplessly uncontrollable, wild laughter, while simultaneously they groped blindly with first one hand then the other dashing to their eyes. Some of them turned up ludicrously tear-streaming faces in a vain effort to see—while grotesquely, absurdly, they were immobilized in those spasms of strange, irresistible laughter. Immune within their gas-proof tank, the crew behind the nozzles laughed also in the infection of that hilarity. The atmosphere of terror of a moment before, of mortally vindictive mutual ferocity, had evaporated as by magic. Grim tragedy had dissolved into an excruciatingly humorous farce. The Reds had been converted into innocuous figures of fun. The men in the tanks cheered good-humoredly as they laughed at their contortions. Even the angry-souled officer found himself laughing. For three minutes by his watch, he allowed those streams of liquid to continue.

Then once more he bent down for a shouted order, "Shut off!"

Compound A—Lachrymatory-cacchinatory—had done its work.

He issued a sharp series of commands to the wireless operator below him. A moment later, from the six supply tanks behind issued squads of khaki-clad soldiers in gas masks. They pushed their way vigorously through the blind crowd still swaying and surging in its grotesque convulsions of wild hilarity, headed, some for the barricades, some for the houses where the Red bomb throwers had suddenly ceased operations.

Those gas-masked squads performed their job with disciplined swift efficiency. Sightless with the water streaming from their smarting eyes, laughing uncontrollably even while they tried to curse, utterly and ludicrously impotent, the Reds holding that barricade were expeditiously disarmed. Those few whose red sashes proclaimed they were in authority had their hands bound behind them and were pushed, still rolling with those involuntary spasms of laughter which choked the fierce vituperations they would fain have uttered, toward the supply tanks where they were flung like bundles upon the steel floor. The majority were herded into an adjacent mission hall, and the doors locked upon them. In half an hour or so, their artificially induced frenzy of hilarity would subside. But the lachrymatory effects of that gas would put them out of action for fully forty-eight hours.

The bourgeois crowd was carefully shepherded into a side street. The road was left clear for the further progress of the tanks. The officer in command gave the order. His great machine lurched forward with a roar and clatter of its mechanism, climbed ponderously over the barricade.

As it plunged, nose downward, to the street on the other side, he saw—far down that street—a couple of field guns being swung round toward them by a frenziedly active group of Reds. Good! He bent to shout an order to his gunners in the tank countermanded it abruptly. With an engine roar audible even through that armor, an aeroplane shot past them close overhead, no higher than the houses, raced at a hundred miles an hour along the street toward those yet unready guns. Under its progress as it approached them, the road surface was briefly wet. It shot over the guns while the Reds were still wrenching round the trails and instantly that group of men desisted from their work, performed humorously odd, spasmodic movements totally at variance with their original purpose. Gazing at them through the narrow eye pieces of the tank that roared and rattled toward them at its utmost speed, the officer perceived their faces contorted to fantastic grimaces, their hands now dashing jerkily at their eyes, now pressing at their flanks as they reeled in the unstable equilibrium of the spasms that shook them. They were helpless with maniac laughter—helpless

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GLOVES

The Vacuette Electric has no cords or switch in the handle. The safety switch is conveniently located on the motor where it can be operated with the foot.

The Vacuette Electric has unusually high suction, making possible unusually thorough cleaning of draperies, curtains, etc., with the many convenient attachments.

advantages no other vacuum cleaner has

12 remarkable labor-saving attachments ($12.00 regular price) FREE with this new electric cleaner

MAKERS of the Vacuette were not content to produce just another electric vacuum cleaner. They began by discarding many old principles of design. They added to real perfection as a cleaner, a new ease of handling—a new portability that women have always wanted in their cleaners. And they worked out the most complete, the most easily operated set of attachments ever applied to a vacuum cleaner.

Quickly Converted into a Hand Cleaner

In a moment the Vacuette Electric can be converted from a floor cleaner to a small, light hand machine as easily handled as an electric iron. It is just the thing for vacuum cleaning stairways, closed car interiors, mattresses, upholstered furniture. Just the thing for hard-to-get-at places.

Naturally, being built for portability, the Vacuette Electric is unusually light. Yet it is exceptionally well built of the finest materials.

A Great Improvement

You will be instantly impressed with the utility of the Vacuette Electric—the ease and speed of this time-saving, labor-saving cleaner. It is an improvement on previous practices just as the automobile today excels that of ten years ago.

Only by seeing and testing the Vacuette Electric can you fully appreciate its true worth. Study it first hand. See how simple it is! How handy and easy to use the attachments are. And bear in mind, you can buy it now, *the $55 Vacuette and the complete $12 set of attachments,* at only $49.50—our introductory offer. Phone "Vacuette" in your town—a Vacuette will be delivered to you for *free* trial. Or, write for our illustrated booklet, "Easier Vacuum Cleaning."

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THE SCOTT & FETZER COMPANY, *1916 West 114th Street,* CLEVELAND, OHIO · *World's largest manufacturers of automatic cleaners*

The Vacuette electric vacuum cleaner

(Continued from Page 127)

with blinding tears. They lurched and staggered sightlessly all across the path of the on-thundering tanks. The officer shouted an order to keep straight ahead, smiled grimly to himself as he did so. Thank heaven, those meticulously precise orders of his had said nothing about preventing Reds from committing suicide. If they insisted on being run over —— There was a little heave and scrunch as they went over one of the field guns.

The tanks continued their roaring, rattling progress along the suburban street. Ahead of them, half a dozen aeroplanes were wheeling and circling just above the housetops. Every now and then, a shower of liquid from them shimmered in the sun.

Within the great, lofty-ceilinged banqueting hall of the Mansion House the executive committee of the Provisional Soviet Government was listening exasperatedly to General Minsky's equally exasperated explanations.

"Vat can I do?" he almost screamed at the dozen wild-looking, white-faced men sitting round the table, gesticulating angrily at them with quivering outflung hands. "I 'af done eferysings zat eet ees possible—I cannot stop zem mit my bare 'ands! I 'af put up barricade after barricade. I 'af shot six section commanders zat 'af fail to stop zem. But still zey come on—eet ees not my fault—eet ees ze fault of ze propaganda committee vat 'af not made mutiny in ze tanks an' aircraft—eet ees ze fault of—of somevon, I know not—zat ve 'af not gas masks! I vos not to know. Zis ees somesings qvite new—somesings ve 'af not 'ad in Russia! Zey zhust come on as eef ze barricades—ze land mines—ze 'ole of our forces—vos not zere!"

The big butcherlike man with the flabby white hands leaned across the table to him, scowling evilly.

"You mean you can't stop 'em, Minsky?" he snarled at him. "You mean the game's up?"

The sallow-faced little general jerked his hands again.

"Yes," he answered. His evil face contorted horribly in the reluctance of his admission. "Ze game ees up—ve—ve 'af lost!"

The big man jumped to his feet.

"Damn you!" he yelled. He half pulled an automatic pistol out of its holster, glared murderously. "You've let us into a nice mess—you 'ave—you and your certainties!"

He found himself covered by Minsky's automatic, ready before his own, cursed savagely, impotently. "All right!—I'll leave the soldiers to deal with you. Come on, comrades—out o' this! We've got to make a getaway—and quick!"

The other men around the table likewise sprang to their feet. Minsky stopped them with a gesture.

"But vere you go?" he asked. "Zere is no vay of escape. Efery street leading to ze barricade round zis area 'ave tanks in eet—I try to get avay mineself—eet ees not possible."

The frightened little crowd checked in its rush to the door.

"What are we going to do then?" screamed one of them. "Wait and get caught here like rats in a trap?"

General Minsky grinned evilly, manically.

"Ve can do lots of damage before zey catch us," he said, with a sinister cold deliberation that arrested their attention. "Ve still 'old zis area—zey 'af not yet break troo ze barricade. Ve can blow up ze buildings 'ere—all ze important vons. Zey vill be mad mit zat—and per'aps some of us may get avay in ze confusion. I vill gif orders, vat?"

"I'd like to burn the whole city down!" exclaimed a puny little man, the myopic eyes insanely malignant in his white face. "It'd show 'em we could do something anyway. Go ahead, Minsky!"

"An' zat ees not all," pursued the general. "You 'af ze lists of counter-revolutionary prisoners, Baxter. 'Ow many 'af you shot?"

The big butcherlike man turned and looked at him.

"I've polished off lists A to G," he said sulkily. "There's H to S still in 'and—and there's the ten thousand 'ostages that we took this morning—they're all in the area—forty thousand in all—some of them in the churches, the others in the Stock Exchange and the big bank buildings—packed in tight—I wish I'd 'ad time to wipe 'em all out!"

General Minsky smiled his sardonic evil smile.

"Vy not, comrade? Vy not vipe zem out? You 'af not time for ze machine guns—but vy not blow zem all up? Eh? Zat vill be somesings before zey catch us, vill it not?"

The big man turned with a shout of viciously vindictive glee.

"You've 'it it, Minsky! We'll do 'em all in—every mother's child of 'em—I'll go and see to it myself." He stopped suddenly in his movement to the door. "What's that? Listen!"

They all stood motionless, listening to a significant droning roar in the air.

"Aeroplanes!" cried one of them. "Quick, Baxter—give your orders—blow up that damned crowd of bourgeoisie anyway while you've got time! What's that happening outside?" He rushed to a window, flung it open, looked out.

He jerked round—dabbing quickly at his eyes—burst out laughing maniacally at them. They stared at him bewilderedly in the instant before their eyes began to burn—before they also began to laugh hysterically, involuntarily—in a sudden terrifying blindness of eyes that streamed scaldingly, while still they laughed, laughed as though some fantastic magic spell were on them, laughed uncontrollably against an inward mad exasperation that became an impotent panic, laughed so that they reeled and shook and staggered and cannoned into one another, laughed so that they could not utter the vomit of curses that ought to have come fluently, savagely, obscenely, blasphemously, in an upgush of frustrated diabolism from their contorted mouths.

They were still laughing twenty minutes later when the squad of gas-masked soldiers entered the banqueting hall. They could not see those soldiers—could scarcely hear the tramp of their heavy boots in the torturing convulsions of that uncheckable tyrannous merriment which continued even when they felt their wrists seized, forced back in an unrelaxing, terrifying grip ——

As one of those soldiers afterward remarked, "They laughed like hell—gave me the creeps."

RIFFING WITH THE CHASSEURS D'AFRIQUE

(Continued from Page 5)

already the frontier of his land. Pebbles like giant eggs are forced down before the horses; they slip and stagger. Without a word we plunge into the inky stream. The horses snort and stretch to drink and then rush on. The relief of that turbid, muddy water surging up to our feet, then rising to our knees—what difference if we get soaked? It is liquid, and liquid is gold in the choking heat of Africa. The infantry ford the stream farther down, where the water is shallow, but the cavalry plunge through anywhere to save time. We mount the far side at the gallop and again amble across a dark mysterious plain, cactus reaching up to sting, and both horses and men steaming from heat.

Again the shuffle of motion on both sides. The infantry has come up while we waited in a field. Again the columns advance. The moon gleams steadily, the stars shine and the sinister rocky hills crouch toward us as the valley narrows. We move slowly, warily. Several times the colonel halts, peering all about, while the horses stand like statues until he again rides slowly on.

Suddenly the crack of a rifle. The wicked zing of a bullet whistling across our path. Now where are the clouds? Curse them, or rather, curse the moon. The white Arabian horses stand out clear in its soft gleam.

Another bullet zips among us. The horse two paces along wheels suddenly from the impact of the lead striking its rider's arm.

A volley of fire. A horse begins to kick and scream and another falls. In the mass of rock towering above us at the right there are dim flickers of light, indicating rifle fire. The infantry, like automatons, have already taken cover, are stretched prone in the tall grass, rifles ready to return the four A.M. salute.

"Disengage the route," is the colonel's curt command; we wheel silently left where the grass and cactus are to our waists, but where we still remain excellent targets for the Riff fire.

There is a rumble of hoofs, and a mountain battery, hauled by mules, plunges forward.

"Messieurs, await me here."

There are, indeed, dramatic values in the language of France—a gallantry, a politeness. It was the voice of the colonel, calm, unraised, as he dashed into the blackness that swallowed the battery.

A few seconds later the earth trembles as the battery of light guns hurls full broadsides into the gloomy hill, over which break also the first faint signs of day. The echoes reverberate up the valley. The Riff fire becomes desultory, then dies away. Throughout the din the horses—seasoned veterans—stand motionless. Again complete silence, broken a second later by an attack from the left across the valley, apparently from another hill farther on, now deep gray in the coming light. The colonel gives an order and a staff captain rushes across the plain at full gallop.

Charging Up the Cliff

"Wait and watch the fun," the colonel counsels grimly. It is a cavalry charge—a regular old-time dash—that has been ordered; the spahis, the finest horsemen in all the world, are to rush that rocky steep."

The native cavalry of the Sahara and the colonel's own, no longer in magnificent red cloaks of parade, but in dirty khaki, with only the splendid Arab turbans to give distinction. The squadron sweeps the plain like a roll of thunder, magnificent, though still dim and shadowy in the early light. They reach the steep cliff of bare rock, from the top of which the Riff marksmen pour down fire. Up they go, plunging on at full gallop. Several men and horses fall, rolling back, struggling, to the flat ground. We strain our eyes, just able to make out the mass now rushing to the crest. They open fire, the men hanging low over the horses' necks and pumping out death from their short magazine carbines.

The flashes of the guns become a myriad of tiny flame points like a swarm of lightning bugs. The horsemen are silhouetted a moment at the top—inky racing shadows against the gray sky. With a yell they disappear. The firing stops and again there is silence.

"I think we shall not have any more Riff for a while," the colonel remarks, then gives the forward order.

It is day. The sun rises above the peaks, grand and pitiless. The sky is cloudless. The colonel's orderly consults a pocket centigrade thermometer. We translate the temperature into Fahrenheit—105 degrees at sunup.

The colonel's staff, surrounded by the detachment of Chasseurs d'Afrique—the famous regiment of white colonial cavalry—rides in the center of the four advancing columns, two of which march stolidly at each side. They are, one each, Moroccan, Algerian, Tunisian infantry and a famous battalion of the Foreign Legion that has already borne the brunt of fighting in the Moroccan war. Out beyond the infantry, at the side and in front, ride the grim, silent, swarthy spahis. The mountain batteries, with their mule ammunition carts, bring up the rear. We move slowly, carefully, cautiously. One never sees the Riffians—that is the great trouble. They harmonize perfectly with the scenery and their rifle aim is deadly.

Two aeroplanes, out from Fez at dawn, circle above. We get heliograph signals that no enemy is in sight. Nevertheless, we do not hurry the advance or slacken any precaution. The horses, satiny with sweat, move at a slow walk. The heat is appalling. Men drop occasionally and are carried back to the ambulances that roll along with the munitions convoy. More of the native troops than white succumb. The white man seems able to stand anything. But the uniforms and packs are too heavy for Africa. These men were recently on the Rhine.

For another hour we push on through the valley, then slowly climb a long, broad slope beyond which is another declivity, and beyond that the advance post which we intend to revictual and reman.

"Don't expect any trouble here—Riffs lying low—probably behind us now—all about anyhow—probably counted us all by now." The colonel grunted out the words as he ambled on, his long legs swinging at the horse's sides. He lighted a cigarette and peered keenly from half-shut lids.

He is a hard-boiled colonel; soldiering is his job; North Africa is his field of operations. He has been in Paris only once in twenty years. Yes, during the Great War, when he got there on a short leave. He wonders, idly thinking aloud, why correspondents come to his camp and tell him strange things about the great political interest that attaches to the Moroccan campaign. That is no concern of his. He only believes what he sees. However, if correspondents come, his orders from the general staff are that they ride with him. So be it.

"Then you do not expect a real fight today?" we ask.

"Oh, that!" he laughs loudly. "Not sure about that—just don't think we shall have any difficulty going in."

"Just what do you expect then—an attack on the post after we get there?"

Changing Battalions

"H'm—perhaps not then either—never know about these fellows—must expect anything. We leave one battalion there—those white fellows"—he pointed across toward the bronzed legionaries, almost as dark as the Algerians marching at their side.

"We bring a black battalion out—Senegalese—they're all in—our real trouble will probably begin when we get out."

"On the return march to camp, you mean?"

"The return fight, most probably you will call it."

One hundred and twenty and getting hotter. But not a sound from the Riff. We complete the operation of installing the fresh battalion within the post—but not silently. From the high ground we let loose hell from all our field batteries. It is the curtain of fire invented during the Great War, the barrage about the post to keep off a Riff attack while the heavy trucks of supplies lumber inside the stockade and the weary Senegalese plod their way out.

(Continued on Page 133)

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(Continued from Page 131)

The staff returns ahead to the hilltop and awaits them. We dismount, keeping a battery with us in case of emergency. At one side of us the charred remains of a Riff village—not a mud wall standing. No shelter there from the heat. On the other side is a clump of wild olive trees giving scanty shade. Under the biggest tree the muleteers park their animals, while we are still examining the surrounding country through field glasses, hoping for a glimpse of the furtive Riff.

Suddenly a spot on a distant hillside—a Riffian horseman. A curt order from the colonel and three shells speed toward him. He is off at the gallop, shells plowing the earth about him. The staff seeks the shade of the olive trees, the colonel sitting beside the mules, which have the best place. But he never thinks of disturbing the mules, so there they stay, sleepy eyed, lazily switching flies.

It is ten o'clock in the morning and 131 in the shade. We have been five hours in the saddle and our breakfast only lukewarm coffee.

"In the desert I've seen it 155—that's almost the worst I've experienced," the colonel comments, and an orderly slices a loaf of dry bread.

Thirst, fiery thirst. Throat parched and burning, lips swollen. We had drunk water earlier, greedily, such water as ordinarily we would not give our horses. Warm, impure, almost brackish, but liquid! It eased the contracted muscles of the throat. Then tea—that was better, only too much sweetened and leaving a heavy taste. Wine—the same thing—warm, polluted, leaving the same want for more—more of anything liquid, even if hot. The colonel produces absinth—the soldiers' drink of North Africa. What if it does bring madness? It alone combats the sun. It also is liquid—a liquid that eases the aching burn of the lips.

We lie flat on our backs to drain the flask, then lie gasping in the scanty shade, rolled almost beneath the somnolent mules. A bugle sounds and we are again in the saddle. We go back in echelon formation—that is, step by step, very carefully planned to avoid a surprise attack in our rear.

The worn Senegalese are now forward, encircled by the cloud of spahis. The batteries open a heavy barrage fire all about the rear and both sides. Small detachments of spahis circle far on the outside, smelling out trouble. A squadron of Chasseurs d'Afrique remains with the artillery, also the machine-gun companies attached to the retiring battalions. One battalion goes back to a fixed point, while the other, which has remained on guard in battle formation—men lying on the ground with rifles aimed, behind piles of dirt or stones—then retires in turn to the still farther fixed point in the retreat.

The Sirocco of the Sahara

A line of smoke appears on the ridge only a few hundred yards in the rear of the mounted staff, which has hung back until all the infantry is on its way. The Riff have crawled through the tall grass and scrub palm. They have set the field afire to prepare a barrage of their own. The smoke screen is perfect and through it again comes the enemy rifle fire. Horses again kick and scream in death agony, and men fall. A company of Algerians comes back on the run; they hurl themselves to the ground. Sheets of flame burst from their rifles. The machine guns bark angrily while the cavalry herds the staff out of immediate range. The entire line behind is now a leaping fire—all the fields ablaze—hazy forms of the Riffians on the other side. But the sun has gone. What does that mean? Suddenly the world is gray. Skies dark. Does it mean rain? What joy! No; impossible for rain so soon. The baked earth must continue to bake for many weeks.

The colonel hastily calls his officers, who then ride off in swirls of dust. With the darkness comes wind—not cool, refreshing wind, but hot, blasting, as if the door of an overheated furnace had been opened in one's face. It is the dread sirocco of the Sahara—a blast out of hell itself. It may blow for minutes, for hours or for days. It is worse even than the sun. The day gets darker, but there are no clouds. The darkness comes from the tiny particles of sand that completely fills the air; sand that gets into the eyes, the ears, the nose, the throat and almost strangles. Dust flies everywhere.

The wind is almost a hurricane, and always that appalling breath of fire. The blaze in the fields is swept out before this outburst of Sahara wrath, come hundreds of miles to have its say in these war operations in the Riff.

All objects become dim. The returning infantry column just beside us becomes a dark blur. We dismount and hide our heads against the horses, which hold their own heads close to the earth and tremble. There is nothing to do. We wait, simply wait. The wind shrieks and whistles, and we cling to the horses for fear of getting separated.

Detour—Ford Closed

The sun again—the blazing sun—just as quickly as it takes to tell it. The day is again fair, the skies blue, the ground the red of fire-baked clay. We stare about, dazed, then wipe the streaks of dust and dirt from our faces, as stiffly, painfully we again clamber into the saddles.

We are near the plain through which we marched that morning before the dawn. A young lieutenant of chasseurs rides furiously toward us, throws himself from the horse, rushes to the colonel. There is a quick consultation and a volley of rapid orders, while a half dozen officers gallop away and the heliograph clicks out a message to the commander of the Senegalese some distance nearer the camp, ordering a halt.

The Riff, it seems, have taken the river ford where we crossed in the morning, have machine guns posted in the rocky crags on either side and are able to rake us mercilessly with their fire. So we will go by another way, a harder way, and dangerous, but it is the only way. We detour up a rock cliff, steep as a staircase. The horses have taken on new life since the sirocco has passed; they go at the hill on the gallop to get it over with. The rocks are slippery and treacherous, but on we plunge to the top, where we take new observations. Spahi outposts are stationed on every hilltop, motionless as statues, under a sun that blisters.

Below us is the new path to the River Ouergha—a narrow defile cluttered with fallen bowlders, high rocky walls on one side and a sheer drop of several hundred feet on the other. The infantry are already struggling down, single file, sweating, swearing, slipping and clutching at the cliff for support. The cavalry wait. Machine guns are posted to guard the descent against an unseen enemy.

We look down fearsomely. How can horses ever make that descent? How can they surmount the big bowlders that litter the path? The path itself is solid rock and steeper than a stairway. A misstep means a plunge over the cliff to the river. Several men dismount, but the colonel calls to them.

"Better ride," he advises; "the horses are surer-footed than we are."

We ride, lying almost flat back on the animals' haunches. They hesitate, snorting; some of them plunge and rear before, gingerly, daintily, certain as cats, they make the start. Sometimes there is a slip, a snort of fear, and a cry from the rider for those behind to halt until his animal is again ready to go on. The reins lie idle—any attempt to guide would be certain disaster. We just keep on going, swaying far back in our stirrups, until finally, with vast relief, we all come safely to the bottom.

The horses struggle wildly over big cobblestones to the river. They rush in until the water comes almost to the saddles, burying their heads in the stream, guzzling and snorting. We wait. No use to urge them; but the turbid, brackish Ouergha is not tempting, even to our parched throats. We welcome, though, the water that laps about our legs. Another hill to climb, rocky but smaller and with room to maneuver, so up this we go at full speed and are on the stretch for camp. We have forded the river well below the Riff ambush installed at our first crossing.

No more fighting, no more alerts—just a steady, slow jog for five miles under the noonday African sun. The Senegalese are already home. The mules of the batteries slug along beside us and only the spahis keep the rear guard.

Ten hours in the saddle all told. The horses' heads droop. Fifty men have fallen in their tracks in that last hour. Camp is sighted, silent, seemingly deserted in noonday torpor. The Senegalese have dropped wherever they happened to be, sprawled at the roadside, some lying under wagons, wherever they have found a few inches of blessed shade.

Our horses turn to their own corrals automatically, each animal in his proper place. They know they are at home. They have done their bit of Riffing for that day. Their riders may walk the remaining yards to the officers' quarters. They will not budge another foot.

We fall from the saddles, literally, and stagger to the tent—parched, blinded by the sun's fierce glare. The tent stifles, but it is dark. An Arab orderly holds out a bottle filled with warm absinth and water. We would drain it to the last drop, but he touches us on the shoulder, signaling it is not good to drink so much all at once. We restrain ourselves a moment, then empty a full canteen of lukewarm water. Liquid—liquid gold.

Siesta Till Sundown

The colonel strolls in, lighting a fresh cigarette and hurling his cap on a camp bed. He kicks off his long cavalry boots, revealing black silk socks of first quality that might have come from Paris. He shuffles his feet into big floppy red-leather bedroom slippers. His long khaki shirt, that hangs to his knees, and that he has worn all day, is now open to the waist and reveals that he wears nothing underneath. He yawns prodigiously, then yells for the cook to announce his return and his hunger.

"Civilization in a war zone is very uncomplicated," he philosophizes, as he kicks up the dust with a bright-red-slippered toe.

"We have chicken—plenty of chicken," the cook announces.

"*Alors, tout de suite*—it's always chicken, though—the curse of Morocco—in every Arab back yard!"

He reaches for the absinth bottle, then stretches his lean length on the bed, making smoke rings above his head. The hospital report is handed to him. He grins at the few casualties of the day's operation.

"Thought there would probably be more," he opines, blowing smoke rings.

The staff straggles in. The meal is served. The colonel talks about the Sahara, its silence, its mysteries. He whispers to an orderly, who goes out, returning in a moment with a bottle of champagne. It is warm champagne, disgustingly sweet, but it is greeted with cheers. The staff officers go to their own tents. The colonel again throws himself on the cot, flicking the cigarette through the tent opening.

"The siesta," he murmurs drowsily. "Ah, the siesta—it gets you—in Africa—must sleep in afternoon—too damned hot—can't help it—you'll come to it, too, if you stay—great idea—rest—got another post to relieve in the morning."

The colonel sleeps. The camp sleeps, except for the sentinels and outposts. Siesta—the opiate of Africa—until the sun goes down.

Another post is to be relieved in the morning. It is farther back in the Riff land. The march begins at midnight.

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SALT OF THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 11)

"They have the innocent appearance of a pair of twelve-button rattlesnakes," said Brennan.

"I'm worried to think they noticed my interest. I hardly glanced at them at the office. They must have followed me back."

"Suppose we see."

But a discreet inquiry at the desk brought the reply that Villard had been a guest of the hotel for some weeks.

"He's a rich miner," said the clerk. "He has a partner with him sometimes. That's an Indian named Joe with him now. They talk together in Indian."

"What kind of an Indian?"

"Search me."

They crossed to the elevator without glancing toward the pair beside the palm; but when they had turned the corner Brennan asked Donovan to go on up to the room.

"I want to find out about that Indian," he said.

"Who from?"

"From him. I know a little Indian myself. Maybe he talks a lingo I can recognize."

"He won't say much to you, I'm afraid."

"I don't ask him to say one word. Let him talk to his ugly boss while I listen in from that chair behind them."

"What did you learn?" asked Donovan ten minutes later, when Brennan slipped through the door.

"I learned a-plenty." Brennan grinned at the recollection. "Joe is a Cuchan Indian—I could understand almost every word he said. You don't know the name? The Cuchans are often called Yumas nowadays. I felt pretty sure he was of Yuman stock when I saw him, he was so proud of his long hair. The first phrase I heard told me what he was; he replied, '*Es-me-deek*'—'Don't know'—to one of Villard's questions. The Mohaves are Yuman too; but a Mohave Indian would have said *Es-e-me-dic*. They were not talking about the mine, but about Joe's red *hoo-wee*, or dog, and about the *a-chee*, or fish, he used to catch in the river. The Mohave for dog would have been *hatch-oc-soc*. The Cuchan says *a-cha-whut* for red; the Mohave turns it end for end and calls it *cha-whut-a*."

"Ugh!" Donovan grunted.

After a while they left for Coulter's office. Donovan found the ladies depressed and saddened, and Coulter himself in a mood of gloomy reaction.

"Quit it," he said, when they drew chairs to table. "You'd think we had gathered to arrange for somebody's funeral, which isn't my idea at all. What we've gathered to arrange for is a visit to this diamond mine."

"Masterson wouldn't tell me a thing," snapped Coulter.

Donovan winked openly at Brennan, who responded by grinning like a schoolboy; whereupon the ladies began breathing once more and showed an accession of cheerfulness, although not one word had been spoken to raise their spirits.

"Masterson wouldn't say," repeated Donovan in mock distress, making a comic face. "And now we have to find our mine without him. Dear me! All we know about its location is that it lies west of the Rocky Mountains. Probably it's not on any trail and not near any railroad. Dear me! It might lie in any wildest corner of ten states. Probably it consists of location notices crowded in among brush. Its geology may be anything. A corps of prospectors might comb desert and mountain for twenty years without seeing a diamond."

"Waste of time to try, if you ask me," said Coulter.

"Think of that! Yet friend Brennan here offers to place his finger on the map at the exact spot."

"Say that again."

"For a consideration," added Donovan, again winking openly at the survey man. "All he asks is the true answers to twelve questions."

"All I asked was one answer," said Coulter.

"What kind of questions?" inquired the younger woman.

"About the mine, roads—one thing and another. None of us can give him such answers, for we haven't the knowledge. But Henry Masterson has the knowledge. Judge Welshans has it. John Breede has it. Some of you know these men well enough to ask them such questions."

"They'd never answer them," said Coulter.

"Not if they knew their purpose. But here we have three men with the necessary knowledge. Suppose they were asked four questions apiece—not in a way to put them on their guard, but innocently, in casual talk, by different people."

"We'll ask these questions," said the younger woman. "I'll ask them myself, and get the answers too."

"Questions about the distance of the mine from the railroad, from the nearest water, the source of that water—questions like that; questions about trees, rattlesnakes, high mountains, the direction of the wind, the kind of rock."

"I don't see how any man could tell so much as the name of the state from twice as many," said the older woman.

"One fact will often narrow a hunt beyond belief. Want an example? You know Villard's Indian companion? Friend Brennan here thought he recognized his stock, and slipped up behind him to hear him talk. Sure enough, he was a Cuchan. A fact of no importance, you might say.

"Let us see. Where did Villard find this Indian? He speaks almost no English. Not a great way from home, you may be sure. Not in Utah—no Cuchans there. Not in Nevada—same reason. Not in any of the states north of these—no Cuchans there anywhere. Not in New Mexico—none there. Not in Eastern or in Northern or in Central Arizona. Where, then? The Cuchans are a Colorado River tribe. See how that one fact narrows our search?"

"It does!" cried Coulter. "That means the Colorado Desert!"

"In that case Villard would use a Yuma train. Yet in that office I visited this afternoon I saw a Coast Line time card on the wall, with a check mark against the Los Angeles daylight train. Why this train and not the other?"

"He changed to another road," said Coulter.

"You can narrow the argument still further. Another road, yes. But this other road runs a through train direct from San Francisco. He could have taken this train without having to change at Los Angeles. Why didn't he?"

"That's pulling it down!" cried Coulter. "His station lay between Los Angeles and the junction point, and wouldn't be reached by this train."

Donovan smiled at his revived spirits.

"Do you see? We took two facts, apparently of no importance, and through them placed our finger on the point at which Villard leaves the railroad when visiting his mine."

"The point at which Jimmy must have left it," said the younger woman softly.

"Yes; give us the answers to our twelve questions and we will place our finger on the mine itself."

"You shall surely have them!"

"Then," said Donovan, "here are the questions to be asked, copied and ready. Divide them among you as you see fit. Shall we say tomorrow night at eight? I plan to leave next morning on Villard's train."

"You and I!" cried Coulter.

"I'm going too," Brennan remarked simply.

"All three, I think," said Donovan. "We'll wire ahead tonight for our outfit."

Coulter leaped to his feet, exultant and eager.

(Continued on Page 137)

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(Continued from Page 134)

"Now I know where we stand. Let's have a little action!"

But the young woman beside him turned away to hide the pain in her gray eyes. She may have feared that he, too, might fall under the spell of the mystery. It was Donovan who spoke the word that calmed her.

"All three. We'll go together, and we'll return together, never fear. Tomorrow again at eight."

III

THE sky began to redden; the palms marking the springs fell behind; the horses settled down into their lifeless walk for the morning. Now and then, as some one brushed against a creosote bush, the smell of unseen dust mingled with that of pack leather to mar the sharp air.

"Item: The palms," said Donovan. "No others in a great distance. Right road so far."

"Yes. They don't grow wild farther north," said Brennan.

The delicate stain in the east crept higher. The blue-purple sharp-edged ranges on the horizon began to stand out more definitely from the desert floor. The shallow basin they were traveling grew narrower, then contracted into a wash. A mile or so farther and the mountains on the horizon had sunk below the rim of this, but not before their tips became touched with sunlight.

The last of these to go were the flaming peaks of St. Bernard Baldpate himself, two days' journey behind them, standing above the ranges between.

"Item: The high mountain they mentioned. Final view."

"We didn't need the mountain," said Brennan. "Mere confirmation."

The morning grew older. They climbed out of the wash not far from a buttelike range, followed the base of this round a spur, came out upon the mesa beyond. Their trail thereafter wound among the creosote, tarweed, greasewood, cholla and artemisia of the days that had preceded, except that these had been diluted until at times they seemed all but extinct. The desert likes to simplify its life.

Their first word of Jimmy Dixon came to them through the accident of a curiosity. The desert here contained much red, splashed by the infrequent gray of artemisia and the greenish black of creosote and greasewood, but with nothing in it of white. As they were trudging along the trail, suddenly a flash of white shot forth from the heart of a creosote bush a few rods off. The object resembled a small flower, and seemed visible only from the one direction. Coulter walked over to investigate. The flower proved to consist of a slip of white paper crumpled into a ball. This he carefully unfolded.

"Hey!" he cried a moment later; and immediately began upon a series of such dancings and leapings and twistings as that desert had seldom seen.

When he drew near enough he explained that the slip of paper contained a message from Jimmy. It read:

"Two hours behind V. O. K. so far.
"J. D."

"We're getting warm," was Donovan's comment.

Coulter began talking about sending a wire forthwith. Brennan made a note of time, place and the direction of the prevailing wind. The party moved on.

Thereafter they watched the scattered company of blackened shrubs as far as they could see them for further traces of Jimmy. But if he left other notes they had passed into other hands. The desert spoke but the once. Meanwhile the sun climbed higher, the reddish soil grew hotter, the air became more stiflingly dry, the odors of midday stronger, the local mirages more numerous, throats and tongues more parched. Even the ants, which thrive on heat like bees, had withdrawn to their burrows for an hour or two of shade, after prancing about on tiptoe from pebble to pebble.

Donovan had imagined he caught a glimpse of Villard at a distance in the Los Angeles station, but before he could call attention to him the man had disappeared. He and Brennan were alone; Coulter happened to have dashed off to the telegraph counter to send a wire.

Later he had decided he was mistaken. Certainly Villard had not taken train with them at San Francisco, for they had looked to see. Certainly, too, he had not left the train with them in the desert.

"Villard could not possibly have guessed what we were up to," everyone had agreed. "How could he?"

There was no way. Toward noon of this second day out, however, the question became revived. They had arrived at a fork in the trail, a branch leading off to the right toward a gap in the range on the horizon.

"Short trail to the other railroad," explained Brennan with a wave of the hand. "We might have used it coming in, but it's brutal dry. It joins us here because of our water hole just beyond." Then, as they came up to it—"Hello!"

"Hobnailed shoes!" cried Donovan.

Hobnailed shoes are common enough; every prospector wears them. They had seen such tracks at the springs where they camped the night before, for there were mines in the neighborhood. But these tracks, straight from the railroad, and headed so precisely for the spot upon which Brennan had put his finger, somehow spoke of opposition.

No word of Villard was uttered, but the silence with which they looked down at the trail in itself expressed their fears. They scanned the prints in the sand, then the road ahead. Then, as they moved on toward the water hole, each man surreptitiously felt out his pistol in its holster.

"He may have just happened to be visiting the mine," Coulter said at last; but his words had the force of a statement to the contrary. "Anyhow, he wouldn't stop at the water."

"Villard would have had the Indian with him," objected Brennan, likewise doubtfully.

Donovan scoffed at the suggestion, but a moment later he pointed out that the owner of the shoes had arranged the hobnails in a repeated pattern, as prospectors sometimes do, and that this pattern consisted at heart of the initial letter of Villard's name.

The water hole, a natural tank in the granite fed by a tiny spring, quickly told them what they had to expect. Instead of a supply sufficient for all, the tank was found to contain only traces of water, hardly enough to fill a teaspoon. The water itself had not failed. Villard had emptied it as with cup and sponge, and so recently that the walls were still damp, as was the sand in the wash below.

When they saw the wet sand they knew they were facing trouble. The next water was that in the well nearest the diamonds, twenty-two miles farther on. Villard would reach that well first. The next water beyond that lay twenty miles farther still. Their own reserve supply would not take them far. Coulter suggested a division of forces.

"One man might do it," he said, "where three couldn't. I know the road now. If you could stake me to a little spare water ——"

"Turn tail and not look for the boy at all?" asked Brennan. "Us?"

"The heat has gone to your head," said Donovan. "I made a promise to a lady."

"No, no!" cried Coulter. "Not you two!"

"Three," corrected Donovan. "All of us. A pair of Irishmen we are, and this is our own fight we're in. I did hear of an Irishman who ran away from a fight one time, but I never believed it. Our friend Michael Patrick Sullivan Callahan Brennan here never did. When we get word of the boy, maybe then we'll run—run toward him. Now listen, San Francisco man. This party is on rations. No water until we reach that next well; but you can give your horse a feed of barley. Twenty minutes for barley, then we take the trail to find what becomes of the rat tracks."

They fed the horses, then tramped on, hot, tired, smarting with alkali; and now as they walked the tracks in the trail imposed caution upon them.

When they came to a projecting ledge they stopped while one of them spied out the land beyond. When they climbed down into a wash one of them remained behind to watch the other bank.

The heat increased. The trail became cut across more frequently by coulees. Both men and animals struggled forward without spirit, the horses with flattened ears, the men with dragging feet. Even the whirr of rattles from the shade of a creosote bush hardly stirred them.

"I think we must have entered the desert," Donovan remarked whimsically. "This doesn't look like desert, but the sidewinder is a desert snake."

"He came out over the edge to meet us," said Brennan.

That greeting they were used to. Later they were met by another resident of the desert and greeted more startlingly. An aged prospector appeared on the trail ahead, leading a burro. As they drew near him he stepped aside to let them pass.

"Hello, Donovan," he said distinctly, using the Chicago name.

Donovan stopped; the others likewise.

After a moment he asked, "Haven't you mixed me up with somebody else?"

"Don't I know you, partner?"

"Did you think you had seen me before, old-timer?"

"A man down the trail told me your name was Donovan. He said I knew you. Sometimes I don't remember people very good."

"Friend of yours?"

"I didn't remember him very good, either."

"Tall and black? Narrow forehead? Face wide at the eyes?"

"That's the feller. He said your name was Donovan, and I knew you, and you was with a man named Brennan, but I didn't know him at all. He didn't tell me nothing of this third man. He said just the two."

"Now where did he get that idea of the names?"

"He must have noticed us before we noticed him," said Brennan. "And you were right about seeing him in Los Angeles. Funny, his missing out on Coulter. Even so, his running down the names would show he was a good deal smarter than we had given him credit for being."

"How far ahead was this man?" Donovan asked.

"Him? Five-six mile. Your hosses look wore out. You miss that tank back thar at the fork?"

"No, we found it."

"That diamond-head dipped out the water," Brennan explained.

The old man's eyes twinkled with a touch of amusement, as if enjoying the joke on them; then, as if remembering the kind of joke, he sobered into anger.

"Anybody camped at the next water?" Donovan asked.

"Not a camper."

"No prospectors working out from there that you know of?"

"Never heard of any. Fifteen year back they was some—not now. You can see the tunnel they driv in a cañon five-six mile further. Them's dry mountains. You find plenty of low-grade, like you can find most anywheres in this desert off and on, but what's the good? You can't 'draulic low-grade without water. I know fifty mile of pay dirt that all it needs is water."

"What about the spring beyond that?"

"That's a well, not a spring. Nobody is camped there—not that I ever got sight of. It's off by a dry lake."

"Ever happen to meet a young chap name of Jimmy Dixon?"

"Not that I remember—no, sir." Again his old eyes lighted with a gleam of amusement. "You boys officers? I dunno as I'd tell you anyhow, unless I had it in for him

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for some kind of hell he did underhand. Anyhow, I didn't see him."

Donovan extended his hand as they separated.

"Don't forget about that next water hole, old-timer. Tank's as dry as a bone."

"I calculate it'll have water in it by morning, if I make camp thar and wait out the spring."

"We heard," said Coulter, thinking of Jimmy.

Again men and horses dragged themselves forward. A wind had sprung up behind them—the daily gale that sweeps inland across most deserts. The wind added no vigor either to man or beast; rather, it subtracted vigor.

Added to the physical depression was now the mental. Not a man in the party but believed the old prospector had told the truth about the campers.

The afternoon grew old, until the sun threw level light from the west upon the stunted, straggling, repetitious tufts of grass or brush, changing them into forms and configurations and appearances wholly unlike the starved things that were burning. Then it became the ranges behind which threw the shadows, obliterating these. Even after sunset the red sky continued to throw hot light upon the darkened ground until it glowed dully like cooling iron in a mold.

They came upon the well as the sky began to fade into the brief gray of twilight.

"A twenty-nine-foot shaft with a pump," Brennan had said, "all boarded over and cleaned. The survey camped there three days one summer."

They saw the pump, saw also that the wash was deserted; then, still following the tracks of the hobnailed shoes, they descended into the wash and learned the rest. The pump had been robbed of handle and plunger; yet so lately had it been whole that the plank under the spout was still wet, the sandy surface of the wash still saturated from its last use.

Brennan, knowing the well, lifted aside two of the planks.

"Let's have a picket rope and a bucket," he said.

Two minutes later he announced what everyone could see, that Villard had likewise rendered this well useless by clogging the shaft with rocks.

Coulter began laughing mirthlessly; Donovan followed. For a moment no one spoke. The necessity for speech was not great. They had known all the while that the well would yield them no water. The discovering of this afresh through rope and bucket was humorous.

Then Brennan changed the subject back to Jimmy by suggesting that they give everybody, horses and all, a ration of water from their meager canteen supply, and then spend the night at the diamond mine. The cañon lay ahead three miles.

"I think we shall find important news of him there," he said, "even if we find no more than a diamond or two in a clay bank."

And no one took the trouble to point out that if the important news was in the same case with the diamonds, and the diamonds were in the same case with the water, and they had known all the while they would find none of that, to look for either news or diamonds by night, whether by moonlight or by starlight, was likewise a humorous act.

IV

THEY found Jimmy's claim toward morning, as the waxing moon was about to sink behind the mountain. It lay at a shelf, or fall, in the cañon bed a quarter of a mile or so below Villard's development work. By using matches they were able to read the notice.

"He wrote it," Coulter announced.

"The boy had a good eye," said Brennan appraisingly. "That ore body of Villard's is mostly clay cut through by this cañon. This wash is dry now, but I've seen it running a torrent after a storm. If that clay contains diamonds, you'll find them here below."

"These potholes were made to order," said Donovan.

In the diamond fields of Brazil, diamonds are commonly found concentrated in potholes in the beds of streams. Diamonds, being heavy, sink like gold. The potholes catch them. Being hard, they are not much affected by the grinding of gravel as the water churns in upon them, but may roll about in a pothole for centuries.

The larger of the potholes lay immediately under the fall, the lip of which consisted of a resistant shelf of freestone. The floods of winter during the ages had not only eaten into the bed rock under this fall, but the swirling current beyond had driven against one wall of the cañon and eaten out a second smaller pothole there, undermining the same resistant shelf and forming a shallow recess, or cave, so that a man could stand within almost without stooping, except for the gravel on the floor.

"The cañon is deader down here than it was above," said Coulter gloomily.

Brennan pointed out that the moon was lower, and besides, the claim down here had not been prospected, whether by Jimmy or by Villard and Florron, and virgin desert always looks dead at any time of day.

"Though why Jimmy tacked up this notice before looking for diamonds I don't understand."

Donovan suggested that he might have seen Villard's crew coming to run him off, and had to act quickly. Villard may have left up the notice, he added, with a side glance at Coulter, to insure Jimmy's recognition of the spot in case he became lost and wandered in a circle.

"When you run a man off a piece of land, naturally you help him not to return by mistake."

But Coulter was too downcast to respond.

"We know now he isn't here. I think we had better get back to our horses and go."

"And leave all these diamonds in the ground without turning a hand to uncover them?"

"Diamonds!" cried Coulter.

"Our intention was to expert this mine."

"Bother the mine! We are not going to risk our lives merely to prove there has been a swindle. For Jimmy, yes; not for a handful of money."

"Perhaps there was no swindle," said Donovan mysteriously.

"No matter."

"Much matter, surely. If there was no swindle, all that was at stake was this gravel on Jimmy's claim, which would not have made the least difference to Villard when he sold out. He might even have persuaded Jimmy to disappear for a few weeks. As like as not, he helped him put up his notice."

"That sounds reasonable too. But on the other hand, if there was a swindle ——"

"If there was, the difference to Villard when Jimmy found him out would have been one million dollars."

"You know Villard's a crook, and so do I," Coulter replied harshly. "You know Masterson found his diamonds on salted ground."

"We must prove that by making tests."

"Tonight? In the dark?"

"Yes; we might not have time in the morning. If we can prove the one fact, don't you see, we can return openly with an expedition, and then if there has been foul play, bring him to book? The diamonds and Jimmy are all bound up together."

"That sounds like good sense too."

"Don't look at it otherwise. This isn't a fight for diamonds. We're fighting to find a boy."

"I've been talking silliness!" cried Coulter. "Tell me what to do!"

Donovan suggested that Coulter and Brennan work in the open under the fall. Starlight is not moonlight, but desert starlight is often unexpectedly bright. He thought they could see to use a screen.

"Brennan will show you how to concentrate the stuff further. I'll take the smaller pothole in the cave yonder. I don't need a screen. I can tell rough diamonds by the feel. If diamonds ever came down this cañon we'll find them in one of these concentrations."

(Continued on Page 141)

What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Secretaries say:—

"Those awful waits while he chats over the 'phone."

"Nothing doing till 3 and then two days' work."

"No one else can read my notes."

"Hours wasted while he's in conference."

"I'm 10% secretary and 90% slave to my notebook."

"Yes, I do mind staying late."

"Cold notes are maddening."

"He talks so fast I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."

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What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Executives say:—

"If she could only take it as fast as I think."

"She can't help me with other things."

"If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind."

"Out sick, so my letters have to wait."

"Pshaw! She's gone. I'll have to wait till tomorrow."

"I had all this clear in my mind last night."

"She can't get out all she's taken."

"I'm forced to cut dictation short."

That's enough! I'll send in the coupon below on general principles.

Shorthand tied this man down with detail—

How much faster can a man clear his desk with The Dictaphone than with old-fashioned, round-about shorthand?

Answer: See this story of Mr. Dobie and our coupon below

FIVE departments under him—editorial, advertising, finance, business, circulation! His desk the "neck of the bottle" for a mass of detail!

Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., has to keep his hands on countless activities as vice-president and general manager of the Brewster Publications. Not two periodicals, either, but three—*Motion Picture Magazine*, *Motion Picture Classic* and *Movie Thrillers*—with a public of two million ardent screen-lovers!

Does he let details swamp him—so that he loses sight of the big administrative possibilities of his job? Not for one moment! As fast as work accumulates, it is disposed of—through The Dictaphone.

Mr. Dobie and his circulation manager reach an agreement in conference, and while the conference is still on, Mr. Dobie turns to The Dictaphone to confirm the understanding. The Dictaphone takes also his criticisms of the current magazines for the editorial department; his directions to the advertising and other departments; his instructions to the sales force; his correspondence.

And when a caller gives Mr. Dobie an important bit of information, or an appointment is made over the telephone, into The Dictaphone mouth-piece it goes before it is lost!

"Never a moment's waste of time, no friction—that's what The Dictaphone means to me," says Mr. Dobie. "In ten years of use I've proved that it doubles my output."

And that's virtually the testimony of Miss Bentley, Mr. Dobie's secretary. One hundred letters a day is Miss Bentley's average—*letters written once, not twice as with shorthand.* And since The Dictaphone saves her also the long "waits" for dictation, she has time to relieve Mr. Dobie of many executive details.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Dictaphone Sales Corp.
154 Nassau Street, New York

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I am a Secretary ☐ Executive ☐
(Check one)

☐ Please notify your nearest office to lend me a New Model 10 to try. I understand that this loan involves no expense or obligation.

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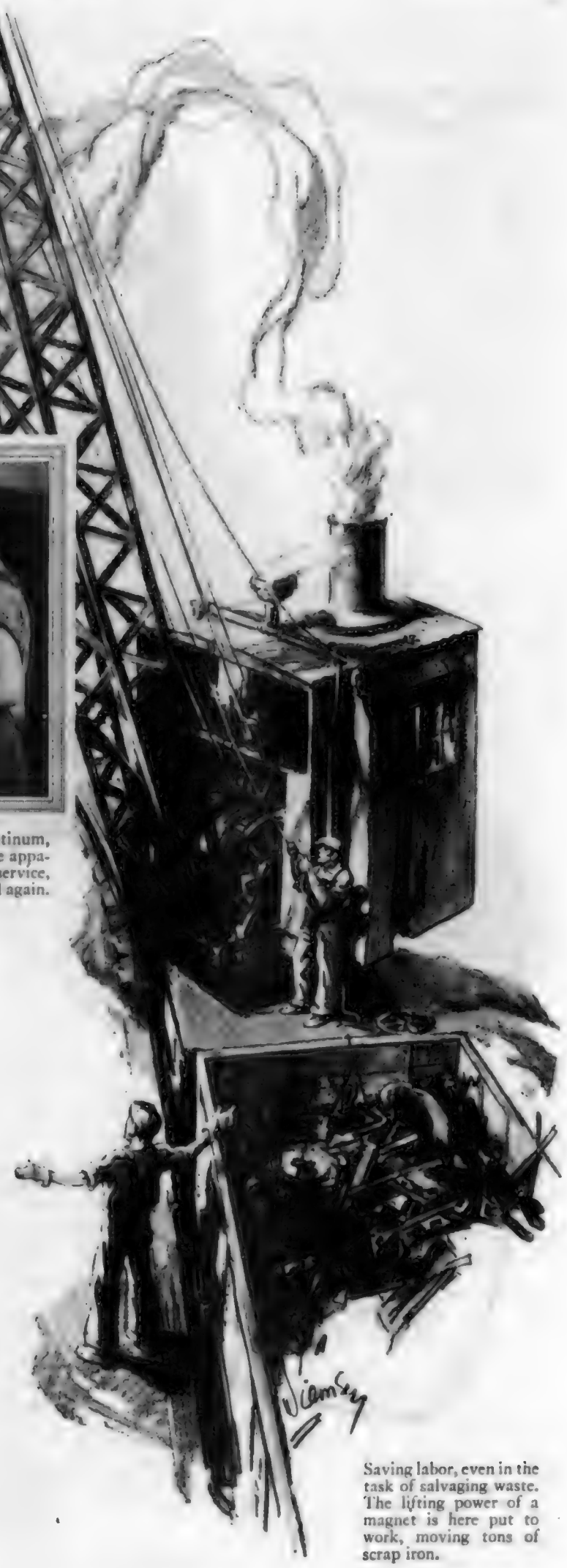

Saving labor, even in the task of salvaging waste. The lifting power of a magnet is here put to work, moving tons of scrap iron.

Cast iron *and* platinum *—precious metals both!*

If a pound of platinum is worth saving, why not a pound of scrap iron? This thought is the magic touchstone that makes even base metals precious at the Western Electric telephone factory.

But here modern alchemy is only one part of a highly organized battle against waste. Lost time, false motions in manufacturing, inefficient ways yield one by one.

Nor is this the work of just a few years. Your telephone today stands as a symbol of progress because generations of Western Electric experience have helped to make it so.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 138)

"Good enough for me," Brennan said.

"Bring on your screen," Coulter told him.

They went to work at once, Coulter and Brennan upon the gravel out in the cañon, Donovan in the whirlpool cave in the cañon wall. After that for a long time nothing was heard except the click of bowlder upon bowlder or the soft rippling swish of the screen. The night passed so. Dawn broke in the east. The edge of the sun's incandescent disk cut a distant horizon. Day returned.

Donovan, during the hours of darkness, had cleared away rocks, bowlders and pebbles from his recess until they formed a cone-shaped heap outside almost as high as the roof. Of the pebbles that lay on the bottom he had weighed or felt a vast number, each carefully, with concentrated attention. Among these he had found no diamonds, and he believed that neither Brennan nor Coulter as yet had found any.

Sunrise burst upon him as he sat thus fingering pebbles. The glow of dawn had not penetrated his workroom noticeably; the roof cut off that light. Outside, he could see the change; but he was too busy to give it much attention. Suddenly the sun, low on the distant horizon, swept in through the gates of the cañon, and instantaneously the tide of light flooded every corner, crevice and cranny of his cave, the rear wall, and even the ceiling, with blinding brightness. The floor lay too low—it remained in shadow. The brilliance pained his eyes.

He had seen the recess by moonlight and had seen its walls and floor under the light of a match. Now he saw the details of its geology. The hard sheet of rock forming the roof lay upon what seemed to be a bed of soft sandstone. This was the stone the water from winter cloudbursts had worn away. Immediately under the roof stone the rock may have proved to be especially soft; a cavity eight or ten inches high extended back in places beyond the harder wall rock beneath, like the space under the eaves in a barn.

His first glance showed him this. It showed him also the smooth surface of the soft red rear wall. It showed him more—it showed him that the smooth surface was not wholly smooth and that the eave space above was not wholly empty.

In the cavity under the roof he saw a felt-covered canteen that had been drilled through by a bullet, and a bundle of stained gray cloth that looked like a blood-soaked shirt. Scratched rudely upon the rear wall he saw the words:

"Shot by Villard. JIM."

"Hey! Coulter!" he cried, pulling himself together.

He felt the more eager to bring Coulter and Brennan to the scene because of the fear that the sunlight would pass. The words had been scratched in the soft stone in darkness, and because of the darkness had escaped notice. Possibly a match might light them enough to read, possibly not. He had not noticed them the night before when he struck a match, nor had he noticed the canteen or the shirt.

He had not known of his loss of voice until he came to cry out to Coulter. His parched tongue had pained him; suddenly it filled his mouth like a stuffed cotton stocking. It seemed impossible that the voiceless cry he had uttered could have been heard ten feet away. Yet it apparently drew a response. He did not catch the words. By some trick of acoustics they appeared to be spoken from a point on the mountain above.

"Come here quick!" he called, again in a whisper. This time he had no response.

The effort of raising his body had turned him a little giddy. The roof remained too low, or the floor too high, to permit his standing upright, but by bracing the curve of his back against the wall behind him and his feet against the heaped-up gravel he had been sorting, he was able to see out, except toward the sun. After a moment his giddiness passed.

Meanwhile he had noticed an odd new stillness outside. The sound made by two tired men screening gravel is not loud, but it is loud enough to be heard through a sheltered desert cañon at sunrise. Instead of repeating his call, he peered over the top of the gravel to see what had happened.

What he saw drove all thought of Jimmy from his mind, and all thought of cotton stockings too. Brennan and Coulter were standing side by side, with hands held high, looking intently toward the hillside above him.

Again he heard the voice from above, but by now he was able to understand the words.

"Higher!" he heard. "Higher yet! Now stand that way and don't move. One false motion and you're dead birds. Which one of you is Donovan?"

Donovan looked out during the seconds that followed in a sort of fascination. He saw Coulter's lips move in reply to the question, but likewise without sound, and understood that his voice also had fallen to a whisper.

"I am," the lips seemed to reply.

Coulter was telling somebody overhead that he was Donovan. Why? Obviously, to conceal the fact that Donovan just then was standing elsewhere. Whom was he telling this? Not Villard. Villard knew Donovan by sight.

The man overhead again began speaking.

"Keep holding 'em up where I can see! That's it!"

Donovan saw Brennan's lips begin moving, and at the same time heard what he said. Brennan had not lost his voice. He understood from the words that they were spoken for his benefit, to tell him of the Cuchan's presence.

"What do you think we are—idiots? Two of you with rifles, and one an Indian—do you think we'd fight back at this distance with pistols?"

"Just hold 'em up and don't talk. Now turn around slow, both of you."

Brennan had said all he needed to say. Both men obeyed the command, having no choice.

"Now you, Donovan, get out your gun with your left hand and hold it high where I can see it. Don't make any funny motions at all. That's right—I see it. Throw it toward me behind you as far as you can."

Donovan, his fatigue forgotten, stood as tensely alert as the men he was watching. He had already formed a definite idea of the speaker's position from the angle and direction of their eyes. He saw Coulter take his pistol from its holster, raise it overhead and then toss it out backward. It landed upon the pile of gravel within reach, had he cared to extend his hand for it. He did not neglect to notice that it also lay within sight. If the man above came down to pick it up, Donovan could hardly escape being seen by him.

"Now you, Brennan," the voice went on, "take your pistol in your left hand same way and hold it over your head where I can see. Don't stall—do as I say. That's it. Now throw it backward toward me, and no funny work."

The action was repeated. Donovan saw Brennan's left hand seek the automatic, lift it high and then toss it backward. This time the pistol did not fall within reach, nor did it land upon the cone of gravel, but fell with a slap against a rock out of range downstream.

The sight of the pistols reminded him of his own. Almost with the thought he had whipped it forth, but in his right hand, not his left.

The man overhead continued speaking. In the light of the words in the cave, what he said seemed particularly heartless.

"All over the cañon, and owners be damn. The notice for this claim hangs on a stake behind that smoke bush. This is Jimmy Dixon's claim, see? Jimmy leaves it to me when he dies. Hold your hands above your head just as you are. Joe, you stay there. Watch 'em good."

Donovan heard the impact of loosened pebbles upon the flat rock overhead, then the sound as of someone scrambling down the steep slope, then the harsh sound of iron as his hobnailed shoes cracked against the roof. For a moment he thought the man would descend still farther for the two pistols, and braced himself for the clash.

But that did not happen. He heard the scraping of his feet, another lighter scraping that he guessed was made by the rifle, a brushing or scuffling as of stiffened cloth, then the lighter scraping once more. Then, as suddenly as if the thing had not been preceded by these warnings, he began seeing the speaker as well as hearing him.

What he saw was a pair of hobnailed shoes dangling over the edge of the shelf, so close they almost swung against his face. The man above had sat down. After a moment he began talking again.

"Now you can lower your hands and turn round. But you can't sit down, and you can't have any water—not any today, nor any tonight, nor any tomorrow. Not your horses either. Not here and not at the next well. You won't find any next well."

Meanwhile he seemed to have been eying Coulter's fancy automatic on the gravel below him. He may have ended by deciding to recover both pistols. "Watch 'em, Joe!" he called to the Indian. Then he leaned his rifle against the edge of the rock, where he could reach it from below; the cone of gravel furnished a support for the butt. He followed by worming forward, ready to spring.

The sun still shone blindingly into the cave; no concealment there was possible. But even had the light been otherwise, Donovan would have seized the chance with joy. The man above wormed forward, then sprang from the rock, landing on his feet beside the fallen pistol, his head level with Donovan's, and scarce twelve inches from it. Donovan's pistol butt took him above the right ear. He sank in his tracks without knowing what had happened.

Meanwhile Cuchan Joe on the hillside above was holding Brennan and Coulter under his rifle. Donovan knew he did not suspect the presence of himself. The fallen man, probably Florron, had sprung from sight below the rock and would be expected to reappear shortly.

He did not wait to reason the thing out, but sooner than I can tell of it transferred Florron's bandanna handkerchief to his own neck, Florron's hat to his own head, Florron's rifle from where it rested against the rock to his own arm; then, standing on the gravel until the Indian could see his head and shoulders, he motioned for him to descend. Sixty seconds later he had the man disarmed.

V

THEY had been inspecting Jimmy Dixon's bullet-riddled canteen and blood-stained shirt. The sun had passed on—the damning words on the wall could no longer be read. Coulter confronted the captive, his eyes smoldering with hatred.

"You killed him. You shot him down while he was standing helpless."

"I never did," said Florron.

"You or Villard. Where did you bury him? I'll have it out of you if I have to tear it out with my hands."

"Slow and easy does it," said Donovan.

"I'll kill him with my hands!" repeated Coulter; but he drew back from him a step or two.

Donovan remarked mildly, including Florron rather than addressing him, that the blame seemed to be Villard's. Then, suddenly turning to him, he asked, "Why didn't Villard tell you there were three of us? That was a bad mistake."

"Mistake is right. He's too smart, that guy. If he had said three, think I would have let you trip me? Not in ten thousand years!"

"He left you to handle two grown men alone—why?"

"Gone to fix a well," Florron snarled.

Donovan smiled deprecatingly, and in spite of a certain deadness of speech, his tones again seemed to take on color.

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"Suppose we see where we stand. Villard told you there were two of us. That means you saw him somewhere last night. You couldn't have seen him earlier, for he had just arrived. You couldn't have seen him before he passed this cañon, for we were walking in his tracks and would have noticed any others. You couldn't have seen him at the well you mention, for you couldn't have returned so soon. Where, then? You saw him at a point between this cañon we're in and that well—a point fairly close. What point?"

"I'm not spilling one thing," said Florron.

"No matter. We'll follow back your tracks and find out. I think you have a hidden cabin near here."

Florron looked at him a long moment. Then he said, "You'll find it out anyhow. Yes, we have. What of it?"

"Near an abandoned tunnel?"

"Yes," said Florron.

He turned to Brennan.

"Where is that abandoned tunnel located the old prospector spoke of?"

"It's up the next cañon, but there's no water there."

"What do you keep in that tunnel, Florron?"

"How do you mean?" asked Florron.

"What I say. What do you keep in it? How have you fixed it up?"

"We keep our grub and water in there."

"A bed and a chair and a table?"

"What for?" asked Florron.

"To sleep in and sit on."

"Yes."

"Who uses them?"

"I do sometimes. Why?"

"Anybody else?"

"Sometimes a friend happens in."

"Is that what you meant," Donovan asked softly, "when you told us that Jimmy Dixon was dead?"

Coulter caught his breath. Florron did not reply. Donovan went on.

"Dixon isn't actually dead, is he?"

"I don't know as he is."

"Only locked up in that old tunnel?"

"You'll find out anyhow," said Florron. "I took good care of him. He's doing fine. The bullet made a flesh wound in his shoulder, but that's nearly healed now. You could ride him to the railroad this minute."

"How much water have you for our horses?"

"Two barrels nearly full."

"Take us to this jail of yours by the shortest road," said Donovan.

Again the Chicago man sat weighing appearances as his thoughts threaded in and out among the realities; but instead of tules and sailboats and tidal inlets, he now saw the reflections of lights from the polished top of Consolidated Diamonds' big desk.

"Diamonds," Donovan had been saying, "either occur or they do not. In this case they do not. The diamonds you have just shown me were brought in from Kimberley in papers."

"Are you sure?" asked one.

He told them about the acid cleaning, and about the uniformity in size and color.

"I don't see any impossibility there," said another. "This is a new field. The diamonds from it might well be cleaner and more uniform in size and color."

Donovan smilingly agreed, then produced from his bill book four small sheets of paper that had first been folded, then crumpled, then smoothed free of creases. Each bore an identifying number and notations as to the grade, size and inspection of its contents.

"The original wrappers," he said. "We found them in an old tunnel Villard had been using as a storeroom."

"We called in the best firm of experts on the coast," said the third man. "They went over all this. It was on their report that we bought the option."

"Sheaf & Ruber?" asked Donovan.

"The same. Specialists in the mining of precious stones. They have had South African experience."

"I remember the names; but when I knew the firm, if it's the same one, it specialized in buying stolen diamonds from light-fingered Kafirs."

"Impossible—another firm."

Donovan picked up Coulter with his eye and rose.

"The impossible is never true," he said. "In any case, it's no affair of mine. If you still wish to exercise your option within your time limit, I suggest that you negotiate with the specialists direct. Villard and Florron are at present in the St. Bernard county jail."

"You had them arrested?" asked one.

"The humble instrument."

"Not on our authority. We have made no such charges."

"They were arrested," said Donovan, "for a murder committed in Minas Geraes, Brazil. They are said to have slain a diamond merchant there. After I saw them together I remembered the faces."

"The thing fell too suddenly," Coulter explained a little later. "They'll see the point in an hour or two, and be very grateful." He added with a chuckle, "What bothers the young woman I wired to is how Villard learned your name."

"Jimmy still improving?"

"The doctors went over him yesterday. He's well now, but they want to keep him in the hospital a few days longer."

"H'm—in that case you'll have to wire. I helped recover some of those Minas Geraes diamonds, and Villard had kept the clipping."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

Fe, fi, fo, fum!
I smell a lot of old china. Come,
Be it Derby or be it Spode,
We'll break a window and take a load!

Barber, barber, bob a whale;
How many chairs make an antique sale?
"The leg of one, sir, that's enough,
If your customer thinks it's the real old stuff."

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will our dealer do then?
Poor thing!
He will vanish from view
With his tool box and glue,
And build things to sell in the spring,
Old thing!

Little Tommy Tucker
Looked like a sucker,
Paying good money
For any aged clutter.
Then he turned it over
To the polishers and scrapers;
Now he gets his income tax
Printed in the papers.

If antique buying stayed the thing,
And joiners, if they could,
Used every plank of every tree,
What should we do for wood?

Old King Cole looked in vain for his bowl;
He searched through the house, did he;
He tore up the attic
And he poked in the coal
And he questioned his fiddlers three.
But only his wife could have solved him his riddle,
And that, so it seemed, didn't suit her;
She had sent it away
To the Art Guild's display
Of early American pewter.

When I was a bachelor I lived in a flat,
And all the antique cares I had were books and things like that.
Oh, peaceful, happy life, with never any strife!
Why did I leave these simple joys to get myself a wife?
Her tastes were so high, and my means were so narrow—
It took a truck to fetch her finds, and not a wheelbarrow!
My bank account broke and her pride got a tumble;
I wish I had my flat again, I couldn't hear her grumble!

Nancy Dawson's grown so fine
She won't buy anything but pine.
She loathes a piece that has a shine;
Of chic collecting that's a sign.

There was a young woman and what do you guess?
She never talked scandal or dancing or dress.
China and glass were the chief of her chatter;
She'd babble for hours of a mulberry platter.

"To bridge, to bridge!" says Gamish Sidge;
"Let's jazz a while," says Kate;
"Get out the van," calls Antique Ann,
"I've got an auction date!"

Jack and Jill went down the hill
To buy canary luster;
Jack slipped up and dropped a cup,
And Jill cried, "Did you bust her?"

Up Jack sprang, the welkin rang,
He grabbed the cup and threw it;
"I didn't, but I will," he said,
And poor Jill lived to rue it.

The Queen of Spades,
She kept three maids
To shine her tankards bright;
The King of Spades,
He bribed those jades
To pilfer them at night.

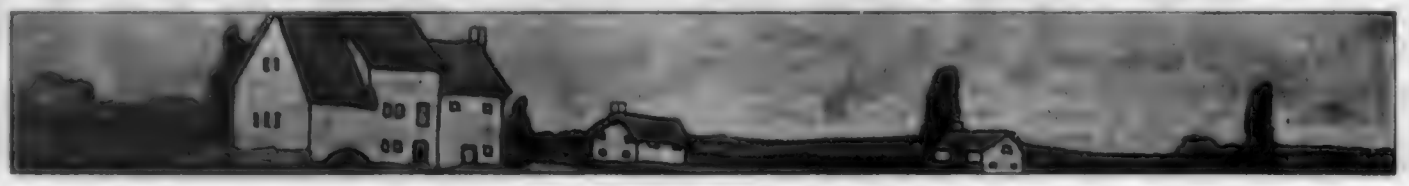
The King of Spades
Made divers trades
And got a radio;
The Queen of Spades
Her spouse upbraids
And tells him where to go!

Staffordshire blue, diddle-diddle,
Lowestoft pink,
What you cost me, diddle-diddle,
I hate to think.

I'll hang my plates, diddle-diddle,
High on the wall,
Driving to drink, diddle-diddle,
Rivals who call!

Goosey, goosey, gander, whither didst thou squander?
Up-street and down-street, and in the auction chamber.
There I met a lowboy that scarcely showed a scar;
I took it by its bandy legs and threw it in my car.

—Kenneth Carrick.



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Packard Brown
Havana Brown
Soudan Brown
Neptune Blue
Nash Blue
Overland Blue
Etc.

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Erie Blue
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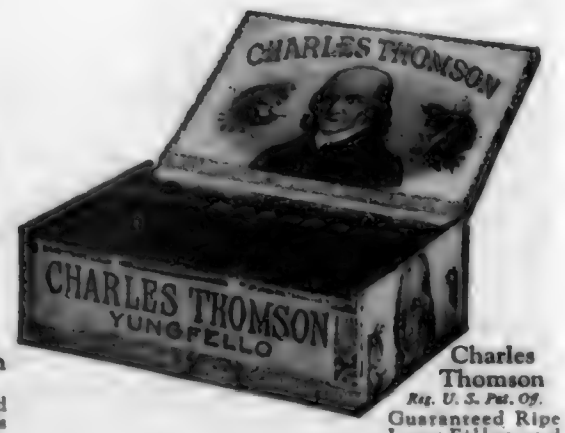

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KEEPING TIME

(Continued from Page 4)

mother never forgets," and drew forth one solitary apple, left of the entire luncheon.

He raised his eyes and caught my face and the telltale egg around my mouth. He looked at me for perhaps half a minute, then said, "You're not a hunter; you're a loafer."

He went down to the brook, took a drink, came back and offered me the other apple, but he said, "Before I eat it I would wash my face, if I were you."

And from that time to the day of his death he never mentioned the fact that I was "not a hunter but a loafer."

My father was one of the best-informed men it has ever been my lot to meet. Speaking several languages—he was, according to those who knew, a most accomplished linguist—and being an inveterate reader, he had stored up wisdom from a multitude of sources. In the latter days of his life, when he was an invalid, I have seen on his table four or five books in different languages, each of which he would be reading.

I was not only his son but his companion, and whenever there was a hunting trip, or a fishing trip, or any other pleasure, I would be with him. Many of the things he said made an impress on my mind, and with his wide knowledge he had a story suitable for anything that could occur. One thing he fastened on my mind very strongly was not to assume that you knew all about a thing by talking the other man down, but rather to agree as near as you possibly could with the other man's view and gradually in that way force him to oppose yours; and I have found many times that that was a splendid way to get at the truth.

He was very reticent about his boyhood days, but I did know that his father and mother were driven out of Portugal during the Revolution of 1822, or thereabouts, and went over into Spain, where my father was born, in Seville, on September 14, 1824. As he grew to his youth he left either Portugal or Spain and went to England, and from England came to America sometime early in the 40's. In Brooklyn he met my mother, who was visiting America with some school friends—she was born in Franconia, Bavaria—and they were married; and my mother used to tell, with a great deal of pride—because if there ever was a wife who loved her husband it was my mother—that she learned English by her using her German Bible and his using an English one, which they translated in that way. He never let us know—or, if he told my mother, she never told us—just what his standing was in the Old World, but I have read so much of the Sousas since I have grown to manhood that I have every reason to believe he was a man exceptional in standing and education.

A Quarrel With the Teacher

There was one thing—he was wonderfully handy in doing anything he liked, but he was not fond of work; and, like the average Portuguese or Spaniard, after his luncheon hour he would want to take a siesta, and I can recall many times when my mother, who was loaded down with ambition and energy, would say, "Tony, Tony, don't go to sleep this afternoon." He would slowly go upstairs, saying, "Elise, the day is for rest and the night for sleep," and would go up and rest and sleep for at least two hours.

His knowledge of music was very limited, but he had an unusually acute and musical ear, and would no doubt, in these days of jazzing, have made a great name for himself as a jazz player.

My father did not talk much about his youth in Spain, or when he was on the sea; he found many things to interest him in the present. He was a gentleman in the liberal and accurate significance of that much-abused and variously defined word. Enough dropped from his lips to show that his family was prominent and influential. My mother said he served in the Mexican War. He was in the Civil War, and died a member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

I had reached my last year with my music professor and it was marred by the only time we came within a point of having a personal combat.

The professor had been suffering with boils, and in giving his lessons he had a hammock swung near the stove in the recitation room, and I came to get my violin lesson. He was in a very bad humor and probably in pain. I began my lesson, which did not meet with his unqualified indorsement, and finally he told me to draw a long bow.

"I am drawing the bow as long as I can," I said.

That seemed to incense him greatly and he shouted at me, "Don't you dare to contradict me."

"I'm drawing the bow as long as I can; my arm is up against the wall now," I replied.

Working as a Baker's Boy

He had in his hand a violin bow that had been presented to him a short time before—quite a valuable one. Just what he intended to do I don't know, but in his anger he jerked the bow back and struck the stove, breaking the bow in two. Then his anger knew no bounds.

"Get out of here," he said, "before I kill you!"

I took my fiddle by the neck and said, "You attempt to kill me and I'll smash this fiddle over your head."

"Get out," he said.

"I'll get out," I replied, "but don't you dare attempt to hit me, because if you do you'll get the worst of it."

I put my fiddle in its green bag and walked out and went home.

My father, sensing something was wrong, said, "What's the trouble?"

"Oh, I have just had a fight with my music teacher," I told him, and explained the whole thing.

"Well," my father said, "I suppose you don't want to be a musician. Is there anything else you would prefer?"

With my heart full of bitterness, I said, "Yes; I want to be a baker."

"A baker?" he said.

"Yes, a baker."

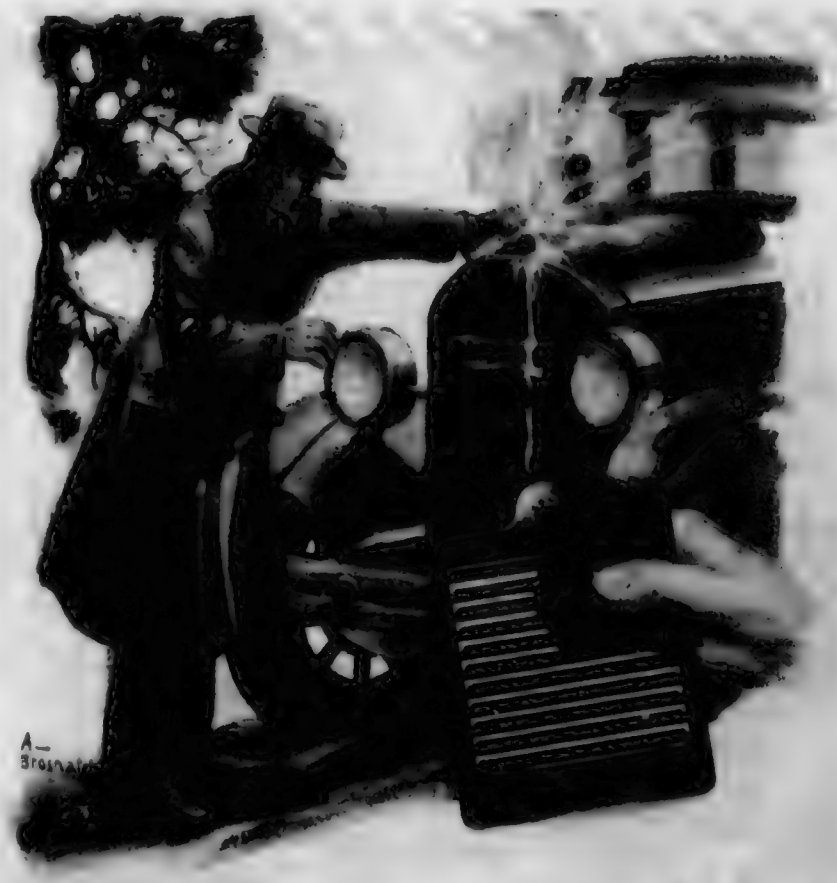
"Well," he said, "I'll see what I can do to get you a position in a bakery. I'll go and attend to it right away."

He put on his hat and in about half an hour came back and said, "I saw Charlie"—the baker just two blocks from where we lived—"and he says he will be glad to take you in and teach you the gentle art of baking bread and pies; but," he added, "in my observation I have noticed as a rule that bakers are not very highly educated, and I believe if you would educate yourself beyond the average baker it would tend to your financial improvement in this world at least; so I insist as gently as a father can that you keep on going to public school and pay no attention to your music; give that up, and when you are through school the baker can start you."

Father then went on to say, "The baker has consented that you come tonight. You should be there by half-past eight."

So that night I went to Charlie, the baker's, and I don't believe any boy was ever treated with more distinguished consideration than Charlie and his journeyman bakers, and even his wife, showed me. I was there all night, and in the morning helped load the wagon with bread and went out with the driver delivering the bread to the various customers. I was particularly attracted by the intelligent ability of the horse, who knew every customer and where he had to stop on the entire route.

After I got back to the bakery, about eight in the morning, I went down home, ate my breakfast, and as my father said he



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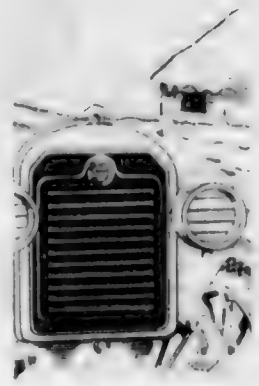

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wanted me to be a highly educated baker, I went to school. I had had probably half an hour's sleep that night. The bakers, after all the bread was in the ovens and the pies were ready to be baked, threw a blanket on the troughs and took forty winks of sleep, which I was permitted to do.

When I came home that afternoon from school I suddenly lost interest in playing baseball and hung around the house, and after supper went up to the bakery for my second night.

As I look back at it, I thought the baker and his assistants and his more or less loving wife were slightly severe with me, and I was kept on the jump pretty thoroughly the whole night. When everything was in the ovens, we had our usual half-hour's sleep, then started loading the wagons. I went around delivering bread, returning home about eight o'clock with an appetite, but very drowsy. At school that day I learned nothing and that night went back to the baker shop. The baker had turned from a kindly mannered man into a dictator of the worst description and he and his bakers and his wife worked me every minute.

About half-past twelve, the baby—the baker's wife had only lately become a mother—began to cry and she said, "Here you"—meaning me—"go up and rock the cradle."

I mounted the steps in weariness, and I don't believe I had rocked the cradle over three times, with the baby yelling in my ears, before I was fast asleep. I awoke with a cuff on the ear. The baker's wife called me a "miserable lummox," whatever that was, and sent me downstairs.

When I got to the house the next morning after serving the bread again, I was absolutely all in. My father said, "How do you feel this morning?" with a solicitude that didn't sound true at all.

Before I could answer I had fallen asleep. He woke me up, called my mother over and said, "Give the boy some breakfast and put him to bed. Let him sleep all day. Of course you want to be a baker, don't you?"

"No," I said; "I'd rather die than be a baker!"

"Then," he said, "I think you had better make it up with your teacher and start in with your music again."

Talking Myself Out of a Job

My father brought the professor and myself together and we buried the hatchet for good, and ever after that—years later I orchestrated a mass for him—we were always very friendly. I started in again to study just as hard as I could and made great advance in orchestration and harmony and sight reading, but not as great on the violin as I should have.

But I was even beginning to attract some attention that way and doing some solo work in amateur concerts, besides earning money with a little quadrille band that I had organized. This little quadrille band had a second violin, viola and a bass, clarinet, cornet, trombone and drum. They were all men, the bass player a very old man. We became popular as a dance orchestra in Washington and continued our popularity until I listened to the anarchistic utterances of the members of the band and talked myself out of a job.

We were playing for Professor Sheldon's dances.

They came to me and said, "You're a great favorite here and you ought to make Sheldon pay you more money for the music."

He was paying as much as anyone else would have to, and I couldn't understand why he should be singled out because I was popular. But they kept on until I finally fell before their urge and went to the professor and told him he had to pay two dollars a man more for the orchestra hereafter.

"And if I don't do it, what'll happen?" he asked.

"I'll quit," I replied.

"Well, I'll be very sorry to lose you, but it's all I can pay and all I propose to pay."

"Then," I said, "I quit."

At the next Saturday night's hop there was another man in my place, but the same seven anarchists were playing there at the same figure they received when I was leading them. It was a lesson I have never forgotten and, I hope, never will.

One day while I was playing one of De-Bériot's concertos there came a rap at my door. Going to the door and opening it, I found a gentleman there who said, "I have been listening for five minutes to your playing. I was anxious to know just who you were, so I rapped at the door."

"Won't you come in?" I asked.

He came in, sat down, and said, "You play very nicely. Have you ever thought about joining a circus?"

I said, "No."

"I am the leader of the band that is showing near Pennsylvania Avenue," he said, "and if you would like to join I can get you a place."

The Call of the Circus

Visions of beautiful ladies in spangled tights, and pink lemonade, and all the other attractions that catch a boy when he is thinking of a circus, flashed through my mind and I said, "I'd like to be in your circus, but I don't think my father would let me go."

"There's no necessity of asking your father," he replied.

I told him I wouldn't like to do it without asking him, as he was an awfully nice father.

"Yes, but fathers don't understand the chances for a boy traveling with a circus and he might object."

"Yes, probably he would," I said.

"I tell you what you do," he said. "Tomorrow night we are going to strike the tents. You come over with your fiddle and go along with us, and after you are away for a day or two write your father and tell him what a good time you are having and he probably won't object then; but if you tell him now he probably would have some objections. And, by the way, do you play any brass instrument?"

I said, "Yes, I play barytone." And I got out the barytone and played him a few measures.

He enjoined secrecy, telling me to keep it entirely to myself and report the following night, and left. The more I thought of it the more necessary it seemed to me for me to follow the life of the circus and make money, probably sometime becoming leader of a circus band myself, and that would be simply a grand life.

I was full of these thoughts which had taken possession of me when I thought I ought to let somebody into the secret. Next door to my house lived a good-looking boy and a great playmate of mine by the name of Edward Accardi, so I must go and tell Ed my good fortune that I was going away with a circus. Ed, not to be outdone in generosity in spreading knowledge to the world, immediately told his mother, and his mother, with that wild desire to have everybody know everything, told my mother, and my mother, by a simple process, conveyed the information to my father, who evidently smiled and said, "I'll handle this myself."

The next morning, when my heart was full of the idea that I was going away with the circus and that no one knew anything about it—I had forgotten about telling Ed—my father came to my room and said, "Good morning, son."

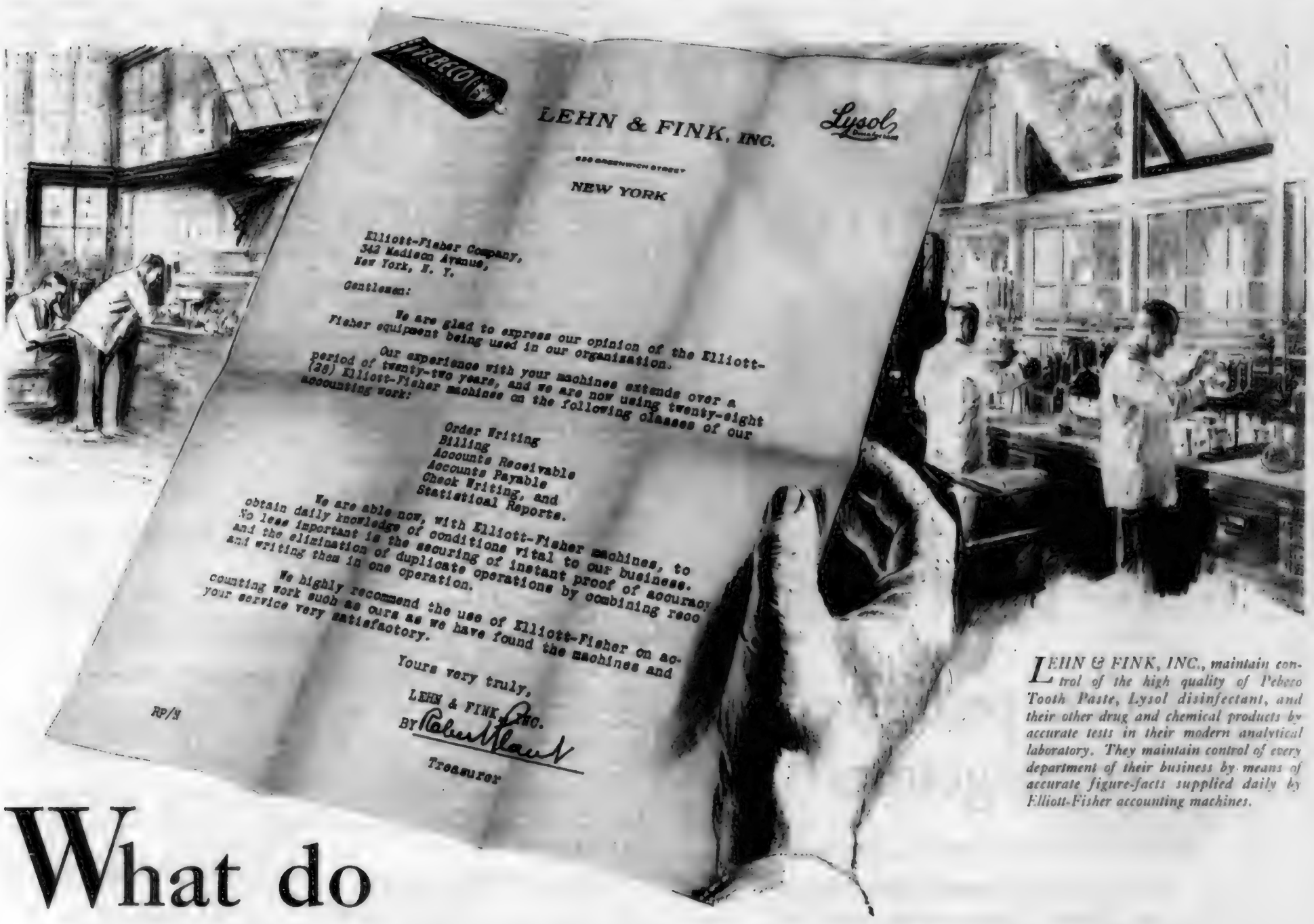
"Good morning, father."

"When you dress today," he said, "put on your Sunday clothes."

Down "on the Navy Yard" we always had a special suit for Sunday which was religiously kept for that day and that day alone. With some misgivings I didn't like the idea of making such a radical departure from custom as to put on Sunday clothes on a week day, but I said, "Yes, sir."

I got up, had my bath, put on my Sunday clothes and went downstairs. Father and I had breakfast together, and chatted. At

(Continued on Page 148)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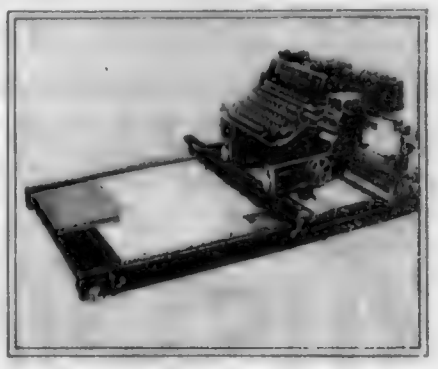

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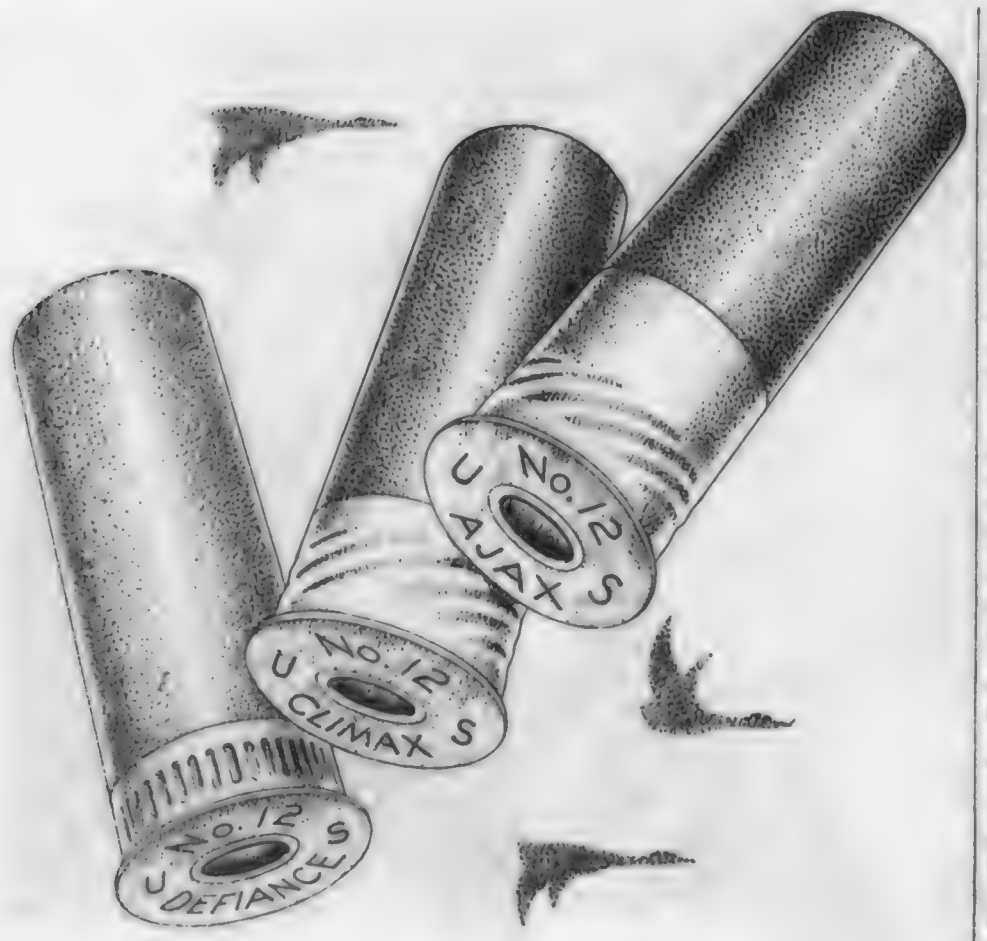

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(Continued from Page 146)

the end of the meal he said, "We'll take a walk."

We took the walk and went in the direction of the Marine Barracks. My father, who had been a member of the Marine Band, from 1850, playing trombone, was very much liked by everybody in the corps from the commandant down. When we went in the gate we crossed the parade ground to the commandant's office.

The record of the Marine Corps says, "John Philip Sousa enlisted on the ninth day of June, 1868." Somewhat over thirteen years of age, and not fourteen until the following November.

This father of mine, bless his soul, had gone to see General Zeilin, the commandant, and they had discussed the matter as two fathers would, and they concluded to enlist me in the corps as an apprentice boy to study music until I got over my infatuation for the circus. My father knew that I was that much of a law-abiding boy that I wouldn't desert, for fear the authorities would catch me and shoot me at sunrise, which would spoil all subsequent proceedings for me.

Being a boy in the band was not a novel situation for me, for from my tenth year I had at times played triangle, cymbals and E flat alto horn—God forgive me—at various times with the band, and was a great friend with all the musicians in it.

The first time that I heard music—outside of an ordinary orchestra or a band—of a fine character, was when the Franko family of five wonderfully talented children came to Washington for a concert. Our music professor announced to the school that they were exceptionally talented and he wanted each and every student to attend the concert; which I think the majority of us did. It was the first time I heard real violin playing. Little Nahan Franko was a wonder on the instrument, and his sisters—if I recall rightly, there were three of them—and his brother added to the pleasure of the concert.

Mr. Hunter's Tuesday Evenings

My youth up to this time was largely spent "on the Navy Yard," but as I developed as a professional musician, I became acquainted with people who lived in the Northwest, and from that time until I left Washington my companions were almost entirely of the Northwest.

Some of the young people had organized a club which they were pleased to call the Vis-à-vis, a literary club, and they issued a little magazine giving forth their own articles. I can't recall whether I ever wrote anything for them, but I probably did.

While playing, I became a member of the Orchestral Union, of which Mr. George Felix Benkert was the conductor. Mr. Benkert was a remarkably fine musician and one of the greatest pianists of that day. I played first violin in the Orchestral Union and evidently looked younger than I really was, for on one occasion when they gave the oratorio Creation, Clara Louise Kellogg, the famous American prima donna, singing the soprano rôle, came over and patted me on the head. I have no doubt she did it because she thought I was in the infant class. I was too shy to reciprocate by returning the pat; which shows I still had something to learn.

A great admirer of my ability as a musician, Doctor Swallow, introduced me to a music lover of Washington, the Hon. William Hunter, who was Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Hunter, every Tuesday evening during the concert season, had a string-quartet party come to his house and play from eight until ten o'clock, after which he served a supper, and I was invited to come and take part in one of these musical evenings. I must have favorably attracted the attention of Mr. Hunter as a musician, for until I left Washington a couple of years later, I invariably spent my Tuesday evenings with Mr. Hunter; and my knowledge of some of the leading composers, such as Frescobaldi, Haydn—what they did and what they wrote—was entirely due to Mr. Hunter. He would place advertisements in the London, Berlin, Paris and Vienna musical papers for certain rare works that he could not secure in the ordinary music store, and when they came he would read the history of the composer out of a European encyclopedia, which he would translate as he read, and in that way I grew to know a lot about these men. Knowing that I was earning my living as a musician, he took a very delicate way of paying me for my services. Every Tuesday evening after the quartet playing, when we were packed up and had on our coats and were about to leave, he would come over to me and say, "Young man, you did very finely tonight."

Of course I would give a very modest, "I thank you."

He would then say, "What a splendid vest you have on tonight," and would slip five dollars into my vest pocket. Which five dollars meant money in those days.

I was growing very tired of my position in the Marine Band. At a change of leadership of the band I had written a march, Salutation, and when the new conductor came on the Parade we were playing it in his honor.

When the new conductor reached the band he said, "What is that you're playing?"

The assistant leader said, "That's a march by the boy there"—pointing to me.

"Take it off the stands!" he said—and he and I never became friendly.

Showing My Independence

I went to Mr. Hunter and told him I was unhappy in the band and asked him to see the Secretary of the Navy and secure my release, which he did—and I was in civil life again.

The very moment I was released from the Marine Band, Mr. Hunter said, "You should go to Europe and complete your musical education."

I told him that was impossible; that my father had a number of children and could not afford to do it.

"I know a gentleman," he said, "who I'm quite sure would send you."

"But I wouldn't want anybody to support me," I replied.

"I wouldn't be so particular about that," he said. "If the man wants to spend money to educate talented young musicians, why not let him do it? I'll see the gentleman tomorrow and make an appointment for you to meet him."

The gentleman was Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the great philanthropist of Washington. Mr. Hunter made me promise a few days later, after he had seen Mr. Corcoran, that I would call on him. So I went to his house, pulled the bell rather timidly, and a wonderfully respectable-looking footman came to the door and asked me, in the splendid manner of footmen, what I wanted. I told him I would like to see Mr. Corcoran, and also told him to tell Mr. Corcoran that I had been sent there by Mr. Hunter.

In a little while Mr. Corcoran descended the stairs, came over and asked me my name and my ambitions.

He finally said, "Well now, I'll think over your case and you call again in five or six days."

I never got out of a house quicker than I did out of Mr. Corcoran's, and I didn't call in five or six days; in fact, I haven't called up-to-date! The idea of being under obligations to somebody was very distasteful to me, and while Mr. Corcoran might have sent me to Europe, I feel that I was better off that he didn't.

I was beginning to get pupils. I had three or four little Italian boys who played the violin—holding them like a cello—in the streets to a harp accompaniment. The little fellows had talent, even if they did smell ungodly of garlic.

I had one pupil on the cornet who wanted to learn just one tune, The Last Rose of Summer, and my efforts to teach him the

(Continued on Page 151)

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But there is now a sure way for you to know this hidden value. To protect the public against misrepresentation, the U. S. Federal Trade Commission recently approved a definite standard of quality for gold filled watch cases. Only those which meet this standard can now be marked "Gold Filled."

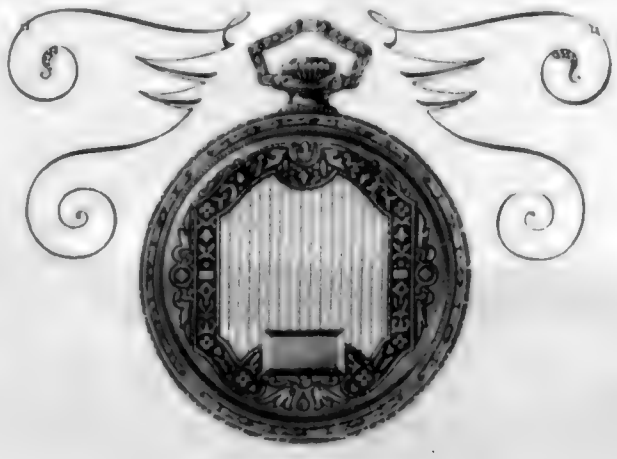
When, therefore, you buy a watch with the words "Wadsworth Gold Filled" stamped in the case, its hidden quality lies revealed before you. Every case so stamped meets fully the standards approved by the Federal Trade Commission.

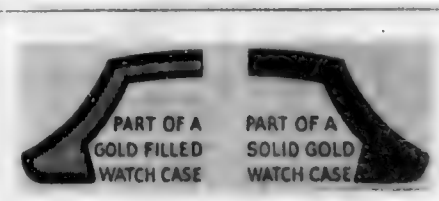
Moreover, the mark "Wadsworth Gold Filled" is a good indication of a dependable movement within. For those watch manufacturers faithful to the highest standards of their art naturally are most exacting in choosing cases worthy to dress and protect their movements.

They know that the mark of Wadsworth in a watch case stands for correct design, highest grade materials, and that exactness of fit essential to the protection of the intricate timekeeping mechanism. Indeed, for thirty-five years the leading movement makers and importers have consistently selected Wadsworth Cases.

Thus when your jeweler recommends a reliable movement, it will probably be dressed in a Wadsworth Case. But for your own assurance, ask to see the mark of Wadsworth before you make your purchase.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Ky. Suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements





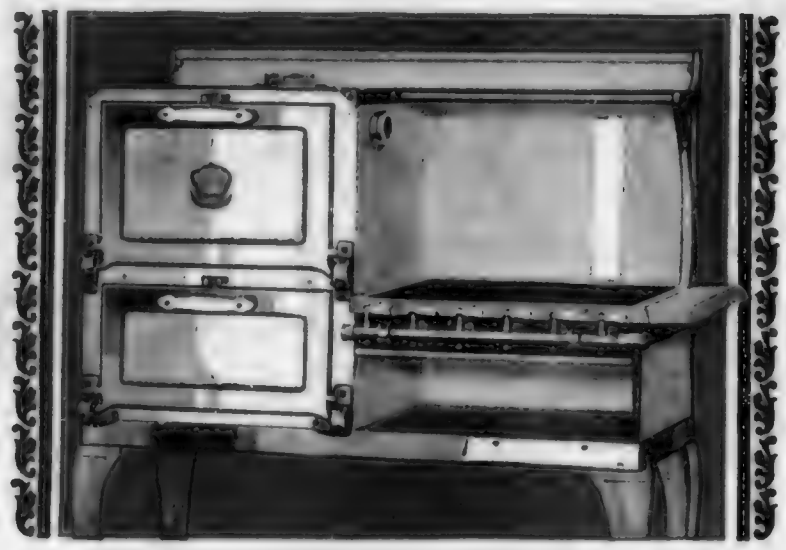
A gold filled watch case is made by welding together two layers of solid gold with a filling of stronger metal between. The result is a watch case, gold inside and out, but stronger and in every way more satisfactory than a thin solid gold case.

To protect the public against misrepresentation the U. S. Federal Trade Commission recently approved a definite standard of quality for cases marked "Gold Filled." Every Wadsworth Gold Filled Case meets fully this government standard.

When you buy a gold-filled watch, therefore, be sure that the mark *Wadsworth Gold Filled* is stamped in the case. For you can trust this mark as implicitly as you would the marks "Solid Gold" or "Sterling."

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



They Cook So Easily, So Fast, With So Little Gas—You'll Be As Enthusiastic As Thousands of Other American Women

Every woman who once tries cooking the new Garland way becomes just as enthusiastic a convert to Garland Ranges as the thousands of American women who are using them daily.

In one trial you'll find how easy Garland makes the preparation of meals, how much labor Garland saves, how much faster these high-quality ranges cook, how much more time you'll have for other things.

And when you look at your monthly bill for kitchen fuel you'll find it at least 10 per cent less than ever before, for there is nothing on the market superior to Garland's Patented Heat-Spreading Burner as a gas saver, as well as a time and labor saver.

Now you understand why the American housewife is Garland's best friend. Garland Ranges, beautiful in their glistening white enamel, have brought her more kitchen comfort, saved more of her precious time, done more to lighten her labor than any other cooking equipment—and in addition, saved her money. No wonder 4,000,000 American homes are now enjoying the exclusive advantages of Garland products.

Don't waste your time, energy and money in the kitchen. See your nearest Garland dealer or the gas company.

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES The World's Best

Garland's Economy Burner

Garland's Patented Heat-Spreading Burner brings the bottom of the cooking utensil much closer to the burner top—within 1/8 of an inch. Together with Garland's proper combustion this saves your cooking gas. Some other Garland advantages are the Ventilated Oven with patented oven bottom which makes uniform heat in every part and Garland's oven heat regulator.

Garland also manufactures the largest variety of cooking and heating stoves for gas, coal and wood and a complete line of the finest warm air furnaces. Write for the name of your nearest dealer.

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

GARLAND

COOKING AND HEATING

GAS - COAL - ELECTRICITY

(Continued from Page 148)

scale went for naught—he wanted only the fingering for the cornet for The Last Rose of Summer, and that's all he ever studied with me for a period of three months. He had a yacht, and his great delight was to take friends down the Potomac for a sail, get out his cornet and play The Last Rose of Summer. He was a great swimmer, and when he'd have a party of men only aboard, after a while The Last Rose would get very much wilted and they would throw the cornet overboard, whereupon he would immediately follow and bring it up. He certainly was a wonderful swimmer.

The principal variety theater in Washington was Kiernan's Theatre Comique. The variety theater of those days corresponded to the vaudeville of today, only ladies were always absent except on the stage. Mr. Kiernan concluded in the spring of the year to open a summer garden in a lot adjoining the Theatre Comique. This lot was beneath the street level, but seemed to lend itself otherwise to a fine out-of-doors, heaven-is-the-roof sort of place. The stage was built, singers and orchestra engaged, and they suddenly found they hadn't a conductor, for the regular conductor of the Theatre Comique had gone off for the summer with his orchestra to some watering place in Virginia. Leaders of varieties were scarce in Washington and Mr. Kiernan was in a quandary, until one of the orchestra men told him, "I know a boy up on Capitol Hill, who I think would suit you to lead the orchestra."

Kiernan immediately sent a messenger to my house and asked me to call on him, which I did with a speed that would not have shamed Nurmi.

Kiernan said, "What experience have you had in variety?"

"None," I said.

"Do you read music?"

"Of course."

"Well, I'm willing to give you a chance."

"Thank you."

"Rehearsal will be on Saturday morning and we'll give a performance Saturday night."

When I went in the orchestra to lead it for rehearsal it was a very easy matter to play songs and dances, and so on, and I got through swimmingly, with everybody delighted.

The World's Worst Performance

I went home; and in order that I would be in time for the performance at eight o'clock that night, I returned to the Theatre Comique at five!

About 5:30 one of those beautiful showers, for which Washington is celebrated in the summer months, in which you think all the water in the world is dropping, came down and flooded the garden so that the only thing that wasn't afloat was the piano, and the waves of that storm were lapping the black keys.

I stood there with Kiernan looking out, and finally he said, "We can't give a show in there tonight; we'll have to give it in the Theatre Comique, indoors."

Washington is not the coolest place in June, July and August in the known world, so no one thought of his overcoat. Finally, putting on rubber boots, I said, "Well, if you're going to give a performance in the theater it will be necessary to have the piano moved up."

They got three or four husky Africans, who were more anxious about getting the piano up than the way they got it up. When the piano finally reached the Theatre Comique and was installed in the orchestra pit, every wire from middle C down to below the lowest string was torn off.

It was before the days of a steel E string for fiddles, and at a time when you sometimes got a lot of bad strings for your fiddle. Evidently I had a lot of bad ones on that occasion, for before we had finished what they were pleased to call on the program The Overture, I had snapped my E string and was giving an exhibition of jumping up to positions on the A that would have done credit to a half-dozen Paganinis rolled into one.

One of the admirable qualities of a vaudeville entertainment is incessant, never-ending action; so we had no more than played the last note of the overture—I frantically trying to get on an E string—when the bell rang for the beginning of the performance.

With the little dialogue that went between, I managed to put the E string on; but I hadn't played fifteen measures of the next movement before the D string broke, and during that performance I think every string on the violin broke from one to five times, except the G, and that was a hardened old sinner and stayed by me the whole evening. It was without any doubt the worst orchestral performance that was ever given in the world. The pianist couldn't hit a note because there was no note there to hit; the cornet player worked hard, but was wheezy; the clarinet player was extremely nervous, and the drummer did some bad thumping.

Fears That Were Unfounded

When the performance finally came to a close, the stage manager walked on the stage and apologized for the faults of the performance and informed everybody that it would be improved the following day. I had one wild desire, while he was talking—because it seemed as if everything he said should have been directed to my miserable work, even though it wasn't—to have the floor open and let me glide into eternity.

While I was putting my violin in my box, the cornet player leaned over and said, "Here's Kiernan coming down the aisle. I hope he don't kill you."

I looked and saw him coming down with that measured tread that never bodes any good for anyone. Just as he got to the orchestra railing, I wheeled around and shouted at him, "I never want to play in your theater again!"

He looked at me, the most astonished man in the world.

"What's the matter with you?" he said.

"Matter with me? This is a hell of a way to treat a man. You brought me up here in the hottest theater the Lord ever allowed a man to work in, had a lot of darkies smash the piano so we couldn't play a note on it, and then you expect me to stand here and submit to it. I never want to play in your theater again!"

"Now, son," he said, "listen."

"I don't want to listen."

"Now you listen, or I'll get angry."

"Well, go ahead; what do you want to say?"

"I know you're right. It was no place to put you. We shouldn't have given a performance. But we'll have a rehearsal tomorrow morning and everything will be all right."

I shook my head dubiously. The fact that he didn't know where to get a leader had made him very gentle, so I said, "All right, I'll come. I'll help you out anyway."

Next morning, when I came, the lady who sang We Used to be Friends, But We're Strangers Now, or some such grand-opera-like song, came down with fire in her eyes and said, "You spoiled my song last night."

Kiernan, who was sitting in the first row, called to her sharply, "That's enough from you; sit down! We have heard all we want from you. Go ahead with your rehearsal."

We went ahead with the rehearsal, everything was all right, and I stayed there until the winter season opened.

At heart, my music professor was evidently a very kind man, but he had educated himself to believe that, as far as boys were concerned, the way was to "treat 'em rough." He was always very considerate and kind to the girl students, but almost invariably put on an air of severity with the boys. This was about the very worst way in the world to treat me, for at home I had always been treated with every kindness and love; and with the knowledge that I was following a profession entirely apart and different from my home life, because my mother was absolutely unmusical and my father was not what you would call a good technical musician, I thought that everybody who was studying music knew more than I did, and I required encouragement to keep me from being unhappy.

On one occasion I brought the professor an arrangement of my very first composition. I had heard the Träumerei of Schumann played very beautifully, and thought it the most perfect melody I had ever heard—even today it seems to me most beautiful—and I wondered if I could write something even a thousandth part as good. So I evolved a little piece which I called An Album Leaf, for piano and violin, which I played to my unmusical mother, who said it was beautiful, and my father honored me to the extent of asking me to play it over again. Even some of the neighbors said that though it wasn't as jolly as Dixie, nor as solemn as Nearer, My God, to Thee, they thought it was pretty. So when I went for my first lesson that week I took it to the professor and put the piano part on the piano. He sat down at the instrument and we played it through. With probably no desire except perhaps to stimulate me to greater efforts, as we completed the last chord he took the piano part between his fingers, tossed it over the instrument, and said, "This thing is nothing but cheese and bread, and bread and cheese."

If he had hit me in the eye he couldn't have hurt me more than by that expression. I picked it up, and, if it is only "bread and cheese, and cheese and bread," I have kept the little piece as my own private property even unto today.

When I began to take lessons from Mr. Benkert, the idea was that I was to study harmony, violin and piano. Mr. Benkert took unusual interest in me and under his genial instruction I made rapid progress, especially in harmony, which would occupy most of the hour's lesson; although as he became interested in my work in harmony he would sometimes, when his engagements permitted, give me two and three hour lessons. My violin playing with him would be after we would get through harmony lessons. He would pick out a sonata of Beethoven or Mozart, and I would play the violin part while he would play the piano; but he never gave me any instruction on the piano. Happening to mention that fact to my father, I was told, "Will you kindly say to Mr. Benkert I am anxious that you should know something about the piano."

My One Piano Lesson

So on the occasion of my next lesson I mentioned it to Mr. Benkert. He went over to the piano and struck C on the ledger line below the staff of the right hand and asked me what note it was. I said "That's C."

Then he struck the same note again and said, "What note is that?"

"Why," I said, "that is C in the ledger line above the staff in the G clef."

He said, "I think that's as much piano as I want you to know. You seem to have a gift of knowing a composition by looking at it, and you may develop into a very original composer if you follow that line of procedure; whereas if you become a good pianist you would probably want to compose on the instrument, and if you are not careful your fingers will fall into pleasant places where yours or somebody else's have fallen before."

After I had been with Mr. Benkert I grew to love him. He seemed to me the perfect man, with his brown beard, deep sunken eyes, and æsthetic features.

(Continued on Page 153)

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Pioneers since 1888

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IF you want to find out how YOU may earn $10.00 a week extra *in spare time*—or $50.00 a week from the start *for your full time*—just clip the coupon, fill in the spaces and slip it into an envelope, addressed to

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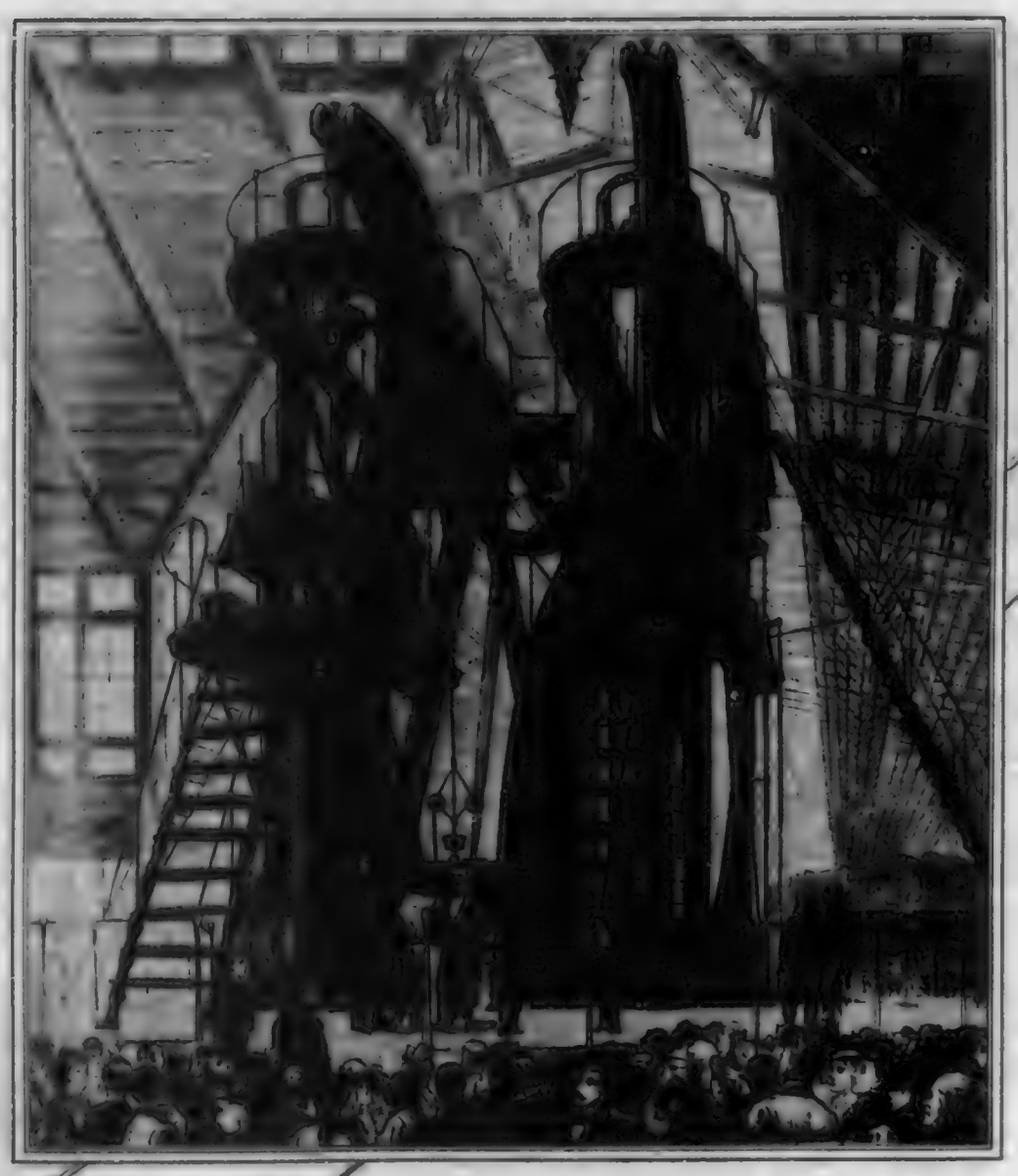
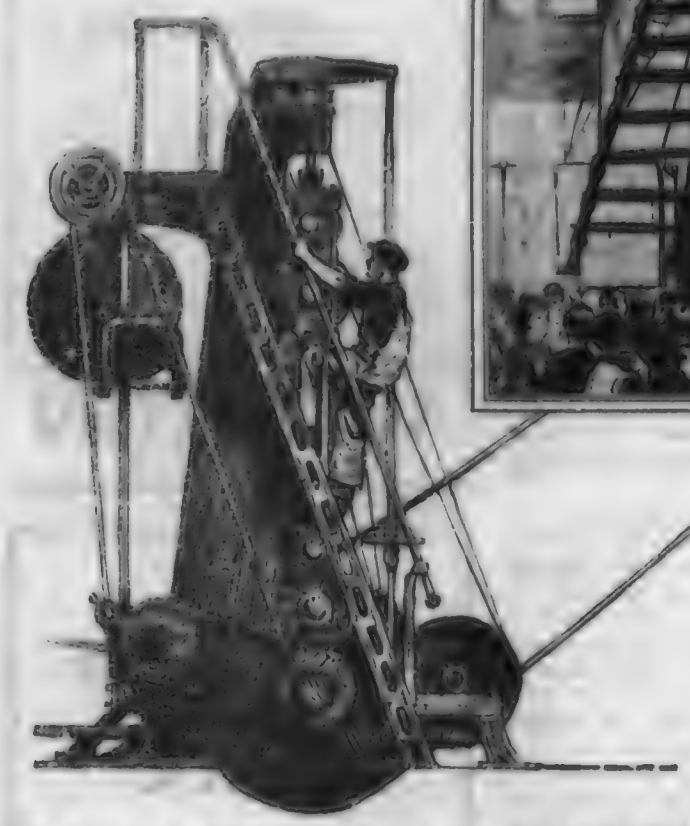


Opening of The Centennial Exposition, May 10th, 1876—Machinery Hall—The Great Corliss Engine—President Grant Starting the Machinery. Reproduced from an old issue of Leslie's Weekly by the courtesy of the New York Public Library



For Longest Life and Hardest Service—

Nothing Takes the Place of Leather

IN 1876 there were exhibited at The Centennial Exposition ". . . three monster leather belts . . . the largest 60 inches wide, 176 feet long, and weighing 1,130 pounds."

When General Grant opened the Exposition by starting the great Corliss Engine this belt was first set in motion—*and it is in active use today!*

For almost fifty years this "Centennial" belt has been running night and day, day in and day out, in a paper mill in Wilmington, Delaware. It has traveled around its pulleys a distance so great as to be almost incomprehensible—some 20,000,000 miles.

It has piled up this tremendous record under most adverse operating conditions. Meeting the heavy service of a paper mill, exposed to water and dampness, to extremes of heat and cold—what material other than leather could have possibly endured? For leather is an almost indestructible material—free from the usual elements of decay.

Beyond all question this famous old belt was one of excellent quality. But during the long years of its service there have been marked advances in the art of tanning and it is quite certain that the first quality leather belting on the market today is fully equal, if not superior, to the "Centennial" belt in quality, and capable of rendering equally remarkable service.

AMERICAN LEATHER PRODUCERS, INC.
ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Nothing takes the place of

LEATHER

(Continued from Page 151)

I remember while I was playing first violin at Ford's Opera House, the Alice Oates Opera Company came there, and among the operas they played was one called Les Bavards, by Offenbach. I took the violin part with me to my lesson to have Mr. Benkert mark the fingering in one or two more or less intricate passages, and at the end, after going over it, with an outburst of boyish enthusiasm, I said, "Mr. Benkert, do you think I will ever be able to write an opera?"

He put his hand on my head and said, "My son, you will write a better opera than this one you have just been playing."

That was encouragement. The nearest he ever showed his displeasure at any of my exercises was slowly to raise his nose as if it didn't smell right. He died in his forties, beloved by everyone who knew him, and he was one of the finest musicians America has ever given birth to.

I published a few compositions while he was still with us; and, while he didn't approve of a young man rushing into print too rapidly, he was good enough to go over the proofs of one with me; and he hoped the composition would be a success. It wasn't, but that wasn't his fault. The way it got into print was: A man much older than myself was very much in love with a pretty girl and he thought, if a piece of music was dedicated to her, the road to matrimony would be very much smoothed. So he offered to pay for the publication of the piece. That brought into existence—long since dropped into oblivion—a set of waltzes, A Moonlight on the Potomac.

My next compositions were a march called The Review and a galop called The Cuckoo. I took them to Philadelphia to the well-known firm of those days, of Lee & Walker. Their editor was the late Thomas a Becket, a fine musician and a splendid man. When he played the compositions they sounded much better than when I played them, and I sold them to him for a hundred copies each of the pieces. They did not electrify the public, but they were played by some bands and I imagine did not cause great depression thereby.

I was getting over nineteen by that time and playing first violin at Ford's Opera House. The conductor of the orchestra was suddenly taken ill and I had to assume this position. The play of the week was Bohemians and Detectives, written by Milton Nobles, who was also the star. I sat on the high chair of the leader, and I imagine that no one ever took up the cues of that melodrama with more alertness than I did.

Mr. Nobles left the opera house at the end of the week. Before the following week was up a telegram had come from him from Chicago offering me the position of leader of orchestra of his company.

A More or Less Secret Contract

Just at that time I had reached the age to fall in love, and I was head over heels in love with a clergyman's daughter. This young lady was a member of the Vis-à-Vis Club, wrote very good poetry and painted with unusual skill. With that impetuosity that belongs to nineteen or twenty, I made my love known and we became engaged; but the young lady insisted on secrecy, which I couldn't understand, as I wanted to yell it from the housetops that I had won such a charming creature.

We wrote various songs together, one of which was sung by several singers and made what you might call a little hit. This song, the words of which are given here, was written after we had had a tiff, which I believe is a common practice among all young lovers. I had kept away from her house for several days, and she sent me this, which was an absolute peace offering:

AH, ME!

A knight there was of noble name,
Ah, me!
A knight of wond'rous deeds and fame,
Ah, me!
He wooed a lady, wooed and won,
No fairer lady 'neath the sun,
She lived and smiled for him alone,
Ah, me!

A shadow crept into the light,
Ah, me!
The lady's face grew strangely white,
Ah, me!
The knight one morning rode away
Nor came again, ah, well-aday,
The sunset's glory turned to gray,
Ah, me!

And love is fleeting, love will go,
Ah, me!
No hand can stay its ebb and flow,
Ah, me!
And death is sweet when love has fled,
A rest of heart, a rest of head,
A fold of hands and we are dead,
Ah, me!

But secrecy is a hard proposition in this world—I understand that even bootleggers have confessed as much. My charming inamorata must have confided in her bosom companion, who had just married; she must have confided it to another almost equally close companion, who was about to be married; and between the two her father got full information.

The father and mother were extremely fond of me, and when I called the following night expecting the sunshine of a smile, the maid who opened the door said, "The doctor told me to tell you, if you called, that he would like to see you in his study."

I went upstairs to his study and found him sitting down, looking very serious. He had an oratorical voice and was a very large man.

Looking at me with piercing eyes, he said, "Young man, you have come into my house like a thief in the night and stolen my daughter!"

If he had said he was going to hang me just then, it wouldn't have surprised me more; but I quietly said, "Will you kindly explain?"

"What right have you to become engaged to my daughter?" he asked.

A Self-Imposed Probation

Thinking that perhaps levity would be the strongest weapon, I replied, "Well, she had to become engaged to somebody."

The remark didn't strike him as funny, or even amusing, and he said, "This engagement must end now."

"Let's argue the point," I replied.

"I have no desire to argue the point," he said. "I simply insist that it end now."

"Why? Do you object to me as a man?" drawing myself up.

"No."

"Do you object to my family?" I inquired, a little louder and more impressively.

"Not in the least," he replied.

"Well, then, just what is your objection?"

"I object to you because you are a musician."

"There is no nobler profession in the world," I answered.

"I am willing to grant all that," he said, "but point out to me one musician who ever had a dollar."

"That's no reason why I shouldn't get one," I said.

"No. The history of your profession is that they live in poverty. My daughter has been brought up in the lap of luxury and I'll never consent to her marrying a musician."

"Well," I said, "I have one proposition to make to you, and only one, and I propose to abide by it and you must also."

He looked at me, and I continued, "I will leave Washington. I will stay away from Washington for two years, and, if at the end of that time I have not made some progress in the world in a money way, I will give up your daughter. But if I have made progress I will come back here and marry her, whether you agree to it or not—that is, if she still loves me."

"How we stopped $6000 slipping away in our pay envelopes"

"We believe our experience will interest any business man who has a pay roll. We profited by applying the lesson elsewhere in our business; and others, no doubt, can do the same.

"Accurate cost records are essential for us—we pay on a piece-work basis. And we make more than 400 different styles of garment, with 3 to 12 operations on each.

"Formerly, eight checkers kept individual card records for each operator, from which the pay roll clerk made up the pay roll. About 3 years ago we learned about Ditto; and installed one machine.

"We designed a printed pay ticket with a stub for each operation, showing piece-work prices. One typist fills in the master, indicating all operations on that order. One boy runs off the copies on Ditto—a pay ticket for each bundle of work. As an operator finishes a bundle she tears off her stub.

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Please send me without obligation material showing how Ditto fits my business.
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MANY times in the last fifteen years Interlocking Tile walls have stopped great conflagrations.

Walls of this Tile have stood undamaged amid flames that reduced other buildings to crumbled heaps of masonry.

Interlocking Tile throws up a barrier through which no heat or flame can penetrate to ignite the interior or to damage its contents. In the Underwriters' Laboratory at Chicago, a heat of over 2000 degrees F. on one side of a 12 inch wall did not produce enough heat to light a match on the other side.

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MORTAR JOINT
PROTECTS YOU

"The Wall of Protection"—against fire, heat, cold, dampness.

"I'll not consent to that," he said.

"I don't care whether you consent to it or not. That is what I propose to do."

Resigning my place at Ford's Opera House, next day I left for a town in Illinois to join Mr. Nobles, reaching there at about the same time that his company did.

I reported to him and the first question he asked was, "Have you had any experience in engaging musicians?"

"No," I said, "except at home, a little dance orchestra or something like that."

"You go down to the theater," he said, "and find out who the leader of the orchestra is, then go out and engage not over ten men at the best price you can, have a thorough rehearsal, because they'll need it, and then report conditions to me."

I found the local leader in a paint shop, and after ascertaining that he was the man with whom to do business, I told him that I was the leader of the traveling company which was to perform that night and asked if he could supply ten men for the orchestra.

The Nonrehearsing Orchestra

He took his cigar from his mouth and said, "Can supply you as many as you want."

"How much," I asked, "do you charge a man?"

"Two dollars a skull," was his reply.

"Well," I said, falling into his mode of expression, "I want ten skulls—one first skull, one second skull, viola, cello and bass skulls for the strings, and flute, clarinet, cornet and trombone skulls for the wind, and a drum skull besides."

"Anything else you want?" he asked.

"Yes, I would like them at the theater for rehearsal at two o'clock sharp," I said.

He looked at me with a half-sorry-for-you expression and said:

"Stranger, there are just two things that you don't want here. One is that you don't want any first fid, and you don't want any viola or celly and you don't want no flute, 'cause we ain't got them. The second thing you don't want is a rehearsal at two o'clock or any other time."

"But," I said, "we must have a rehearsal."

"Rehearsal be blowed," he said. "We never rehearse here."

"But," I persisted, "my music is difficult and a rehearsal is absolutely necessary. Several numbers must be transposed. Can your orchestra transpose?"

With a wave of his hand, he disdainfully said, "Transpose? Don't worry. We transpose anything."

No argument could budge him; and he finally stopped any further discussion by saying that I could take his orchestra or leave it, just as I liked.

It was Hobson's choice with me, so I said, "Well, I'll take your orchestra, and I do hope everything will go all right tonight."

"Don't you lose any sleep over us. We're all right," he called to me as I was leaving his store.

Shortly after seven I went to the theater and found the orchestra in the music room under the stage. The leader said, "You might as well know the boys, and I'll just introduce you. What is your name?"

"My name," I answered, "is Sousa."

"Well, Sousa," this with an awkward bow, "allow me to introduce Professor Smith, our second fid; and, Sousa, this is Professor Brown, our clarinet player; and, Sousa, this is Professor Perkins, our bull fid; and this," pointing to a cadaverous-looking fellow, "is Professor Jones, who agitates the ivories on our pipe organ. Sousa, these are Professors Jim and Bill Simpson, solo and first cornet; this is Professor Reed, who whacks the bull drum, and yours truly, solo trombone. Now that all of us know each other, what is your overture?"

I explained that the overture we used I had written myself and it had met with great favor.

"I ain't sayin' that's so or not, but it won't go here. Will it, boys?"

A unanimous "No" from the orchestra dispelled any doubt as to their feelings. I expostulated with warmth and injured pride, "But you have never heard my overture, you know nothing about it, and I can assure you it is all right."

"It may be all right in Chicago or Bosting, but I tell you it won't go here. I got the overture that our people want and that's the one we are going to play tonight."

"But I think ——"

"Don't think," said the leader, putting his hand on my shoulder. "Just make up your mind that you are going to play our overture. Do you read first fid at sight?"

I mildly admitted that I could do so.

"Well, just take a look at this thing," and he held up the first violin part of his "overture."

"Now, I want to explain this piece to you. When we open up on her we go along quietly, not making any fuss, almost sneaking like," and he pantomimed the tempo. "When you are playin' that first strain you do it just as if you didn't have no train to ketch, but when we get here"—he pointed at the next strain marked *allegro*—"just go as fast as hell! You'll have to chase your fingers all over the fiddle."

I sighed and answered, "All right, I think I understand."

A Musical Free-for-All

After we were seated in the orchestra box I rapped for attention and we began the overture. I noticed immediately that all of them were wretched players, and when I started into the movement which the local man told me was to be taken "fast as hell," I began playing the strain with a rapidity evidently unknown to the orchestra, and pandemonium reigned. But curiously enough each man felt that it was his duty to play the notes to the end regardless of what the rest did, and they finished one after the other, stretched out like a bunch of horses in a race. I had no time to express my disgust, as the curtain was raised immediately and the first number was to be sung. It was Come Back to Erin, in E flat. When we began the introduction of the song, every member of the orchestra was blowing a note either in a different time or different key.

I shouted, "It's in E flat."

The louder I shouted, the louder they played. The singer sang on, trying to appear oblivious to the cacophony that reigned. As soon as the song was finished, I turned to the leader, and said, "This is the rottenest orchestra I have ever heard. You do not know one note from another."

He looked at me calmly, and said, "You are too particular. If you don't like our style of playin', pay us and we'll go."

"Pay you?" I cried. "You have not earned a cent."

"Well, if you don't like us, give us our money and we will go."

I was very much excited, and I shouted, "Give you your money? Not under any circumstances. Pack up your instruments and get out of this theater."

"We'll go when we are paid, and not before," said the leader.

"I'll see about that," I said, jumping up and walking through the center aisle of the theater; and going to the box office, I explained the situation to my manager. He called the manager of the theater over and told him, and he said, "All right, just call in the constable and put them out as usual."

As the constable walked in to drive out the orchestra, I said to the local manager, "Just think, these men told me they could read anything, and when I wanted them to come to rehearsal they said they never rehearsed in this town."

"Yes," said the local manager, "that is true; they never have a rehearsal because, if they did, they would be discharged before the performance."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Sousa. The next will appear in an early issue.

"I'm going Christmas shopping in my own easy chair," she said

And with the help of the Noe-Equl representative who called at her home, she *did*. Handsome silk socks were selected for brothers Jim and Dan. The loveliest of silk stockings in the new French shades for Ruth and Anne. For Grace, pure-silk lingerie in apple-blossom hue. Long before Christmas, her purchases will have been delivered from the Noe-Equl Mills; and Mrs. Parker's Christmas worries are over. She has the tremendous satisfaction, too, of knowing that in buying direct from the Noe-Equl Mills like this, she has made a saving which she could not otherwise obtain.

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MY UNSTABLE HOME

(Continued from Page 13)

dobe house: a dobe house, that is to say, constructed without the use of dobe.

That, I believe, is the way I reasoned; and if it is not the way I reasoned, then it is the way I should have reasoned.

At any rate, I sketched a long, low dobe house, with a commodious balcony extending across the front, well out of reach of the ground—so that nobody could climb up on it and disturb me at my labors—and a long, low wing, and a high wall running at right angles to both the house and the wing, so that the front door of the house opened out into a square courtyard; and after I had got it sketched, my friend, the master builder from the thriving town of Kennebunk, came and sat on a soap box in the old barn and looked at the sketch, and then said in a voice trembling with emotion:

"What in hell's this?"

After the matter had been explained to him and he had partly recovered from the fit of trembling that had seized him when he saw my plans, he was asked to estimate roughly the cost of a structure such as I had sketched.

"Well," said the master builder, shifting nervously on his soap box and casting a reproachful glance toward the deafening twittering that emerged from the hundreds of eaves swallows' nests that hung like a string of mud beads around the old barn's neck—"well, I sh'd think it'd cost you—ah—say, what kind of roof you going to put on this—uh—this house?"

Assured that a reasonably priced crushed-slate roofing material would answer the purpose, he looked carefully at the reverse side of my sketch and tried again.

"Oh, I dunno," said he. "I sh'd think it'd come to about—ah—say, what kind of flooring and finish you going to use inside?"

He was told that the house was to be only a shell of a house that could be used as a garage and workroom, and some day, when money was plentiful, possibly made into a finished home.

"Huh," said the master builder, squinting reflectively at a dust spot that floated in the rays of the setting sun, "I sh'd think it'd come to about—uh—oh, about twelve hundred dollars or so, or thereabouts, mebbe, or summers in that neighborhood, p'r'aps; but I can't be sure."

Conferring With Raymond

This tentative estimate seemed fair enough; so in the course of time there arrived on the scene five of the ablest workers in wood to be found in the state of Maine, headed by the master builder's son, himself a master builder of the sort once common in New England, but now, alas, following the buffalo, the great auk, the fillilloo bird, the passenger pigeon and bustles into the fogs of yesterday—one of the sort that designed and built the old New England farmhouses with practically no tools except a hammer, a saw, an ax, a jackknife and the stub of a pencil, and that built them so well that after standing for two hundred years they still possess enough strength to bend entirely out of shape any thunderbolt that tries to get overintimate with them.

To the accompaniment of many a hoarse New England chantey, then, the five workers in wood flew at the old barn and began to demolish it. Satisfied that matters were in good hands, I repaired to my workroom to turn out a thrilling bit of prose dealing with Great Cheeses I Have Known, or something of like nature, when the master builder's son—whom, for the purposes of this narrative, we will designate as Raymond—hammered sternly on the front door and requested me to step out for a moment.

I might interject at this point the statement that if amateur architects wish to have any time to themselves during building operations in which they are involved, they will do well to have themselves committed to jail. Day after day I would go out and spend three or four hours with Raymond and his intelligent workers, conferring on this, that and the other thing, and exchanging thoughts with them on such subjects as black ducks, the liquor situation, dog training, politics, bass fishing, good partridge covers, the price of clothes, the peculiarities of the neighbors and all other subjects that occurred to any of us; and then, when all of us were completely talked out, I would go back to my workroom and tilt back in my chair and get ready to think about writing something; and in less than five minutes Raymond would be knocking on the door and hoarsely inquiring whether I could come out for a minute, as there was something he had forgotten to ask me.

So I would go out and stay out for the rest of the day.

Cimex Lectularius or What?

At any rate, on this particular occasion of which I speak I stepped cut as requested and found that all work had ceased and that the usually cheery group of workmen had descended from the old barn and were gazing glumly at the sky, as though in search of weather portents, or scrutinizing their garments with painful care. An inquiry as to the reason for this idleness brought forth the horrifying statement that the old barn was alive with the offensive insect or bug known to scientists, with their terse and slangy phraseology, as *Cimex lectularius—lectularius* being a Latin word that has something to do with "bed."

"There ain't no use in going on with this house if you've got them things in it," declared one of the workmen with true New England optimism, contorting himself violently in order to examine the rear of his trousers, "because you can't never get 'em out of a house that they've got into, not without a fearful lot of work."

I protested loudly that there must be some terrible mistake; for many chauffeurs had slumbered in the old barn in recent years, and if any one of them had ever been attacked by a *Cimex lectularius* during his slumbers, the information would have instantly reverberated from Cape Ann to Cape Porpoise. Since no such reverberation had ever been heard, I argued that there could be no *Cimex lectularius* in the building.

One of the largest and most powerful workmen emitted a sour and disagreeable laugh at this statement. "You kin tell that to my wife," said he, "and try to get her to believe you. She saw one of the gol-darned things walking across my collar at supper night before last, and gosh blamed if she didn't pretty near throw me out of the house."

"Yay-uh," said another workman bitterly, looking at the speaker who had just finished, "your wife telephoned to my wife, and my wife made me undress on a blanket when I came home last night; and by gorry, she caught seven of the gol-rammed things, by gorry."

"Here," said Raymond, "come up and look at the gosh-darned things yourself."

I accordingly climbed up to the top of the old barn walls, and Raymond obligingly pried apart the two beams known as plates, on which rest the rafters of the roof. Between these beams were countless millions of grayish-brown spade-shaped insects or bugs and the shells of millions of their ancestors. When crushed they exuded an unpleasant musty, fusty odor, and the mere sight of them going sluggishly about their multifarious businesses caused one to itch violently in upward of fifty-seven different spots.

"There," said Raymond; "they look like *Cimex lectularius* and they smell like *Cimex lectularius*. If they ain't *Cimex lectularius*, then what are they, by gorry?"

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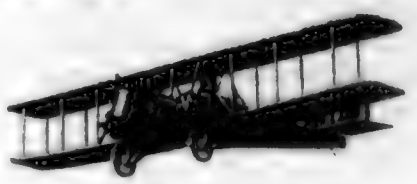

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Descending from the barn as rapidly as possible, and unostentatiously scratching myself in several places, I assured Raymond that there could be no doubt whatever that the bugs or insects were due to the eaves swallows, since their homes in the plates were directly above the hundreds of eaves swallows' nests, and that they had nothing at all to do with the man-eating *Cimex lectularius*. Continuing to my library, I produced a natural history, hunted up *Cimex lectularius*, and was able to desist from my scratching long enough to point triumphantly to the statement that "closely allied species are found in dovecots and in the nests of martins and bats."

The workmen, however, refused to share my certainty. They dispatched a bottle containing six of the bugs or insects to a local hotel keeper, who unhesitatingly pronounced them *Cimex lectularius* and frantically chased the bottle bearer from the premises. They called in several persons who had done nothing to earn the reputation of being specialists on the *Cimex lectularius;* and each one of these persons, on viewing the bugs, had fled in horror from the scene and declared emphatically, before passing out of earshot, that there was no question at all about the bugs in question being *Cimex lectularius*.

Amateur Architects

To offset this propaganda I dispatched a few of the bugs to the Entomological Department of the University of Maine by special delivery, and promptly received a reply to the effect that the inclosed bugs were fine samples of the barn-swallow bug and were only distant relatives of *Cimex lectularius*, that they found carpenters and all other humans nonedible, and were consequently not to be feared by anyone who didn't wear feathers; and that when the nests that attracted them were torn down they would disperse in search of food.

It is my private opinion, however, that the carpenters, being state-of-Mainers and therefore suspicious by nature, would have refused to believe the natural-history books and the Entomological Department of the University of Maine if another friend of mine hadn't appeared one fine morning with three genuine specimens of *Cimex lectularius* in an old envelope. They were three times the size of the barn-swallow bug, and had a plump, rosy, well-fed look that their cousins entirely lacked. I admired them and asked my friend where he got them.

"Out of the mattress," said he proudly.

Immediately afterward the carpenters speeded up once more, and the old barn rapidly changed into a pile of lumber. I noted last spring that when the barn-swallow bugs dispersed in search of food, as had been exclusively predicted by the Entomological Department of the University of Maine in the preceding autumn, they congregated in the garage which the amiable neighbor had erected opposite my front gate, and gave the owner and the chauffeur some uncomfortable moments.

Up to the moment when actual construction began on my dobeless dobe house, I had rather fancied myself as an amateur architect; but when Raymond began to demand specific information concerning the location of doors, windows and balconies, the height of walls, the position of staircases and similar essential details, I found that I knew almost as much about architecture as I do about Eskimo folk songs, concerning which I know nothing at all.

I accordingly sought the assistance of two friends whose summer homes are close to mine—one an artist who for a time had practiced her art among the dobe dwellings of New Mexico, and the other a distinguished novelist and playwright who was somewhat indebted to me because of the large sums of money that he had wrenched from me at the hellish game of mah-jongg.

Whenever Raymond had reached a point beyond which he could not go until the location of a door or window had been decided, the artist and the novelist would be called into conference, and the conference would proceed somewhat as follows, with the conferees designated by the letters A, B and C:

A: We got to do something about that window. Raymond can't finish the wall until he knows where the window's going.

B: How many windows you going to have on that side?

A: I dunno: one window, I guess.

C: Then it ought to be a large window to get the composition.

A: What composition?

C: Oh, the view down the golf links and everything.

A: Well, if you get it too large, the only composition you'll get will be a golf ball through it every five minutes.

B: You want to have a balcony over the window, don't you?

A: Yes, a balcony would be good.

B: Well, if you have a balcony, the windows will have to come under it, and they'll be so low that you won't be able to see out of them.

A: That's right; would it be better to get along without the windows or without the balcony?

C: Oh, you've got to have them both. They make a perfect composition.

B: I think I'd have four windows.

A: That means the golf balls will have four times as much chance.

B: You've got to have an excuse for the balcony, and you can get that by putting some bookshelves up there.

C: Then you can put a lot of color everywhere; up there too.

B: You could raise the balcony a step in the middle, and that would let the windows go up high enough so that you could see through them.

RAYMOND: Has anything been said about where those windows are going yet?

A: Here: I'll hold a stick where they're going. *(He holds the stick.)*

C: Move it about seven inches to the right. There! Isn't that better?

B: Move it back an inch. How's that?

C: That makes a fine composition. Here, I'll hold it and you look at it.

A *(relinquishing the stick to* C *and squinting at it professionally):* Fine. Make it so, Raymond.

RAYMOND: Where you going to put the front door?

A, B and C: Can't we decide that tomorrow?

RAYMOND: Why don't you put it opposite the middle of the windows?

A: Put it anywhere you want to! *(Exeunt.)*

One of the great drawbacks to able advisers is the fact that they quickly lead one into extravagances. It was my belief and wish when I embarked on my program of barn destruction and house building that the limit of my expenditures would be twelve hundred dollars; and it is probable that I could have kept within this sum if I had been able to refrain from accepting advice of any sort.

Blythe Suggestions

I have frequently observed the delightful carelessness with which one spends someone else's money for him: how, for example, when a buyer of chintzes asks a friend to choose between two chintzes, one costing nine dollars a yard and the other costing eighty-nine cents a yard, the friend invariably selects the nine-dollar chintz, and never thinks of asking the price.

I have noted this trait, I say, and I should have known what was going to happen to me. In all my conferences on plans and materials with the novelist and the artist and the master builder and with Mr. Samuel G. Blythe, the distinguished cosmopolite, oil magnate and champion one-handed putter of the Pacific Coast, who joined my staff of architects at a late date but made up for lost time by extra-expensive suggestions, I was never once warned to curb my expenditures.

(Continued on Page 161)

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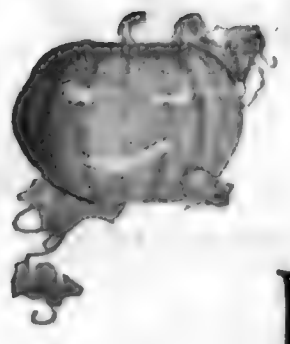

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(Continued from Page 158)

If I expressed the thought that the inside of the living room should be sheathed in smooth new pine, a chorus of approval arose from the architectural committee, and Raymond went right out and ordered the lumber.

No attempt was made to discover how close I was approaching to bankruptcy. If I had been obliged to tell them that I was bankrupt, and that it was too bad that I consequently couldn't paint the living-room walls with a coat of shellac and two coats of paint, they would probably have deliberately pushed me deeper into the mire by offering to loan me enough money to paint the walls that way.

When in an idle moment I carelessly stated that on all the doors in the house it would be nice to use either big old HL hinges or old spear-pointed strap hinges made of Swedish iron, the architectural committee agreed with such enthusiasm that I felt obliged to start on a hinge-hunting expedition at once.

All of them hastened to remark that the house would be a much better investment with such hinges; worth, so to speak, a great deal more.

They neglected to mention that I would be worth a great deal less.

None of them pleaded with me to use the rusty old hinges from the barn—an expedient that would have saved vast amounts of time and money.

A Bull Market in Hinges

Day after day, as I returned from my rounds of the antique shops of the Wells Road with forty or sixty pounds of iron hinges attached to my person, or triumphantly crawled out of the barn lofts of neighboring farmers, covered with equal parts of dust, hayseed and cobwebs, and with an extra large pair of HL hinges protruding from my trousers, my staff of architects would exclaim in admiration and suggest that if I knew where to get a bigger pair, I could use them on the front door—or on the courtyard doors or the balcony door or the back doors or five or six other doors, as the case happened to be.

Antique dealers who hadn't sold two pairs of antique hinges in the past five years were so impressed by the sudden tremendous movement in hinges occasioned by my hinge hunting that hinge quotations doubled, tripled and quadrupled overnight.

In the beginning I could get the best pair of old hinges for a dollar a pair; but at the finish the local hinge merchants were looking me straight in the eye and calmly asking eight dollars for a pair, so that I was forced to spend two hours of my valuable time and a tremendous quantity of energy, vocabulary and profanity in order to push the price down within the bounds of reason.

I have reason to believe that if my house had been cursed with ten more doors the price of antique Swedish-iron strap hinges would have soared to fifteen dollars a pair, take 'em or leave 'em; and if you don't take 'em I'll sell 'em down at Ipswich, and I think Henry Ford would pay twenty-five dollars for a pair of hinges like this.

Having acquired old hand-wrought hinges, I was then forced to purchase old handmade thumb latches to keep them company; and although the result of the bull market on the price of thumb latches had a sickening effect on me, it had no effect whatever on the architectural committee, except to make it remark that the doors needed to be plain handmade plank doors in order to show off the latches and the hinges properly.

And so it went. Whenever I was so unfortunate as to mention a rather neat effect that had been obtained in the early days of America by the skilled builders of those times, Raymond would immediately remark, "We can do that just as well as they could"; and he would then proceed to demonstrate that he could. Although it had been my firm intention at the beginning to construct the mere shell of a house, the recklessness of the architectural committee, and Raymond's confidence in his ability to carpenter as well as any hammer wielder that toyed with hand-wrought nails in the year 1650 or thereabouts, led to one excess after another.

Because of the hand-wrought hinges and latches we were obliged to use plank doors. Because of the plank doors we were obliged to sheathe the interior of the living room with clear pine and give it three coats of paint. Because of sheathing the walls we were obliged to build a fireplace and chimney modeled after the dobe fireplaces and chimneys of New Mexico and Arizona.

Because of the effect of the fireplace and chimney we were obliged to hand-adz the beams and the doors. Because of the wall and beam finish we were obliged to lay hard-pine floors.

Because of the paint on the walls we were obliged to scrape the floors and give them three coats of varnish.

Because the living room was well finished we were obliged to finish all the other rooms, including the kitchen, equally well. Because early American kitchens were frequently built of clear yellow pine, and because of Raymond's insistence that "we can do that just as well as they could," we had to have an early American kitchen. Because early American kitchens were furnished with paneled pine dressers put together with wooden pegs, Raymond felt obliged to make such a dresser with as much skill as ever was shown by an early American workman.

Because of the pine dresser Raymond felt that he could make a trencher table just like the big plank trencher table in the early American wing of the Metropolitan Museum. In this he was eminently successful.

Nobody, I regret to say, showed the slightest desire to help me economize. In a neighboring town a wealthy young man purchased a house and was offended by some ancient pine jackknife carvings and some venerable pine paneling with which the house, to his way of thinking, was defaced; so he threw the nasty things out on that celebrated New England institution, the sculsh heap. Raymond at once discovered them, tossed them on his truck and deposited them gently on the rapidly dwindling pile of lumber from the old barn, whence they were dragged by the architectural committee with hoarse shouts of delight.

Although the panelings and carvings cost me nothing, they necessitated the construction of the properly expensive setting for them, and the acquisition of other early Americana that would assist them to blend with their surroundings.

My good friend Bill Louis, a member of Raymond's aggregation of all-star craftsmen, presented me, for my front door, with a giant bolt that he had wrenched from an ancient homestead somewhere in Northern New England, and other bolts at once had to be sought to match it.

Playing Up to the Old Table

My good friend Asy Sullivan, a master-worker in cement, looked with some contempt at a fine oval-topped tavern table that had been acquired to help in the acclimatization of the jackknife carvings, and casually remarked that his family had broken up a lot of truck like that for kindling wood, but that if I cared to look out in his barn I could have anything I wanted. I looked and found a superancient piece of pine furniture, declared by greater experts than myself to be, possibly, the result of a *mésalliance* between a sophisticated tambour desk from, say, ye olde city of Boston, and a simple little blanket chest from a New England village. When I had dragged this home and scraped off the twelve or fourteen coats of paint that had been accumulating on it since 1710 or thereabouts, it became necessary for me to hunt up other expensive trinkets and knickknacks with which to make it look and feel at home.

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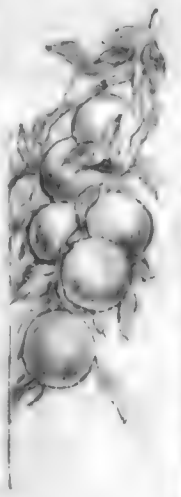

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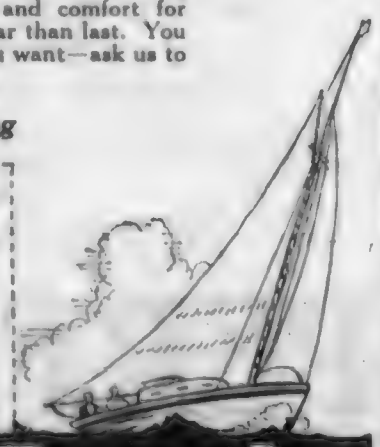

On the Gulf and Tampa Bay

So the costs ran up and up; but the final blow to economy came on the day when the distinguished world traveler and dietitian, Mr. Samuel G. Blythe, stopped on his way from New York to Pebble Beach, California, via Montreal, Piccadilly Circus, Bangkok, Samarkand and Peking, or vice versa, in order to demonstrate to me the superiority of one-handed putting to the two-handed variety.

Until the arrival of Mr. Blythe the architectural committee had accepted without question the opinion of the novelist member of the committee that the roof color of the new house should be a rich, soft brown—a color that could easily be obtained in crushed-slate shingles at a moderate and entirely satisfactory price.

But as Mr. Blythe descended from the automobile that brought him from the train, and cast his bright and intelligent eye, sharpened by contact with the architecture of every clime and people except the Samoyeds, over the severely simple lines of the dobe-less dobe house, he stated coldly, clearly and without a moment's hesitation, "You want a blue roof on that."

The Roofing Blues

I pointed out to him as rapidly as possible that we wished a brown roof, that blue roofs were never worn in New England, that the use of the blue roof would unquestionably cause the residents of York County, Maine, to worry themselves sick over the reasons for the use of a blue roof, that the expense of a blue roof would probably be distressing in the extreme to me, and that maybe he had made a mistake in his choice of words and really meant green instead of blue.

To this Mr. Blythe replied sternly and magisterially that he had said blue and meant blue, and that the sort of roof I wanted on my new house was not brown or green, but blue—a most violent and passionate blue, and that in addition to the blue roof the house should have trimmings of the brightest orange, and that if I would wait a minute he would show me exactly the shades of blue and orange I wanted.

With that he dragged his suitcase from the automobile and extracted two expensive neckties three feet in length.

"Those," said Mr. Blythe, "are the colors that you want on your house. You can have the blue necktie to show the roofing people the color that you want, but you cannot have the orange necktie because those neckties are expensive, and orange is an easier color to get than blue. So now let me hear no talk about the things that the people of Kennebunk and surrounding territory will say about you for having a blue roof, because they probably say all those things already without you knowing anything about it, and anyway you will be doing a great public service to let them have something new to talk about during the winter months, when talk is scarce anyway, so get your blue roof and let us hear no more about it. And now that this matter is settled, when do we eat?"

This was the beginning of a troubled period; for whenever I cut off a piece of Mr. Blythe's expensive necktie and sent it to some roofing company the pieces of necktie would be unaccountably lost; or the answer would come back that their chemical department was taking the matter under advisement, or that they had a nice blue-black—or red or green—roofing material that I would probably like just as well as blue, or that blue was never used as a roof color, and why didn't I use their beautiful Five-Tone roof. During this correspondence, telegrams arrived every little while from Mr. Blythe, saying: "Do not weaken on blue roof. They can't arrest you for it."

At length, in despair, I turned to paint companies and eventually the new house was crowned with a blue roof so blue that sea gulls hovered over it in the mistaken belief that it was a piece of ocean, and that if they stayed there long enough they would see fish in it; while night herons plunged trustingly toward it in the early hours of the evening, and only sheered away with loud squawks of horror when they were close enough to see that it was studded with nail heads instead of with frogs.

Stimulated by the brilliancy of the roof, the artist member of the architectural committee, when not busy designing the dobe-less dobe fireplace, would work night and day to contrive color schemes for the interior of the living room. Surrounded by paint pots, she would mix paints feverishly for hours on end, evolve a color that seemed to match everything in sight, and go into seclusion for the rest of the day in order to remove the paint daubs from her shoes, dress, hair, nose and teeth. The painters would accept this color without comment and apply it to the walls of a room, after which the architectural committee would view it and unanimously condemn it. Eventually the correct color would be obtained, but the method of obtaining it did not tend to reduce expenses.

The free application of color to various portions of the house led to the expression of opinion on the part of the architectural committee that the use of colored tiles in the courtyard would add to the general effect. Raymond at once stepped forward with his family war-cry, "We can make 'em just as well as anyone else can." Shortly after that, with the assistance of four bags of cement and some coloring material purchased at the local drug store, he turned out 150 foot-square tiles in red, blue and yellow at a total cost of eight cents a tile. This, in itself, wasn't much; but it serves to give an idea of the way in which the money was always flowing out.

After all the colors in the house had been built up around the blue roof, the blue roof began to change color. First it blackened, and then it began to fade through all the shades of blue to a seasick blue green. Then the crushed-slate roofing material to which the paint had been applied began to crack open. If I can find a bank to loan me some more money next year, I think I know how I can get a permanent blue roof.

Planting Out My Neighbors

The lesson in economy that I wished to convey by this article is that if one gets along with only one architectural adviser he can probably build almost any sort of house for about double his original estimate; but if he has more than one, his house will cost him five times the original estimate, as it did me.

On the whole, however, I am well satisfied with my new house—so satisfied that I have signed it with a bronze tablet on which are set forth the names of the architects and builders that came so close to ruining me in such a pleasant manner.

Not everyone, however, is so well pleased. One acquaintance observed to me that the house was "very smart! very smart!" Later, to other of my friends, the same acquaintance observed with a hysterical laugh that the house was "perherfectly ter-herrible!"

I shall probably like it a little better when, in my hospitable New England manner, I have planted fifty or sixty more buckthorn bushes under my workroom windows, so that strange ladies will not feel the urge to wander in while I am sweating out a cheery little piece on Does a Black Bass Think; And If So, What? and carry on a gabby conversation concerning nothing in particular.

As I said before, all the material in the old barn was used up with the exception of fifteen pairs of rusty hinges, a piece of chicken wire, five windows with broken panes, and thirty-seven cents' worth of kindling wood. A short time ago the hinges met the eye of the master builder, whose workmen had protestingly but efficiently endured my determination to buy as little new wood as possible.

"Gosh!" said he, "there's them hinges! I s'pose mebbe you'd ought to build another studio or something, so's to use 'em up!"

Being a New Englander, I suppose mebbe I ought.

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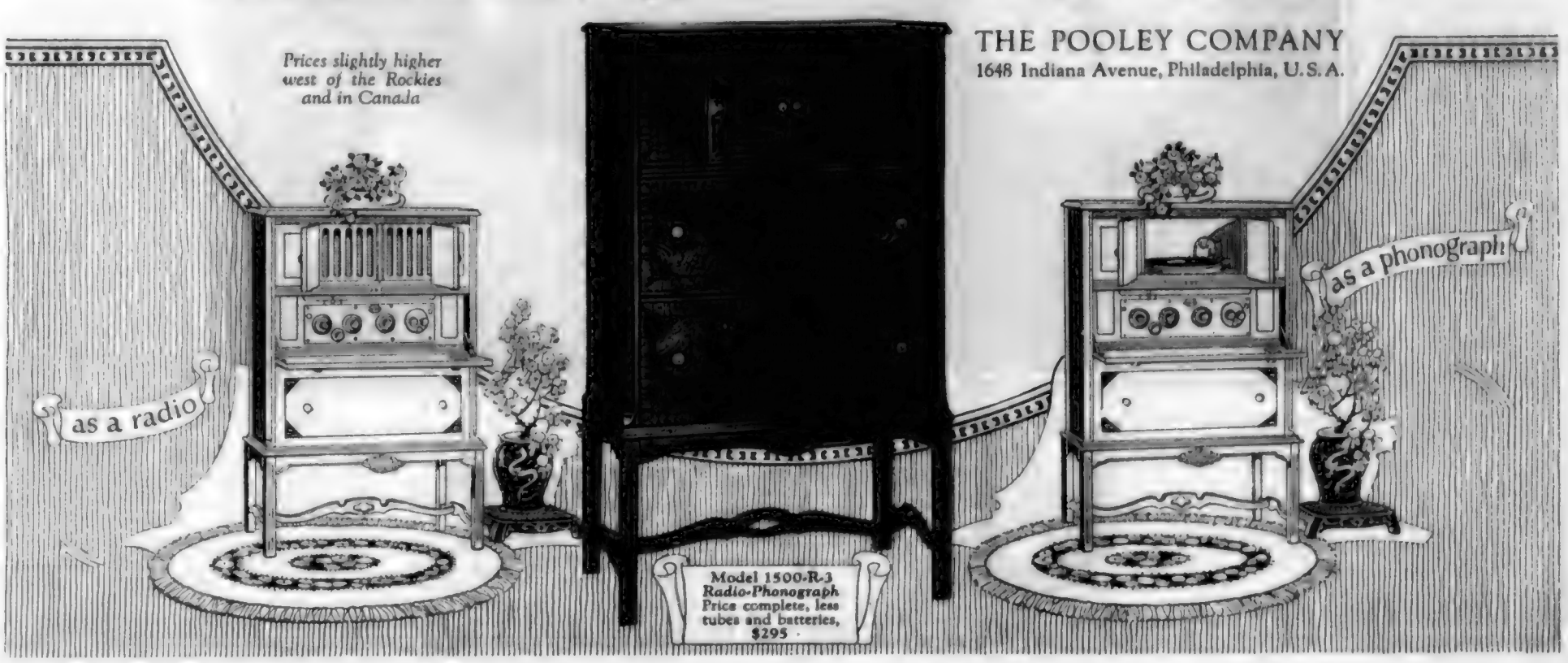

Continuous, unfailing "A" Power

—in a single compact unit . . that automatically replenishes itself

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Unipower

Trade Mark

Off when it's on—On when it's off

REGARDS TO SHANTY HARRIS

(Continued from Page 9)

"Me too," I said. "There's nothing like a hard rain to make you appreciate a good home and to make you realize that bumper crops mean prosperity and business efficiency."

"Well," she said after a minute, "that's all right too. But the rain started me thinking about—about a poem."

"What poem?" I asked, not having anything else to do and thinking I might as well let her talk her blues out.

"N-no, I don't think it was a poem after all. No, it was a picture I saw once; a picture."

"What kind of a picture?"

"Oh, a picture of a rainy night like this, and a lot of torches—big lights hitched on poles, and the drivers cursing and swearing ——"

"What drivers? How could they curse and swear in a picture?"

"Aw, you just knew they were cursing and swearing. And the wagon wheels smacking out of the mud and the big top coming down ——"

Here she stopped, getting all confused and red like a person who's said a word too much.

I looked at her and then we both looked at each other.

"Well," she said, straightening up and defiant, "why shouldn't the big top be coming down?"

"It should," I said, "it should. The evening performance is over; it's a big jump to Jay Center, and if we ain't on the lot early tomorrow morning there won't be any parade. And now, little girl, don't try to kid old Barnum B. Ringling any longer; you're the same as myself—you're show folks."

The Third Chapter

SHE looked at me for a minute and then begun to smile.

"I'm not show folks any more. There's nothing in it. Maybe you've found that out for yourself."

"I have," I said.

"Why, show folks don't know what a home is."

"You said it. Always moving around. Nothing fixed. You wake up in the morning not knowing where you're gonna sleep that night."

She wiped away a tear that had broke loose. "And never having a cent. It isn't business."

"Pure craziness," I said. "Now look at me and the way I'm fixed here in Pearl City. It's rainy tonight but I got a good room to go to and a good bed to sleep in and I know just where I'll be when I wake up. I got a good job and I know where I'll be working next week and next year and ten years from now. There's none of this luck and chance when you follow the laws of business efficiency."

"That's just the way I feel. There's nothing in the show business. That's why I'm here learning the cafeteria trade and when I know all the tricks and have saved up a little capital I'll open a cafeteria of my own. Maybe I'll put a card in some dramatic paper—'Professionals welcome.' Not that I got any use for troupers, but as long as they must eat they might as well eat right. Only I don't want to have to listen to 'em talk."

"You said it. A man can't spend fifty or sixty years of the best part of his life standing on one leg listening to some ham tell how good he is and did you ever know Lon Lennox that was with The Merry Serenaders in 1889."

"Ain't it the facts in the case! This morning a trouper dropped into the cafeteria and when he found out I used to be in the profession the first thing he said was, 'Did you ever show in Ashtabula, Ohio?' That was his idea of an entertaining conversation. Wouldn't that make you holler for air?"

"That's all the poor simp had to talk about. Did you ever show in Ashtabula?"

"Not quite but almost. I was playing bits with the Eunice Lawrence Company and we were dated for Ashtabula the fourteenth and on the tenth little Eunice ups and marries a cigar manufacturer in Springfield. Quick curtain."

"I heard about that company. Wasn't Gaffney Brothers in the troupe?"

"That was two years before. Do you know the Gaffney Brothers?"

"No, but I heard all about 'em. Nat Taylor had a run-in with Lew Gaffney in Fabricius, Texas, when they were both with the New York Metropolitan Follies. He used to say he'd have killed Lew if Lew hadn't bit him on the hand. It was like a thing that happened in the Indian Charley Frontier Show we had with the Mastodon Carnival Company. Do you know the carnival gang?"

"Just two years, but that was enough. I went back to tomming. Was you ever a tommer?"

"Not yet, and I'm keeping my fingers crossed. But I understand it's the same as a college education."

"You said it, boy. I tommed it for four seasons, playing everything from Little Eva to the Original Siberian Wolfhound and doubling with the Second Cake of Floating Ice. Gee, I got so I used to think I wrote the piece. It was an experience—the same as playing the Southwest with a medicine show. Did you ever do that?"

"Little girl, just to prove to you that you ain't talking to a stranger, I can let you look at calluses on both thumbs that I got from filling empty bottles with Old Chief Chahooka's Secret Herb Remedy which was ninety-nine per cent pure spring water. But that's just a part of my life story. I've done six shows a day on the Hochstetter Circuit, and once I played heavies with the Dainty Dolly Deane Rep bunch and after being shot through the heart in Act Three I used to come out and entertain with a song and dance. Listen—are we both members of the same club? Can you fake the sax and did you ever fool with the Roman rings?"

She shook her head. "No, old-timer; I faked the piano for part of one season till the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Musical Instruments stopped it. But I've got a little trapeze act that's all my own; and if I was as simple-minded as I look maybe I could have been persuaded to do some parachute jumping when I was out with Nicholson's Old-Fashioned One Ring Circus. But I always said, 'No,' the same as my grandmother taught me. That circus, though, I've never forgot it, especially the smell of frying bacon mornings and old Hash Gallagher yelling, 'Come and get it.'"

She stopped all of a sudden.

"Well," I said after a while, "there's nothing in that life except a lot of loudspeakers that got nothing to say."

"Not a thing. Because what difference does it make if your grandmother knew Bill Bryzinski back with the Shattered Hearts show in 1875?"

"No difference. By the way, did you ever run into old Pete Kinners? Seems to me he was ringmaster and announcer with Nicholson's for a couple of seasons."

"Before my time. But I've heard about him. Some marrying man, if all the stories were true."

Well, I was just starting to tell her a little matrimonial incident about the old man when the first dance ended. So I had to cut it short and shake hands and beat it back to Miss Tangley.

"Isn't it lovely here tonight?" begun Miss Tangley when I came up. "And what makes it all the nicer is the fact that every penny taken in is going right into Pearl City homes. Doesn't it seem terrible to you, Mr. Kerniffin, that even today there are so many wanderers on the face of the earth? We must change industrial conditions so that all those poor people can

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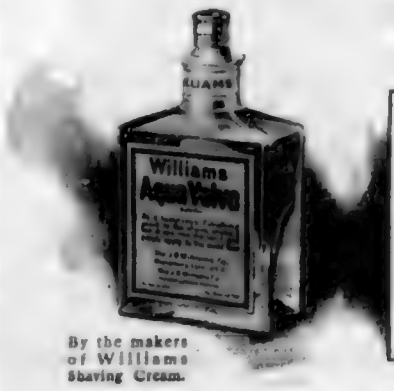

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have steady jobs and spend their evenings in comfortable homes reading some good book from the public library."

"Yes, that is the only way out," I told her, well pleased to get back again to some intelligent conversation.

With this the orchestra started and all the big yellow lights switched off, leaving only the little blue lamps strung along the ceiling.

It was not what you would call a real light effect, but it pleased the rubes and got a hand.

"Hold on," a fellow said, grabbing me by the arm. "What's that?"

We stopped and I looked up where he pointed.

At first I couldn't see what he meant, and then, right up where a wire crossed a piece of bunting, I made out a little curl of smoke.

Before anybody could stop him the boob had stood up on his hind legs and with his hands to his mouth had begun hollering, "Fire."

The Fourth Chapter

"OH," MISS TANGLEY said, and begun to shiver.

Well, I wasn't in a position to say or do much more myself, because it didn't look pretty to me—not a-tall. The armory was full of rubes and with just one big exit.

For a minute I thought I'd drawn the lucky number when I spotted two smaller doors one on each side of where the Jazz Babies had been playing—had been, is right. But when I took a couple of steps nearer I saw those little doors were padlocked and that nothing could open same except a battle-ax or a janitor and there was no signs of either.

"What will we do?" Miss Tangley gasped, at the same time showing what she was going to do by pulling a faint on me.

By this time everybody was piling up at the big exit while the flames overhead were beginning to lick along the decorations, and the floating sparks reminded me of the time when I was handling set pieces for the Rickenberger Park and Festival Fireworks Company.

About this time one rube jumping up on the orchestra platform hollered out, "Don't rush. Go slow and we'll get out. Be efficient."

But nobody present seemed to care whether they was efficient or not except in the way of digging a hole out to that front door. And they didn't pay any more attention when number two jumped up and, shoving number one off, yelled, "Remember the wives and kiddies."

I come pretty near laughing at the thought of what would be happening if me and Shanty Harris was on the job with a couple of tent stakes. We'd have made 'em remember their wives and their kiddies and business efficiency and everything else necessary to walk along without shoving. But Shanty was a thousand miles away, and as for me, I stood there holding a lady who was about as much use in the emergency as a sack of oats in a garage.

And I stood there wondering which way to head when somebody walloped me on the back.

"Why don't you do something?"

I looked around. It was the little girl.

"What do you expect a man to do in this madhouse? Go on and do it yourself."

"Don't waste your time on back talk," she said. "There's nobody on the bill but you and me who can do this act. Jump up on the stage there and bring your lady friend with you. This is Ladies' Free Night."

I didn't lead; I followed. The next thing we were up on the platform and I'd set Miss Tangley in the banjo's chair. Then the little girl began banging the life out of the piano while I laughed through the saxophone and then let out the old war whoop I used to give for Chief Chahooka. After that, pounding away on the bass drum I began spieling, "This way out—this way out."

In two minutes they were coming our way. Maybe the smoke blowing down the hall made 'em change their minds, but anyhow they came fast enough and hard enough to pretty near swamp the little platform altogether.

"Where's the way out?" they yelled. "Where's the way out?"

"Neighbors," I said, faking the best lines I could—"neighbors, the management has requested me to announce that as soon as you are all quieted down the doors here at the side will be opened and you can pass out in perfect safety."

They didn't exactly believe it, but you could see they wanted to believe it, which was the first step.

"Yes, neighbors, and while you are quieting down you will have the privilege of seeing without any extra cost or charge the entire program as advertised and exactly as represented on the posters without."

I'd got this far when one of the rubes tried to scramble up on the platform, yelling, "The key—give us the key."

He was too much to one side for me to stop him but the little girl was there. She just picked up the saxophone where I'd dropped it and slammed it over his bean.

"There's the key," she said as he dropped. "B flat. Showing you, ladies and gentlemen, how anybody can make a hit with the saxophone. Try it on the iceman."

They laughed. You wouldn't think it with the smoke drifting and the sparks sifting, but they laughed. There's always something funny about seeing a perfect stranger get busted over the head, and then the little girl's line got 'em.

Just at this moment Miss Tangley opened her eyes.

"Where am I?" she said.

"Applesauce 'em," the little girl whispered; "here's your chance—applesauce 'em."

"Where are you?" I said, leaning over Miss Tangley. Then I straightened up. "The little lady wants to know where she is. Well, I'm going to tell her. She's in Pearl City, the slickest little home town between the Atlantic and the Pacific. She's in Pearl City, the only place on earth where a man would care to spend his whole life—all of it. She's where they grow fair women and brave men and nothing but." You could hear the backbones snapping into place and a couple of sergeants or generals begun getting busy lining them up to march through the doors. "Yes, she's in Pearl City—— What's that?" I acted the same as if Miss Tangley had just made a remark. "The little lady says she'd rather be standing out in the rain in Pearl City than riding in a limousine in Madison or Milwaukee."

Talk about a hand—why, that stopped the show right there. The fire had dropped back into second place.

Miss Tangley opened her eyes a second time.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," I went on, knowing that local talent always gets over big, "Senorigna Spaghetti Verona will now entertain you with a selection from the well-known opera Five Kings and an Ace. It is entitleated, Papa Isn't Irish But His Wooden Leg is Cork. All right, Miss Tangley, sing 'em something."

But she didn't have her singing shoes on that night so when she closed her eyes again I turned to the little girl and said quick, "How are you this evening, Miss Ritz? I don't believe I've seen you since the last time."

She came right back. "That was at the race track."

"That's right. Do you remember the fifth race?"

"Do I remember the fifth race? I'll say I remember the fifth race."

A couple of nervous giggles broke out.

"What did you play?" I said.

"I put my money on Appendicitis. It looked to me like an operation." They were nervous but they showed they liked it. "What mistake did you make?"

I knew the thing couldn't run on too long so I looked up quick at a little window and yelled just as if I'd seen somebody peeking

(Continued on Page 169)

Let Spring Laugh at Winter
For You Here This Year

Here—in Southern California. Here, where miles of golden oranges and vast stretches of gorgeous flowers smile up at snow-capped peaks. Here, where mountains and sea merge into unforgettable landscapes warmed by Southern skies.

YOU'RE tired of ice and slush and balky furnaces? Of keen-whipped winds that bite their chilly way into your marrow? Of long days of imprisonment indoors when you wish with all your heart and soul that winter would soon be over?

In Southern California, there's no thought of things like these. There's only thought of the out-of-doors, of days on days of warm sunshine, of fresh green grass upon the hillsides, of picnics in the deep-wooded canyons that line the circling mountains.

Or mayhap only thought of golf, and tennis, and polo. Or of splendid motor roads that lead over mountain heights, to colorfully romantic Old Missions, to a great desert like Sahara, or to broad ocean beaches where the blue Pacific sparkles on foaming surf.

For here in Southern California is winter play-land supreme, an unending variety of the things you want to do in an environment that makes doing them here afford new zest. There's the beauty of the lovely Ojai Valley, the ruggedness of the San Bernardinos, the everchanging hues of the Sierra Madres that stand like a giant wall in back of Los Angeles.

Or perhaps you might prefer the road over the rolling hills of Orange County to Laguna Beach, beloved of artists, or the splendid vista of Riverside from the heights of Mt. Rubidoux, or the charm of Santa Barbara, blessed, according to the recent statement of a famous magazine editor, with the rarest setting in all the world.

All of this—and more—awaits you here in Southern California. It's the place of places for you to plan to be this winter. And *now* is not too early to plan. Winter is only weeks away from you. Come out with us and know the joy of a California winter.

There are hotels, bungalows, apartments and boarding houses to suit every taste. Living costs and rates are reasonable.

Send the coupon below and let us tell you more about it, or ask your nearest railroad ticket agent. Plan now for a winter in a land that's *different*.

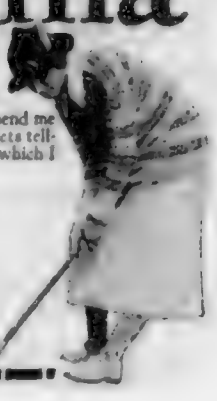
The growth and wealth of Southern California are indicated by the following figures pertaining to the County of Los Angeles alone:

Assessed valuation (1925) . .	$2,910,076,088
Agricultural production (1924) . .	82,588,993
Bank deposits (1925, more than)	1,000,000,000
Oil production (1924) . .	120,000,000 barrels

Buy your ticket to Los Angeles and San Diego, returning via Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, and Vancouver, and *See the Great West in One Trip!*

Southern California

Year 'Round Vacation Land Supreme



All-Year Club of Southern California,
Dept. A-10, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, California

I am planning to visit Southern California this winter. Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

- ☐ *Los Angeles*
- ☐ *Orange*
- ☐ *Riverside*
- ☐ *San Bernardino*
- ☐ *Santa Barbara*
- ☐ *Ventura*

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Wherever there is radio, there is Thompson

The Concert Grand

List price $180. The famous Thompson 6-tube Neutrodyne with reserve power for distant stations. Uses either dry or storage battery tubes. Two-tone mahogany cabinet, with a large dry battery compartment.

The Thompson Speaker

List price $28. The standard by which all other speakers are still judged. Employs a special cone-shaped diaphragm with large composite horn. Six other special features.

IN THE fifteen years since the name Thompson first became known in radio, it has spread to all quarters of the globe. First through ship apparatus, carried into the globe's ports. Then through commercial machines, installed on shore. During the war, when armies and navies fought against time to outfit their forces, Thompson supplied quantities of radio material of a previously unknown and unheard-of kind.

From the performance of Thompson apparatus sprang an international reputation for exceeding the expectations of buyers. Nations learned to trust Thompson for results where before only steamship lines and commercial companies knew how perfectly the promise was performed when Thompson undertook fulfilment.

Today Thompson fame shines with new lustre. Country wide, Thompson Radio Receivers are brightening the homes of America. They bring broadcasting in all its beauty and perfection to Thompson users.

For Thompson Radio fulfils the promise of pure, unalloyed radio enjoyment. Thompson reproduces broadcasting faithfully and naturally. Distance, too, may be yours. One Thompson user in Philadelphia has received every Class B (high powered) station in the United States. This is unusual, but the fact that it has been done is proof that Thompson reception is limited only by natural, ungovernable conditions. The better dealers in your locality will be glad to demonstrate the superiorities of Thompson Receivers and Speakers. Thompson Receivers are priced from $125 to $360, slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. R. E. Thompson Manufacturing Co., 30 Church St., New York City.

THOMPSON RADIO

(Continued from Page 166)

in, "No," I yelled, "don't monkey with any ladders; break down these doors."

There was a little cheer and Miss Tangley sat up in her chair again.

"In the fifth race," I said, "I played Darning Needle. A fellow told me Darning Needle had it sewed up."

"Go on," the little girl said, "I heard that two hundred and fifty years ago, but don't mind me. Go on."

"There was only one other horse in the race."

"What horse was that?"

"Influenza. But he looked sick to me, so I put five hundred on Darning Needle."

"Yes—yes. Go on."

"They're off," I said, beginning to pull the old race hokum. "Ride him, jockey. Darning Needle in the lead—Influenza second."

"Yes—yes. Go on."

"Darning Needle at the quarter—Influenza second."

There was the noise of the hose cart outside and it was just a case of holding 'em quiet a little longer.

"Darning Needle at the half—Influenza second. Come on, you Darning Needle."

"Come on, you Darning Needle."

"Darning Needle at the three-quarters. Baby needs a new pair of shoes. Come on, you Darning Needle."

"Come on, Darning Needle."

"Darning Needle at the stretch. Get off the track, you'll get run over. Darning Needle in the last jump ——"

There were steps coming up the stairs.

"Darning Needle ——"

The little girl broke in. "Tell me the worst, man; did Darning Needle win?"

"Well, he would have won," I said, "but just at the last second in flew Enza."

And just then the firemen's axes begun slamming away at the doors.

"My hero," Miss Tangley said, and throwing her arms around my neck fainted again.

The Fifth Chapter

"WELL," the little girl said to me as we started out, "the evening's entertainment is over, so wishing you one and all a kind good night we beg to say that tomorrow is Sunday, and Monday everybody will be back on the job again doing the same old thing in the same old place. Personally I feel a little restless, but I suppose you are only feeling pretty happy. When will we hear the wedding bells ring out?"

"Yes," I said with a strange sensation in spite of the fact that I was holding Miss Tangley in my arms, "I suppose I am feeling pretty happy."

The two doors had now been smashed in, together with a couple more on each side of the main entrance. The crowd was filing out orderly and the danger was over. The little girl looked at me, shook her head, and then busted into a laugh.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, "when I see you carrying all that weight it makes me remember something that happened when I was a kid. Listen, do you want an ice-cream cone?" She reached into the booth and helped herself.

"What was it that happened?"

"It was in Merlin, Tennessee—— What's the matter, man—you're going to let loose of that girl."

"Never mind the girl. What happened in Merlin, Tennessee?"

"Well, I was just a kid with a show called The Gypsy's Revenge, and Shanty Harris —— For the love of Mike, hang onto that girl."

"Shanty Harris," I yelled. "Do you know Shanty Harris?"

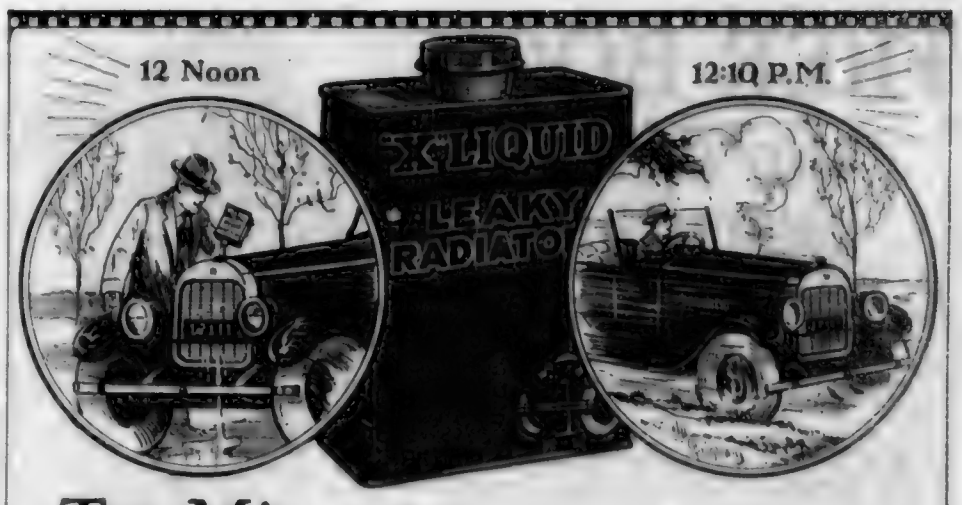
She looked at me and dropped her ice-cream cone. "Now I remember you," she said; "you're Billykay. Billykay, don't you remember Petite Maisie?"

The End

SO THE above relates the true fiction story of my life and I can simply add that the entire publicity in the Pearl City papers went to Miss Tangley, headlines stating, Society Favorite Stills Fire Panic With Burst of Melody. Well, that is what it is to be a local amateur. However, it is all right with me, as you will understand by reading the below. For, though there is nothing like intelligent conversation, if you have heard of the fellow who said he would eat a fried chicken every day for thirty days you will appreciate why I will be much obliged if you will run in your valuable periodical paper the following gratis ad:

AT LIBERTY

William J. Kerniffin (Billykay) Widest experience. Can do anything and double in brass or orchestra. Circus, carnival, drama, vaudeville. No booze chaser, good appearance, and can drive truck. Wife (Petite Maisie) modern appearance; plays any part cast in stock with neat fifteen-minute juggling act. Also Roman rings and musical saw. Reliable and want just that kind of engagement. Wire your highest and what for. Tickets? Yes. Regards to Shanty Harris.



Ten Minutes . . .

to Repair Your Leaky Radiator

TEN minutes from the time you pour "X" into your leaky radiator the leak is gone for good. *Permanently* sealed.

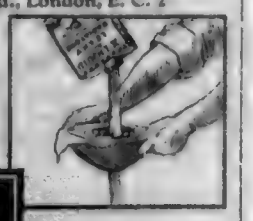
Nothing could be simpler than prying the lid from a can of "X" and emptying it into the radiator. That's all you need to do, to seal every leak—large or small—in a jiffy.

For years Government cars and trucks have used "X." "X" has been carried in all important Government flights, including the Round-the-World, Trans-Atlantic, Trans-Continental Non-Stop, Trans-Pacific.

Take the experience of Uncle Sam for a mighty good example. Keep a can in your car. You don't know when you'll need it—nor *where!*

"X" LABORATORIES
25 West 45th St., New York
Factories: Boston, Toronto
Agents: England & Continent:
Thomas & Bishop, Ltd., London, E. C. 2

For Ford Cars, Stars, etc. Use 75 cent Size
For Larger Cars Use $1.25 Size



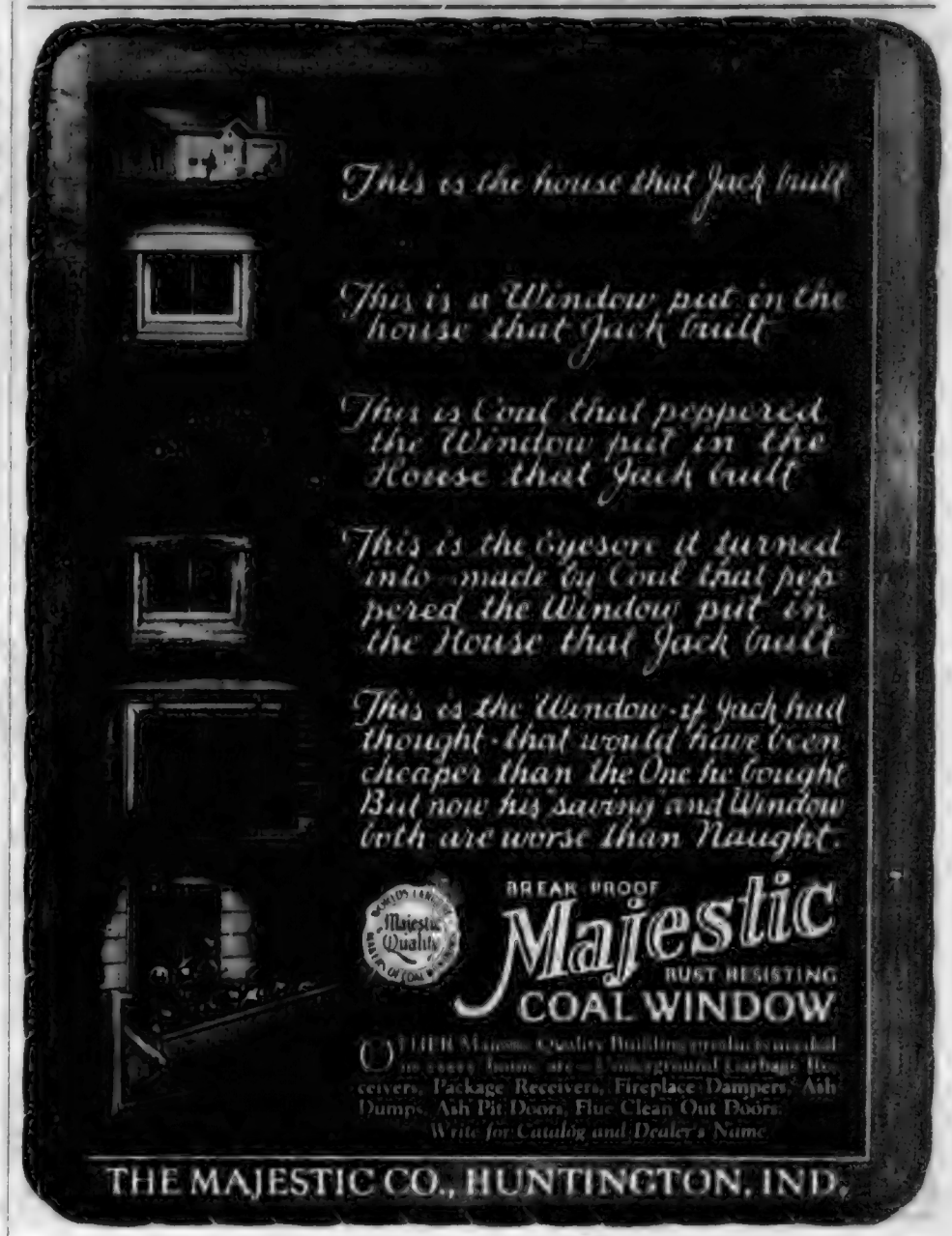
"X" LIQUID
REPAIRS LEAKS IN AUTO RADIATORS, CRACKED CYLINDERS WATER JACKETS AND STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING SYSTEMS

"X" is a LIQUID. It can be poured through cloth as it contains no meal, glue, powder, rubber, shellac or cement. It is absolutely harmless.

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Customer: "That Lather Tastes Pretty Good"

Up-to-Date Barber (Who Aims to Please): "That Ain't Lather; That's Whipped Cream"


This is the house that Jack built
This is a Window put in the house that Jack built
This is Coal that peppered the Window put in the House that Jack built
This is the Eyesore it turned into - made by Coal that peppered the Window put in the House that Jack built
This is the Window - if Jack had thought - that would have been cheaper than the One he bought But now his "saving" and Window both are worse than Naught.
BREAK PROOF
Majestic
RUST RESISTING
COAL WINDOW
Majestic Quality
OTHER Majestic Quality Building products available in every home are—Underground Garbage Receivers, Package Receivers, Fireplace Dampers, Ash Dumps, Ash Pit Doors, Flue Clean Out Doors.
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THE GREAT AMERICAN SCANDAL

(Continued from Page 29)

My only cause for wonder is that at the moment when our citizenship should be principally interested in restoring swift, certain and sufficient punishment and bolstering up a lame machinery of law enforcement, so many benevolent persons are writing to ask me to give exclusive attention to those more remote cures for crime, such as eugenics, psychoanalysis, education and restoration. For fundamental causes and fundamental cures no one has more respect than I. But I have learned that the present need to stop our national crime tide is to restore that simple cause-and-effect principle—that wrongdoing means punishment. That is a primer lesson known to almost every human being, eugenically bred or not, psychoanalyzed or not, educated or not, rehabilitated or not. If the truth is looked at squarely, the swift-growing criminal population is making war on us. It is beating the police, the courts and the prisons. Legal citizen activity is the only way to end that war on the side of law enforcement and order, and when a war is on I am not ready to advise the citizens of this nation to expect studies in heredity, mental levels, new school systems or even the effect of removing infected teeth of prisoners to settle that war. The war will only be settled by a reestablishment of the authority of the state and the restoration of law and its power.

"Everyone in the end may be law abiding through perfection and love," said one police chief to me. "But if they are not perfect today and haven't the love tomorrow, what's the answer then?"

The inference—the only answer, unless it is proposed to abolish police courts and prisons—is that our law enforcement agencies must be jacked up to their task of deterring crime by citizen pressure, by public opinion, and even more by citizen organization showing determination. My experience over months of investigation is that police systems, courts and the whole process of law enforcement brighten perceptibly the moment the citizen turns his eye their way.

Few are the persons today in the United States who will assert that our criminal-prosecution system does not need the citizen's eye and that it would not profit by hearing in good plain words that its workings are too often such as those I have cited.

The crime survey of the Cleveland Foundation, no doubt the most careful detailed investigation undertaken, has something to say of the forces required to bring about the needed reforms. It has been repeated over and over that the public must awaken. They must, but the whole legal profession, unless it is to tolerate a blotch on its performance of duty and ethical standards, must help.

The Responsibility of the Bar

The brief of the Cleveland survey says a truth which applies to nearly every city and every jurisdiction:

"The replies to a questionnaire sent to all the members of the Cleveland bar developed the startling fact that, except in extraordinary cases and with very few notable exceptions, the better members of the Cleveland bar ignore criminal practice entirely. Of the replies received, 40 per cent accepted no criminal cases whatsoever, while only 3 per cent took criminal practice regularly. The reasons given for not accepting criminal practice were in most cases financial, while others expressed ethical or esthetic objections."

Mr. Alfred Bettman, formerly city solicitor of Cincinnati, concludes as to this avoidance of criminal practice as follows:

"As a result, with some notable and praiseworthy exceptions, the practice in those courts is left to the lawyers of lesser sensitiveness regarding professional practices. The criminal branch of the administration of justice, dealing as it does with the protection of the community against crime, the promotion of peace, safety and morals of the inhabitants, the lives and liberties of men, and, therefore, from any intelligent point of view, the more important branch of the administration of the law, has become a sort of outlaw field which many a lawyer avoids as he avoids the slums of the city.

"Criminal practice must be made a field in which the lawyer and the gentleman—in the American sense of that word—can feel at home. And one of the courses which might promote this is for the lawyers who are both lawyers and gentlemen to return to the first principles regarding the position of the lawyer as an officer of the law and accept criminal practice. If the man accused of crime knows that he can obtain first-class talent at a reasonable compensation, he will have no excuse for taking his case to the shyster or police-court hanger-on, and both the courts and prosecutors will then have some justification for feeling particularly suspicious and cautious in cases in which the defendants retain unscrupulous or disreputable lawyers."

The Cleveland brief says also:

"In the last analysis, the bar cannot escape in a large measure the responsibility for the quality of the administration of justice. Judges and prosecutors are recruited from the legal profession; the prevailing standards of the bar inevitably influence the quality of judicial service, and the public must largely look to the lawyers, with their intimate knowledge of and association with the courts, for informed leadership. The bar constitutes a specially privileged group which can influence and inform public opinion. The survey gave especial attention to this problem, the reports on the criminal courts and prosecution refer very definitely to the responsibility of the bar, and Dean Pound in his summary volume places great emphasis upon it."

Loopholes Within the Law

The quality of the lawyers practicing on the criminal side, in my opinion, controls in great degree the character of work of our courts. The quality of judges, of course, is a larger factor, determined somewhat by the present inadequate pay and by the persistence, in some places, of the system of electing judges for a term, so that they owe their selection to political machines or bosses, instead of giving them the independence of an appointment for life. Furthermore, in our out-dated system the judges are stripped of powers and freedom now given to judges in England and other lands. This fact, together with the multitude of technicalities and outworn safeguards, yields an amazing number of advantages to the criminal and to his attorneys.

As a result, there is today, if one calls a spade a spade, a whole technic of criminal practice to dig numerous tunnels of escape for the guilty.

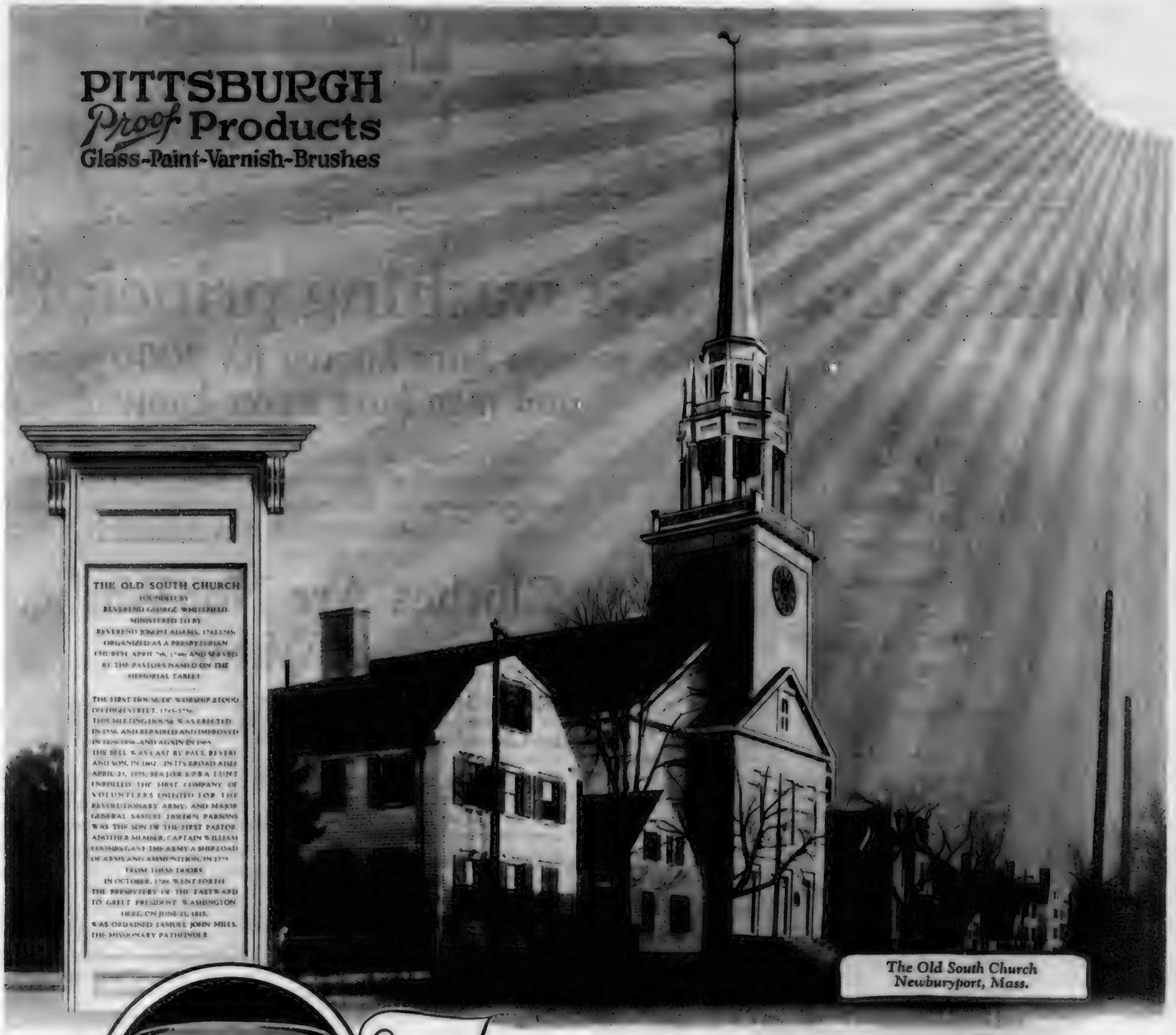
It has been amazing to me to find out how many persons in the United States write to me that the criminal lawyers are to blame for our criminals' paradise.

One man, who has long been a court officer, writes: "The criminal would not get away with it if it was not for his accessory, the average criminal lawyer, who aids and abets his getaway almost as much as the pal who watches and gives a signal when the police are coming."

No doubt there are conscientious attorneys practicing on the criminal side, men of ability and wide human understanding, who will not willingly defeat, but indeed faithfully serve the general welfare. But those who are not conscientious use a wide range of loopholes. The worst of it is that many of these loopholes are quite within the law.

I have already written of the antiquated laws or the weakness of laws which give advantages to the criminal. In New York State the criminal code dates back to 1841;

(Continued on Page 173)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Proof Products
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THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH
FOUNDED BY
REVEREND GEORGE WHITEFIELD.
MINISTERED TO BY
REVEREND JOSEPH ADAMS, 1742-1745;
ORGANIZED AS A PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH APRIL 7th, 1746; AND SERVED
BY THE PASTORS NAMED ON THE
MEMORIAL TABLET
THE FIRST HOUSE OF WORSHIP STOOD
ON HIGH STREET, 1746-1756.
THIS MEETING HOUSE WAS ERECTED
IN 1756 AND REPAIRED AND IMPROVED
IN 1826-1836-AND AGAIN IN 1909.
THE BELL WAS CAST BY PAUL REVERE
AND SON, IN 1802. IN IT'S BROAD AISLE
APRIL 21, 1775, MAJOR EZRA LUNT
ENROLLED THE FIRST COMPANY OF
VOLUNTEERS ENLISTED FOR THE
REVOLUTIONARY ARMY; AND MAJOR
GENERAL SAMUEL HOLDEN PARSONS
WAS THE SON OF THE FIRST PASTOR.
ANOTHER MEMBER, CAPTAIN WILLIAM
COOMBS, GAVE THE ARMY A SHIPLOAD
OF ARMS AND AMMUNITION, IN 1775.
FROM THESE DOORS
IN OCTOBER, 1789, WENT FORTH
THE PRESBYTERY OF THE EAST, AND
TO GREET PRESIDENT WASHINGTON
HERE, ON JUNE 21, 1815,
WAS ORDAINED SAMUEL JOHN MILLS,
THE MISSIONARY PATHFINDER
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OUTSIDE WHITE
PLATE GLASS

THE Old South Church, Newburyport, Mass., one of America's choicest historical possessions, is preserved by Sun-Proof paint which is a *protective*, not merely a decorative paint.

Sun-Proof Paint

—armors your building against decay with an elastic, moisture-proof, non-porous film that withstands ice, snow, soaking rains, and blistering, broiling sun. It will not check, crack, peel or blister! Great covering capacity per gallon, and extraordinarily long service make it exceedingly economical!

Whatever you need—Glass, Paint, Varnish or Brushes—the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company has a product that exactly fills your requirements. Sold by quality dealers; used by exacting painters.

"Guide to Better Homes" sent you free. A valuable book on home furnishing and decoration. Write Dept. A, today.

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The first tribe woman followed this principle by the side of the stream

The European Peasant follows this principle at the public tubs

Your washerwoman follows this principle at the washboard

You follow this principle with your dainty underthings at the wash basin

Even a mere man follows this principle with his own hands and face

What is that oldest washing principle

that women have known for 4000 years and men have never known?

What is the one basic principle about washing that women have followed through all the centuries in doing their own washing and men have never followed in making the machines to do the washing for them? Why, simply this:

Clothes Are Not Washed *in* Water

WOMEN have always dipped clothes *into* water to soak them but have always taken them *out of water to wash them.* Then dipped them back *into water* to rinse them off. It is the rubbing of one fabric against another in soap suds *out of water* that washes clothes. Even a school boy wouldn't hold his hands *under* water to wash them.

We men have watched you women do this century after century and finally after about 4000 years that principle has been applied to washing machines.

Several years ago we, Altorfer Bros. Company, who are one of the oldest and largest makers of fine washing machines in America, began adapting that principle to our different machines. Even then a woman had to tell us.

Now at last we have brought this oldest and simplest principle to the highest degree of efficiency in the remarkable, new **Double A** Washing Machine of our world famous A. B. C. line. And within three months the demand for this one machine has become enormous.

Here in this new **Double A** Washer you see the clothes come up out of the water and into the suds, *rub themselves against themselves* and then go down into the water again to rinse themselves off. Just what *you've* been doing for four thousand years and now at last what *we* are doing for you.

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This new **Double A** doesn't even have to be greased for ten years. It never has to be moved, because its wringer is adjustable to 16 different positions. It is almost impossible to get out of order and the tub itself is copper outside and pure nickel within—as clean and bright as your silverware. You will realize immediately it is the machine you have wanted for all these years.

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ALTORFER BROTHERS COMPANY, Peoria, Illinois

Three Hundred Thousand Good Washing Machines in Operation. Dealers Please Write for Arrangements

(Continued from Page 170)

in almost all jurisdictions, though the defendant can appeal, the state cannot; almost everywhere, therefore, the judges are fearful of making errors which will be the basis for review and reversal by a higher court in behalf of the criminal, but are almost unrestrained in making rulings against the state, because the state has no appeal.

The law gives enough disproportionate advantages, but let us look at the tricks of the trade which are used to turn the machinery of the law to the purposes of those who would evade punishment. It so happens that I have been in court rooms recently when two defendants in cases which have appealed to the sensational interest of the public have come up for pleading. In neither case did the prisoner have the money to pay counsel, and in each case the judge asked the prisoner if he desired an attorney assigned to the case. On each occasion the answer of the prisoner was prompt and emphatic.

Each said in substance, "I would like to have —— for counsel."

The man named is a criminal lawyer who has the reputation for getting the criminal out of his difficulty. And it is only fair to state that even a large part of the public often shows admiration for the wiles of certain criminal lawyers, not as they uphold justice but as they defeat it. The trial of American criminal cases no longer appears to the public as the workings of an efficient machine of justice; on the contrary, the criminal court is regarded as the scene of a game of wits and wiles until the chief interest is not in speedy trials and the giving of punishment to the guilty, but in the moves and countermoves between the prosecution and the defense. It is a game. So fascinating has it been made by certain of the most agile criminal lawyers that newspapers treat it as they would a sporting event, and if admission were charged the gate money would sometimes pay a year's cost of running a county.

One judge said to me:

"We are in active danger in America of making a national sport of criminal trials. The determination of guilt or punishment becomes secondary to the forward passes and third-base put-outs and the big scene in the third act of a sensational court case. The extent to which we have allowed our court procedure to become thus debased would not be tolerated in any other civilized country. I have had requests from photograph-news services to allow flash-light pictures in my court. And even the moving-picture people want to take films as they would of a champion prize fight. Sometimes the idea that we are fixing guilt is lost and is replaced by the idea that the whole land is watching the final strokes, plays and poses of the defense."

Bargains in Bail

But though there may be many who see a criminal trial as this judge sees it, few are the average citizens who know how much of the game goes on unseen and unheard, or how many of the successful moves to open the loopholes occur behind the scenes, or in that great mass of cases where because of absence of dramatic staging the public never knows or cares about the case.

The first rule of the criminal lawyer is to shut the mouth of the prisoner and then get him out of the hands of the authorities. No one wishes the innocent confined in jail awaiting trial, but in this country we have gone far beyond others in providing bail for accused persons. Not only do we provide it, but on the whole, through error of judgment or backbone or other considerations, many judges, quite generally, provide it at marked-down bargains.

The results are curious. I have the example of one court where bail for a foreigner, accused of an assault resulting from resenting attentions of an undesirable suitor of his daughter, was fixed at a sum so high that there was no possibility of his raising it. The next case was of a gunman, an old offender, undoubtedly backed by a criminal ring which feared exposure. This second man, a professional criminal, had ample resources. He could have provided $20,000 bail if need be. His share in recent robberies may have been several times any possible bail.

The magistrate had lowered the bail from $1500 as set by the police lieutenant to $1000, and the judge of the trial court allowed this reduction to stand.

The wily type of criminal lawyer knows well enough that in this country the jumping of bail is quite different from jumping bail in a state of Europe. Over there it is hard to slip out over boundaries without the proper papers to show. Here forty-odd state boundaries are free getaways. They offer even freer and more complete escapes from jurisdictions able to prosecute than most persons will believe. Extradition is expensive and often impossible. The ordinary criminal who succeeds in getting over a ferry or from one city to another often is as free as air. He may be put on the police list of men wanted in one state, but he may send for his pals and his girl and live a long criminal life in another state. With our present inadequate clearing houses and lack of center of criminal information, an old offender from one state or city may stroll over into another, and even if he is arrested, say, for larceny, go before a judge as a first offender, agree to plead to some lesser offense or a misdemeanor charge and so receive a suspended sentence or be fined—a mere tap on the wrist.

Evils of Easy Bail

The practice of giving bail to professional crooks has some extraordinary results. One of these professionals took me, in a Middle Western city, to meet an old bail bondsman, who has prospered keeping a small cheap hotel.

"When old X—— bails 'em out," said the confidence man, "he makes 'em stay at his hotel. You ask why? Because he has a bill against 'em and if they hang around idle he tells 'em to go out to work the town. If they are strangers he'll introduce 'em to some guy who knows where work can be done."

In some cities the old straw bondsman, considered a great evil, has been replaced by corporations. Some of these corporations giving surety are of high standing; others have allowed practices little short of aiding and abetting crime.

Responsible and conscientious prosecutors and police chiefs have told me that cases are not unknown where a man arrested for robbery or burglary has obtained his bail by putting up as security the goods he has stolen.

This is a small evil, however, compared with one which arises from a simple fact based not on anyone's conspiracy, but upon the situation itself. Every prisoner released on bail is a man upon whom there is extraordinary pressure to obtain money. The very cost of raising the bail is a new financial load.

Then there is perhaps the criminal lawyer, who shakes his head doubtfully and says: "Well, goodness knows where you can raise the money. But if I am to go on with your case you'll have to pay me at least what you already owe me. You'll have to get the money somewhere."

"Going to werk" and "getting the money somewhere" are phrases which the crook interprets according to his lights. So that citizens may know something of what often happens when easy bail is given by the law and cheap bail by judges, let me say that the records of one of our larger cities show that in a two-year period the crimes committed by men out on bail total more than 250 cases.

The next strategy of the criminal's side is the manufacture of delay. Delay is nine-tenths of criminal defense. Mark that down. Delay is often ten-tenths of a loophole through which criminal after criminal slides out unpunished.

The element of delay is so well recognized, the presence of swift law processes

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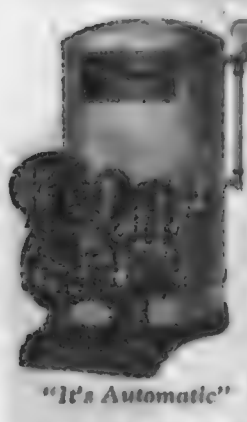

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such a deterrent of crime, that I am sure a statistical survey would show that crime and delay in one jurisdiction walk hand in hand, while law-abidingness and swift justice may be found together.

There are present in the United States a considerable number of persons who give out the assertion that punishment is not a deterrent of crime. They attempt to show that punishment is mere vindictiveness and, therefore, unscientific. They write me that the terrible punishment of the Middle Ages failed to prevent crime, and they reason therefrom in some strange manner that the more crime is punished the more crime we shall have. The converse of this is that the less crime is punished, the less crime we shall have. And the logical conclusion of their stand is that if we dismiss our police, close our courts, empty our jails and unlock our front doors there will be no crime at all. I will examine this simple remedy in a later article.

Milwaukee's Swift Justice

Just now I can take the available figures, and the testimony of the crooks, gunmen and other criminals themselves, to prove at least that if any punishment is retained, the mere swiftness of it is itself a deterrent of crime, and on the other hand, that mere delay in the processes of punishment is a crime breeder of astonishing fecundity.

"We keep out of Milwaukee," said a gunman to me in Chicago. "We may go up there when things get hot in another city, but we don't work there. Milwaukee courts work too fast for us."

The comparative statistics need not be given in full, and indeed cannot be given, because they do not exist, but there is one measure: The killings in Chicago in 1923 were 13.6 for every 100,000 persons, and in Milwaukee lower than any large city in the country. I was told by prosecutors, judges, criminals and police of other near-by cities that the swiftness of justice in Milwaukee was the reason the city report of Milwaukee is able to state: "Crime waves have been unknown in Milwaukee and systematic burglaries, confidence games and holdups have been comparatively unknown."

A number of wise criminals have told me that Massachusetts was a bad place to work in, not because of the lack of opportunities, but because the courts are too good. I have been told by old offenders that it is not the escaping of arrest where the fight to keep out of prison is made; the real fight to keep out of prison is made by stalling in the courts.

As a measure of the advantage of stalling, one can ponder the statement made to me by one of the chief prosecuting attorneys in Chicago. He said that when he took office there was a group of some 200-odd cases of felony which had been strung along for years. The attempt to take these cases out for trial was disastrous. Witnesses had disappeared; juries felt that time had healed the wounds of victims and the community. I believe there were two or three cases in the lot in which punishment could be obtained. All these cases had arrived at the point toward which the criminal lawyer endeavors to draw his cases. When cases go undealt with long enough, they become what is known by the phrase "cold meat." The complainant has forgotten, the newspapers have forgotten, the man who saw the holdup take place is now far out in Colorado. Nobody cares much, there is not much hope of success in going to trial. The criminal goes free.

One of the foremost police officials in the United States said to me:

"Oh, yes. We catch 'em. But that's only a beginning. Then comes the bail, then the grand jury, and if some paper is wrong or some slip happens the true bill goes into the wastebasket. The shyster lawyer gets the judge to send some paper back because of some crossing of an *i* or dotting of a *t*. Yes, I said it as I intended.

"Then there's the pleading: and there's some excuse or other, and my officers as witnesses have lost another day of police duty. Then come the demurrers. And by that time my officers begin to wonder what the law is for anyhow. The case is on for trial and the witnesses are there, and the prosecutor from the district attorney has prepared all the papers and waits around for the case to be called, and then it turns out that the prisoner is sick or his lawyer trying another case somewhere, and there is another week of waiting. Then the lawyer for the accused tries to make a deal with the district attorney to have his man plead guilty to some little thing in exchange for the real charge. They talk about that and fail to make a convenient trade. So the case goes to trial. There's a verdict of guilty and we think we've got our man at last. Oh, no—the case goes upstate to the higher court. There are seventy or ninety days allowed to prepare. The district attorney can't stop the appeal; it's a one-sided affair. Then when the legal time limit and extensions asked for are up, it is summertime again. The judges are all away in Europe or the Maine woods. After six months a plea is made that the stenographer's record is not yet corrected, and there is another postponement. The case has been sent back. More affidavits. Reversal on a technical ground. Retrial. Witnesses gone. Public has forgotten. That, roughly, is the story."

Unfortunately it is the story.

But it is a story with which the average citizen is wholly unfamiliar.

Such a story dulls the enthusiasm of the police. "Why arrest 'em if the courts and the prisons let 'em go?"

The Ducks and Dodges of Defense

It makes the victim of a crime still more of a victim, for it keeps him serving as a witness, waiting around, losing his days, like the other witnesses.

One of these victims said to me: "If I had known the slowness of law and the ducks and dodges of the defense, I would have let the miserable crook go through my safe and I would have handed him a cigar and said, 'For mercy's sake, keep this confidential.'"

It is no wonder, with such a farcical performance in prospect, that the prosecuting attorneys of our courts have learned that this long weary road through our overcrowded courts, often leading to nowhere, is not worth while. As a result of this, a common practice has grown up which may astonish the honest citizen but is well known to the criminal.

This practice is described when the old criminal says to the young recruit in crime: "Get your lawyer to trade the prosecutor's office down to the minimum, and then, if necessary, plead guilty to that."

Of this practice, Chancellor Herbert S. Hadley, whose experience in prosecution was distinguished, says:

"The prosecutor, knowing that from 30 to 40 per cent of convictions appealed are reversed, is disposed to save himself a lot of

(Continued on Page 177)

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Please send representative with samples of NOGAR Suits, with the understanding that I am under no obligation to buy.

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(Continued from Page 174)

hard work by accepting a plea of guilty to some minor offense. This demoralizing influence in the administration of criminal justice in this country has not been given the weight and importance that it really has in its effect upon the conduct of criminal trials, in addition to its effect upon the actual cases in which the judgments are reversed and remanded."

During the strategies and delays which the wily criminal lawyer can introduce into our system of criminal law and its administration there is not only at work the scattering of witnesses, the evaporation of public interest, the weariness of complainant, police and prosecutors, but, if the lawyer be unscrupulous, a variety of dodges to kill the case. The criminal, his family and his ring are set to work to bring pressure on local political bosses or on possible jurors. The victim of the crime is bought off, wearied out or intimidated.

In a recent burglary case a friend of the victim, who was a woman of moderate means, came to me in great excitement and told me that she had been advised by a man, who said he was a detective, not to appear against the prisoner, or to have a lapse of memory in testifying, because the prisoner was a dangerous man who would, perhaps, when released, kill her husband or one of her children.

This is the kind of practice of criminal law and the kind of administration of criminal justice which allows it, responsible in large part for the fact that as a nation we are now almost facing a civil war with criminals and lawbreakers. I have been accused of exaggerating conditions, but in Cleveland, where the Cleveland Foundation in 1921 made a painstaking survey and provided recommendations for remedies, the representative and conservative Cleveland Association for Criminal Justice opens its report for June, 1925, as follows:

"Crime continues to increase in Cleveland at an alarming rate. For the semi-annual period ending June 30, 1925, major crime has increased over the corresponding period of the year 1924: Robbery, 15 per cent; housebreaking and larceny, 59 per cent; automobile stealing, 61 per cent; burglary and larceny, 75 per cent; murder, 95 per cent; assault to kill, 100 per cent; manslaughter, 139 per cent.

Technicality Hunting

"The attention of the public should be aroused definitely to the menace which threatens the city as disclosed by this increase in crime. It is only a short step from this situation to that prevailing in Chicago, where crime seems to be thoroughly organized and the law-enforcement officials during the past few weeks have fought an almost losing fight against the criminal element. Though Cleveland has not yet reached this situation, the startling increase in crime should be taken as a warning that unless criminal law is rigidly enforced, crime will secure eventually a like inexorable hold upon Cleveland.

"Heretofore the association has called the attention of the public to deficiency in the enforcement of criminal law and to responsibility of law-enforcement officials and the courts in the prevention of crime. However, regardless of the efforts of law-enforcement officials, regardless of the character of public officials, regardless of the zealous functioning of the courts, crime will increase unless the public takes an interest in the situation and demands its control."

The demand for control on the part of citizens ought to put at the top of its list a demand for stopping up the holes which technicality, outworn nonsense of procedure, so-called safeguards, and the factor of dilatory strategy have opened wide to the wrongdoer. The demand will help the weak-kneed judges of minor courts to stiffen their attitude; it will draw the attention of judges of higher courts of appeal away from technicality hunting.

As one distinguished jurist has said: "If some 500 appellate judges in the various states would act together or agree together to put an end to technicality reversals and would restore consideration of the substance of justice, the whole machinery of the criminal law would take on a new life." The day in which a few judges who do not yet realize the truth can tell us that the police are wholly to blame for our crime tide is distinctly over. The day in which the public will realize that there is much truth in the police saying, "We catch 'em and the courts and prisons let 'em go," is at hand.

Criminal Camouflage

But it is not only in the tricks of bail, procedure and delay strategy that the criminal lawyer has a vast field of advantage. In addition to these he has on his side at the trial the support of those floppy-minded persons who, under the guise of scientific knowledge or of mere sentimentality, idealize the criminal. The wily criminal lawyer works this as hard as he can. He is able at times to make even the complainant or the victim feel that it is not the crime which is to be censured, but the complaint against the crime. No one has more respect than I for serious psychopathic investigation, but all kinds of driveling nonsense are being used these days in the court rooms of the nation to fill ignorant jurors with the idea of a new interpretation of human motives which, if carried to its usual conclusion, would render anyone, anywhere, at any time guiltless of anything done to anybody.

Too much of the new psychiatry is based upon mere phrases. Naughtiness is now entitled the "behavioristic evidence of neuroticism." Someone invents the phrase "emotional vacuum" to supplant the older one, "the devil finds something for idle hands to do." And the expert witness is called to testify in effect, "This man did wrong because he is not right; I know he is not right because if he had been he would not have done wrong."

The practical criminal lawyer at times must have his tongue in his cheek as he draws forth the expert's testimony. The serious side of it is that almost every few days some murderer or conspicuous wrongdoer walks out of a court room with a flower in his buttonhole because some jurymen have been goose-stuffed with something called "modern science."

The Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology, in an editorial recommending that only the court itself should summon expert witnesses, gives an example of the way the expert alienists were utilized and used in the Loeb-Leopold trial:

"In the course of a colloquy between counsel over the testimony of a psychiatrist called for the defense, this passage occurred:

"'Mr. D.: Let me ask you, doctor, what was Dick's attitude toward that compact?

"'Mr. C.: By "Dick," do you mean the defendant, Richard Loeb?

"'Mr. D.: If necessary, I am willing to stipulate that "Dickie" or "Dick" means Richard Loeb, and that "Babe" means Nathan Leopold, Jr.'

"This passage was evoked by the frequent instances of the expert witnesses' use of the endearing, youthful, innocent epithets 'Dickie' and 'Babe,' both in direct and cross-examination; thus:

"'Q.: Is Loeb the leader in this crime?

"'A.: I should say that Babe has the more constructive component, and so on. Dickie, on the other hand, is rather essentially destructive, and so on.'

"This voluntary adoption of the endearing, attenuating epithets 'Dickie' and 'Babe' to designate the defendants, reflects seriously on the medical profession," continues the Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology. "The whole evil of expert partisanship is exemplified in this action of these eminent gentlemen.

"Most of the criticism directed against distorted and manufactured expert testimony has hitherto been based on the supposed bias due to the fees—the money

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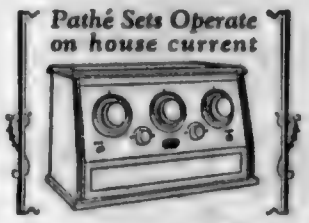

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AND then, in spite of the fact that he was employed by a large company, Mr. Noah A. Weiner of Connecticut quickly started on a profitable career as our local representative. That was fourteen years ago. Nearly every month since he has earned Curtis subscription profits; in one day not long ago an even $12.00!

Now, *how about you?* Surely you can spare an hour now and then, to follow the simple directions we will give you. You need no experience, no capital—only the willingness to TRY. Above is a coupon—mail it today.

Profits From the Start

The Heating Sensation of the Century

Can This be Soft Coal?

SOFT coal is now *clean* burning coal. Just as clean as anthracite coal, oil or gas! And what a difference in price!

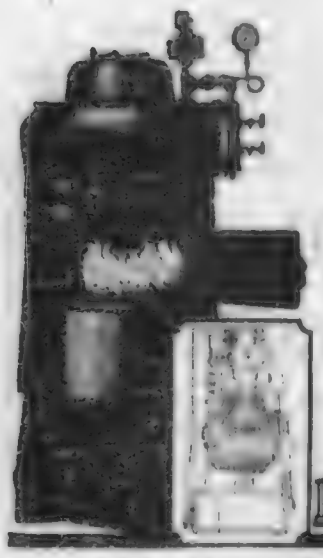
Science has finally removed the one objection to bituminous coal for home use with the new Richardson Smokeless Round Boiler—the Heating Sensation of the Century.

Instead of escaping through the flues, the smoke is turned into *heat*, inside the boiler. A special hot blast does the work—and does it thoroughly. Only a light vapor comes out of the chimney and vanishes within a few feet.

The Richardson Smokeless Round Boiler is ready for service *this season*. It has been tested under all conditions. OK'd by Smoke Prevention Bodies and heating engineers. Your own heating contractor can install it *at once*.

Sold on Time Payments

Act now. Find out how much this new smokeless boiler will cost. How it can be installed on Easy Payments. Send the coupon today and get full details without obligation to you.



RICHARDSON *Smokeless* ROUND BOILERS *for Steam, Hot Water and Vapor*

RICHARDSON & BOYNTON CO.

Mfrs. of "Richardson" "Perfect" Heating and Cooking Apparatus since 1837

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Richardson & Boynton Co., 260 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
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Alexander Heath Made $240.00 Last November!

Mrs. Lawrence Irwin Earned $110.00 Last December!

W. Lacy Dixon Made $230.00 Last January!

AND so we might go on, month after month. More than that, the records would pile up from every state and from Canada—the records of men and women who make big money by this spare time plan. Some of them sell us several hours a day; others but an hour or so now and then. Do you want to come in on the profits? Then get your scissors busy right now. Clip the coupon. Mail it. You have nothing to lose—you may earn hundreds!

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taint. But in this case the fee was exactly the same on both sides. And in this case, also, the personality of the gentlemen refutes the possibility of such an influence. And yet the sad spectacle is presented of these eminent scientists committing themselves to the cause of one side rather than the other by adopting epithets calculated subtly to emphasize the childlike ingenuousness and infantile naïvety of the cruel, unscrupulous wretches in the dock. It was the cue of the defense to impress this character on the judge, and the experts' well-chosen language lent itself shrewdly to that partisan end."

The criminal lawyer is aided also by the sob writers of the press. The cases are endless.

Recently one of them was brought to my attention. A girl under eighteen had shot and killed a suitor at a cocktail party. From the time she was fifteen she had carried on an adulterous relationship with a married man. After her sentence she forced the prosecution of the married man for motives which the trial judge said were spite and a desire to injure and humiliate her rival, the man's wife.

And yet even some of the conservative daily newspapers pictured this toughened criminal as "a dazed and innocent child, a victim of a moment's impulse." She was described as being pale as she sat in the court room because her childish cheeks were untouched by artifice. It is this sickening rose water which aids the criminal lawyer, especially when its effect can be felt in the jury box.

And finally, when the loopholes of bail, magistrate, grand jury, trading with the state for a plea to a lesser offense, delay, appeal and sentimentality and soft science fail, there is always hope of probation and suspended sentence.

Anyone who has any knowledge of courts knows that probation and suspended sentences are excellent institutions for rescuing first offenders from longer journeys on crime's road. No one wants a chance criminal to be hardened into an incorrigible if understanding, care and a new opportunity will make a useful member of society. But the abuse of probation and the suspended sentence is so common, the probation machinery is often so feeble and the results so frequently disastrous, that good judges may think twice before allowing the suspended sentence to be the loophole by which the criminal is turned back onto the street to find his lawyers' fees in other men's pockets.

I have been furnished by a police department the records of nearly 300 cases of arrests within the past year of men who had previously been found guilty of felonies and given suspended sentences.

The loopholes opened to the criminal are many indeed. The average man knows little, and the criminal lawyer knows much, of the way that the criminal slips through and so recruits new criminals by his success.

The Cleveland Foundation survey report quotes an expert criminal:

"The only way to stop us is to find out who and what we are and what we are good for. Then you've got to make punishment severe enough or opportunity good enough for us."

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Child. The ninth will appear next week.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

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with the greater speed *of the* L. B. Speedac

TIMED by stop watches, the L. B. Speedac sets these new standards of speed in visible record filing:

In 4 seconds you can locate any business fact housed in the L. B. Speedac. The perfect and permanent visibility of every card makes this possible.

In 2 seconds you can remove or replace any card in this perfected visible file. This is an essential time-saving feature with records which must be entered daily.

In 10 seconds you can add or remove a card and card carrier. Visible file operators will tell you what this speed-factor means in a day's work.

It is because the L. B. Speedac holds the speed records in each of these three important functions of any visible file that it cuts operating costs.

And without the turn of a card, it spotlights instantly the facts you want to know about your business. Sales records are actually up-to-date—credit records accurate—stock records more dependable. The L. B. Speedac gives any executive a new, firm grasp of any phase of his business.

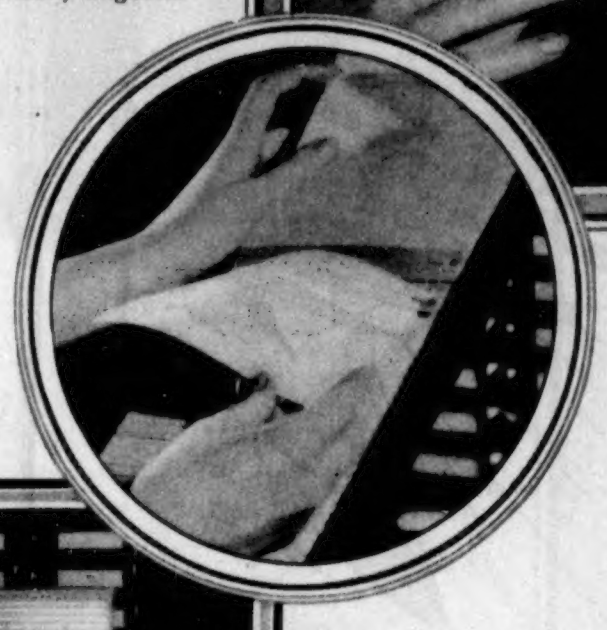
Trained and experienced L. B. Indexers working in your office will transfer your present card records to the L. B. Speedac—rearrange or rewrite them for you—*without interrupting your office routine*—and turn over to you a completed job ready for current work.

The new pictorial 24-page booklet No. 836, "Visible Files", portrays the fundamentals of the L. B. Speedac and its tonic effect on your card records. Write for your copy.

Better still, see an actual demonstration of the L. B. Speedac at the nearest of our 54 sales rooms. It is carried in many sizes to meet your every visible record need. Consult your phone book.

Home Office: *230 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.* Salesrooms: *in the 54 principal cities of United States, England and France.* Factories: *Cambridge, Mass., New York, Chicago, Ilion, New Orleans, and London, England.*

Perfect visibility—*the perfect, permanent alignment of every card in this visible card record file insures uniform visibility of every card. This means greater speed in finding facts, for there is never a hidden card in the L. B. Speedac.*



Faster card operation—*in 2 seconds you can remove or replace any card in this perfected visible record file. A new standard of speed in visible record filing.*

Faster carrier operation—*in 10 seconds you can remove or insert a card carrier and card in the L. B. Speedac—another totally new standard of speed in visible card filing.*

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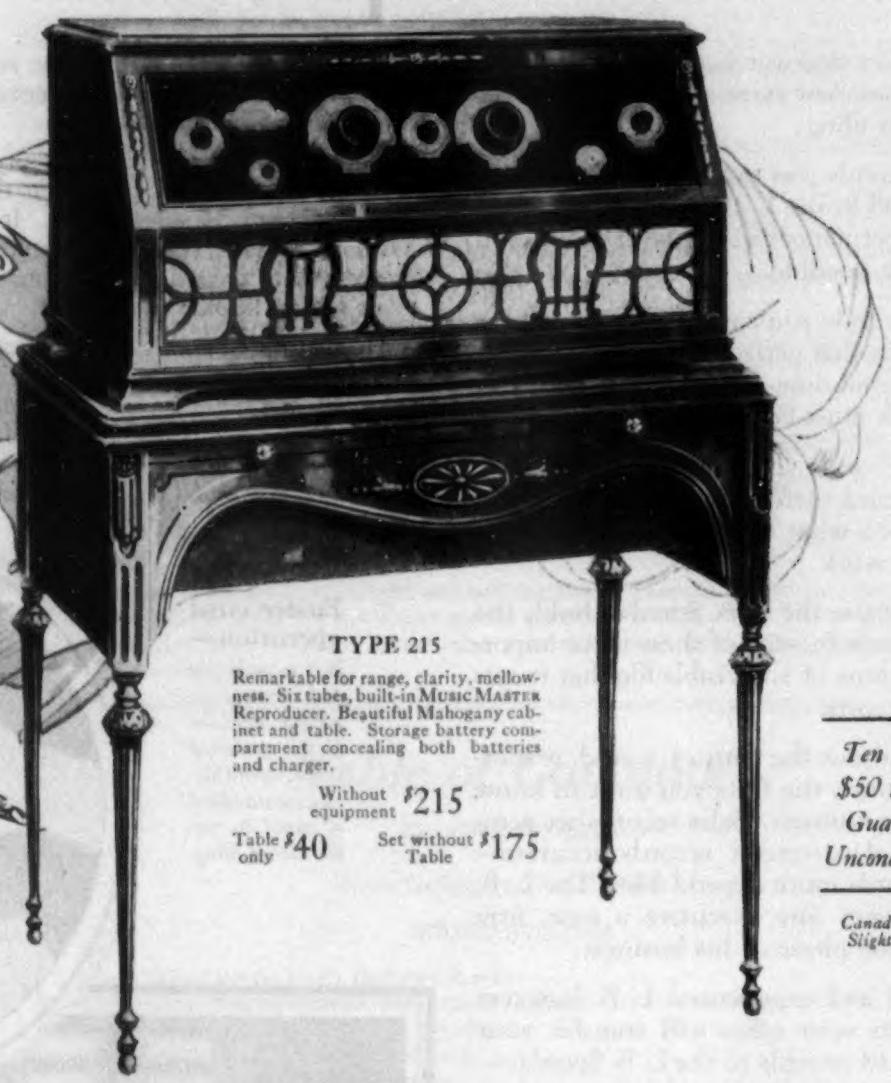

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Bon Ami

~makes mirrors sparkle

All smiles! You can't help smiling when you clean and polish with Bon Ami.

It's so easy and quick! Put the Bon Ami on with a damp cloth. Wait a moment until it dries to a white film. Then, polish it off with a clean, dry cloth. That's all! Bon Ami blots up the dust and streaks, makes the delicate surface clean and sparkling.

Dozens of things around the house will be brighter and cleaner when you use Bon Ami. It's so soft and gentle that it never scratches. Doesn't even make the hands red or rough. Then, too, it's economical, for a little bit goes such a long way.

Bon Ami comes in two forms—Cake and Powder. Some women prefer the Cake—some the Powder—many use both. It simplifies cleaning to keep both forms of Bon Ami on hand all the time.

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White Woodwork
Glass Baking Dishes
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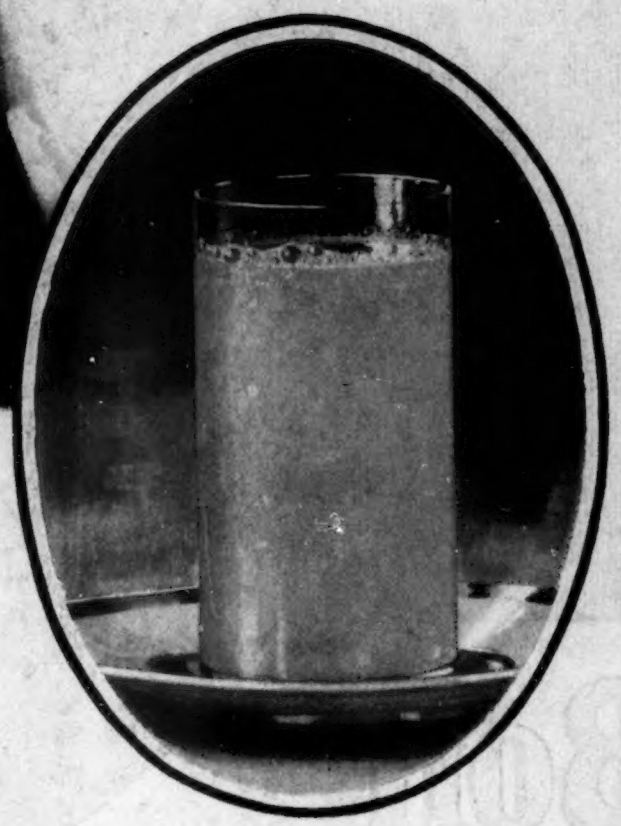
Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
The Hands
Congoleum

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer



"Drink an Orange" Daily—

This is the rule of thousands of successful men who know that proper diet is the best safeguard of health.

THE simple rule of eating plenty of good fruit keeps millions of people well who might otherwise be under par.

It is business-like to watch the diet, and in scores of cases the results are largely profitable ones.

Drink an orange daily for a while. You may note a real improvement in ten days. One glass or two occasionally won't do it. It is regularity that counts.

California orange juice is generously rich in fresh, potent *vitamines*. Although known as "acid" fruit, California oranges have an *alkaline* reaction in the blood which *offsets* the acidity caused by such good foods as eggs and meat.

And then there are the organic salts and acids of the California orange which are fine, natural, digestive aids.

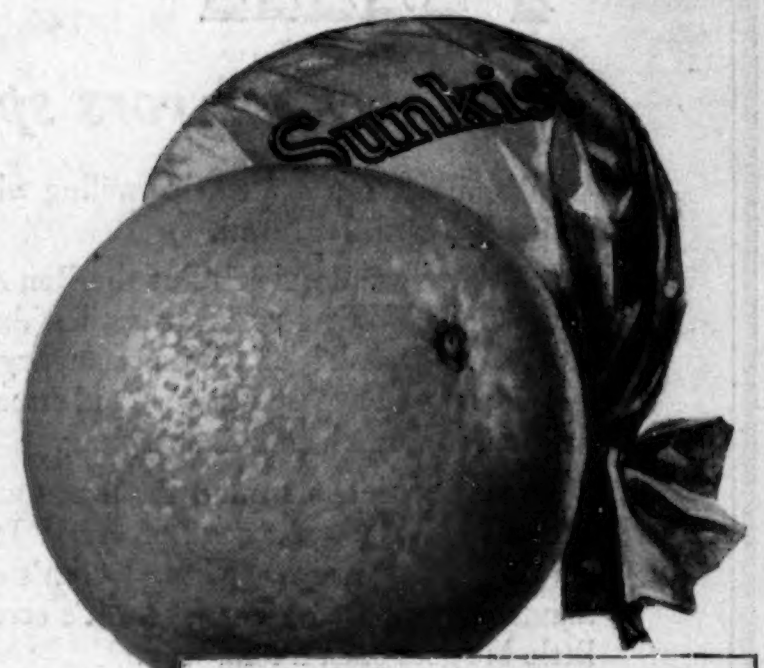
So California orange juice, in addition to supplying vitamines, helps entire meals to be perfectly assimilated and all of their fuel-power to be used in the day's work.

If you feel sluggish, dull and heavy, try this way to better health.

Get Sunkist—selected California oranges—the juice of which is particularly rich in the qualities that make this fruit both good and good *for* you.

All dealers sell them, practically seedless, the year 'round.

California Oranges
are Easy to Peel, Slice, and Separate



Look for This Machine

It is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist oranges* and lemons to enable soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orangeade and lemonade.

The soda fountains using the Sunkist Electric Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orangeade and real lemonade made to your order from the fresh fruit.

Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

Fountain Owners: Write us for our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick efficient machine.

California Sunkist *Oranges*

Uniformly Good

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